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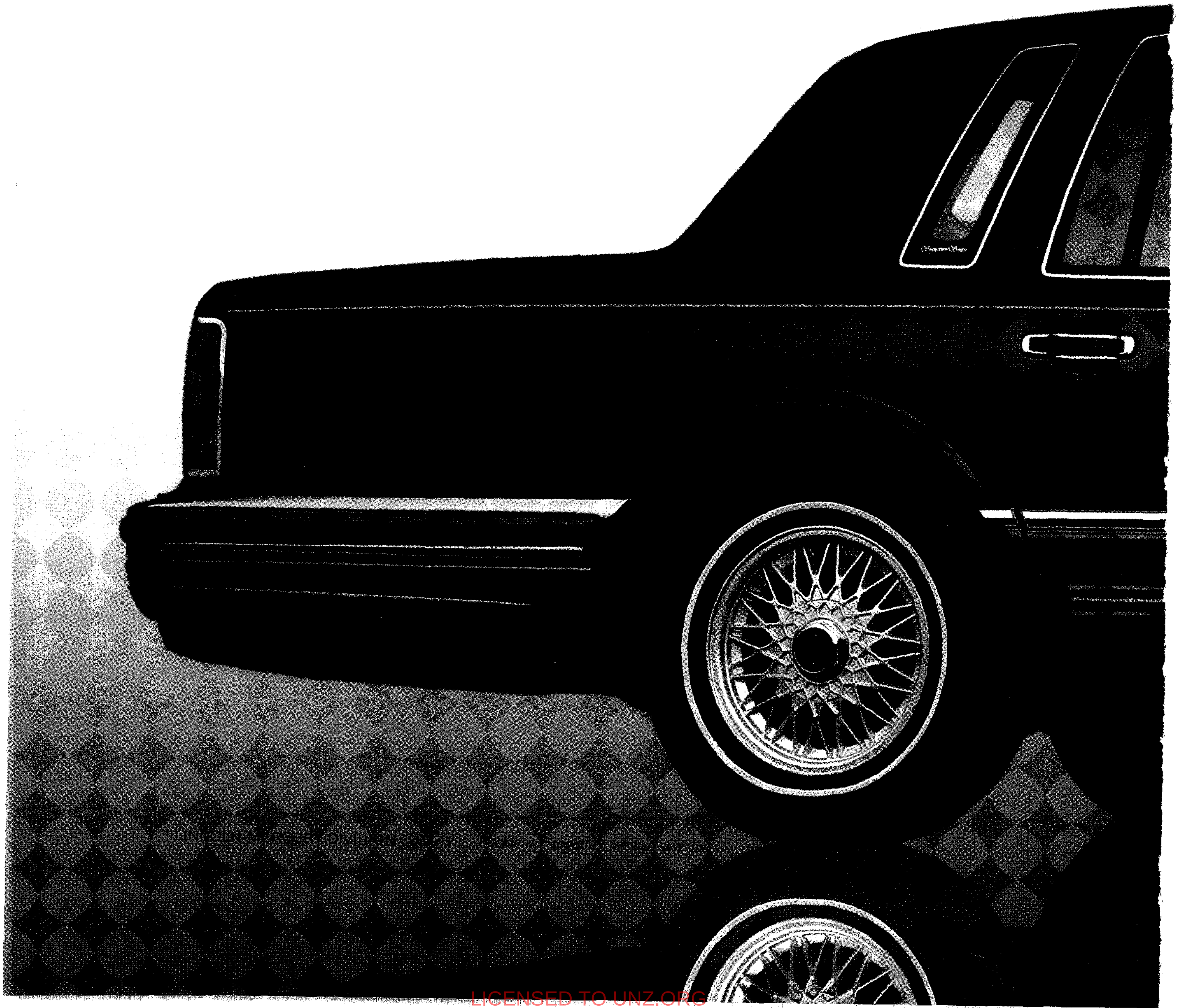

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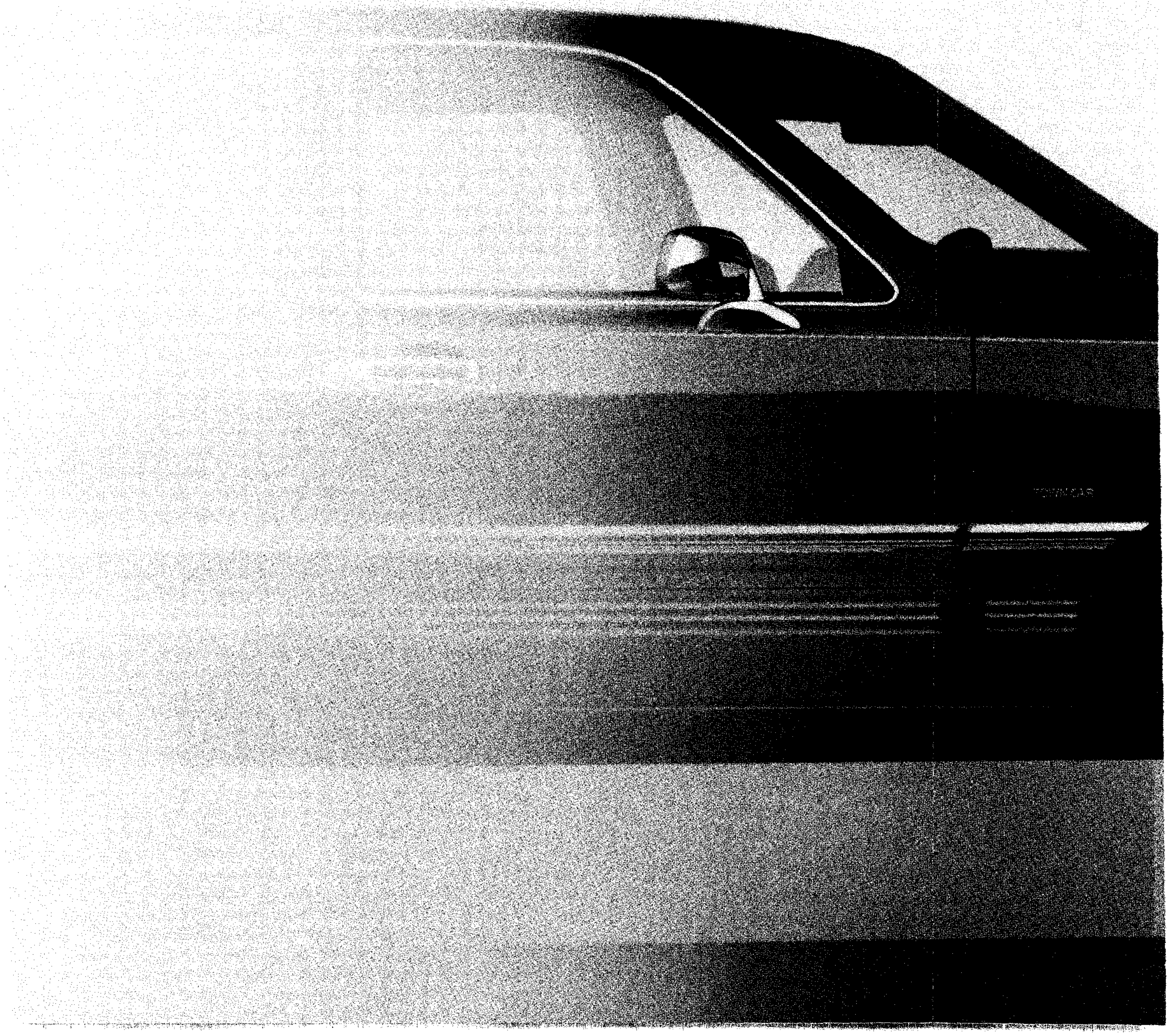

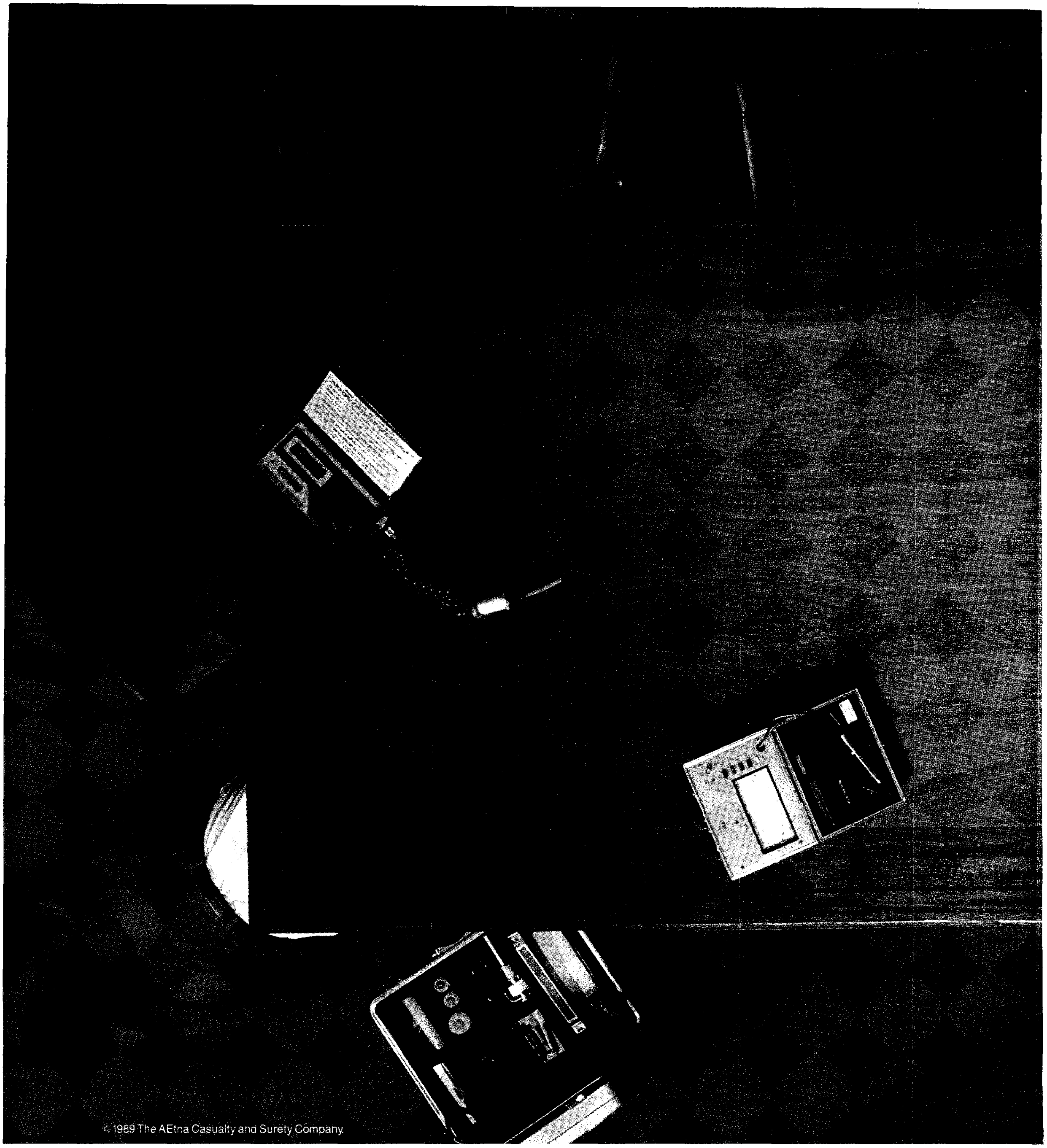

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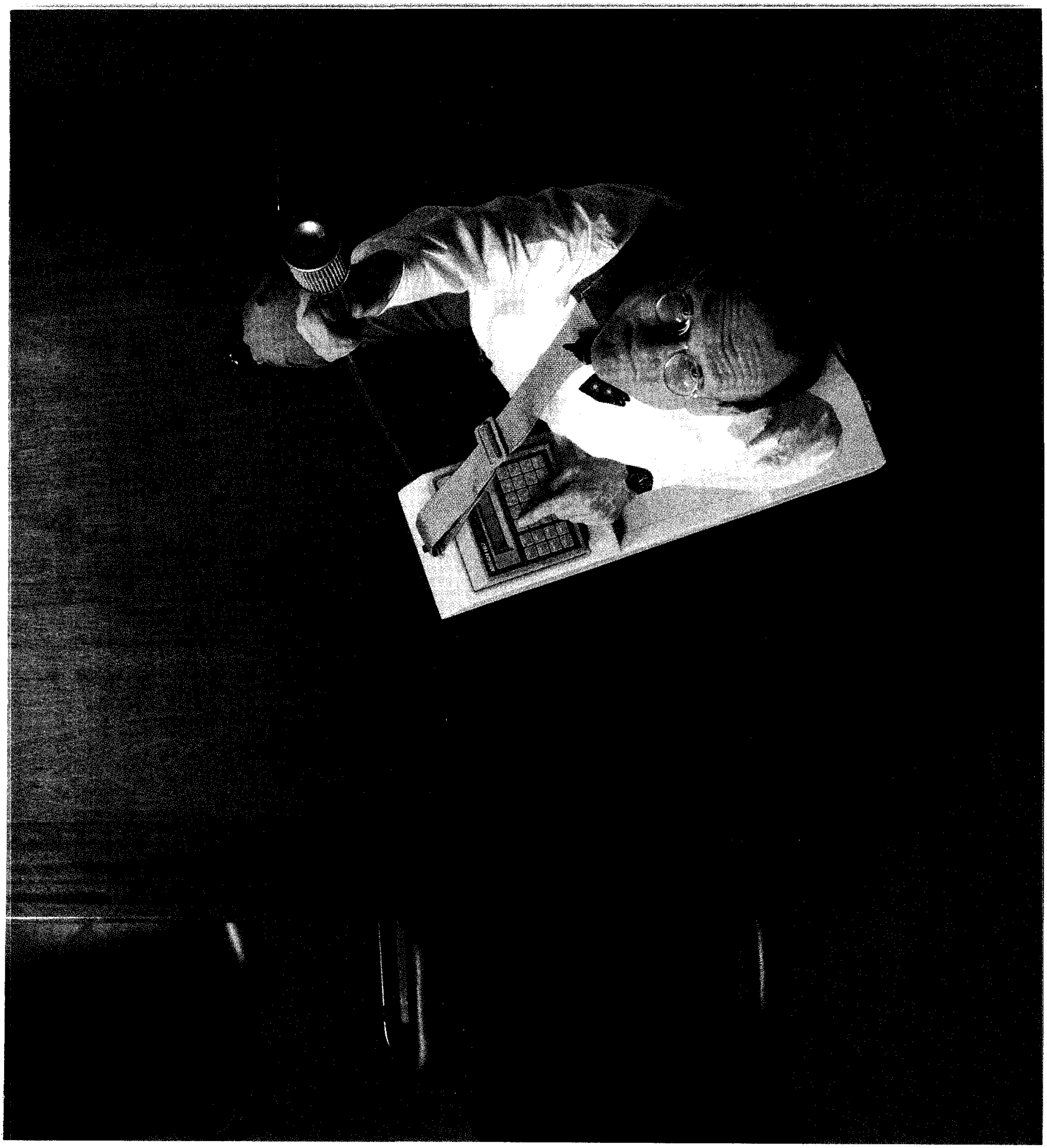

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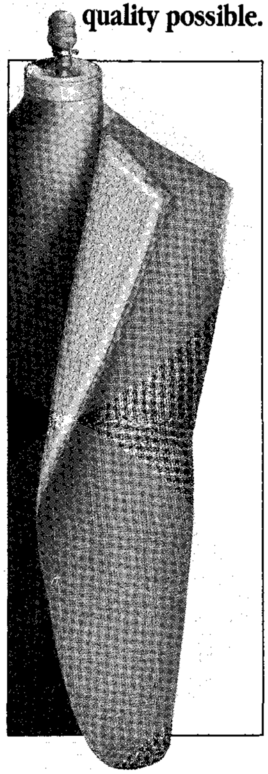

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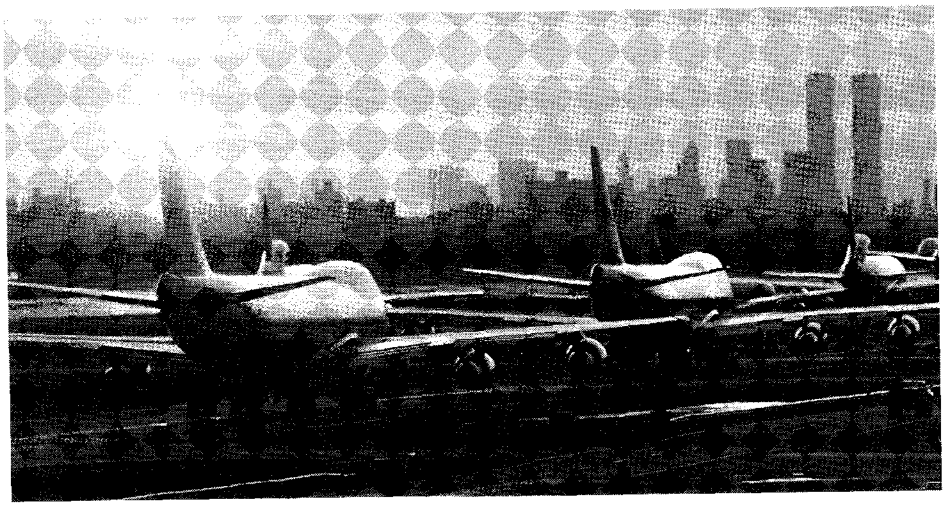

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

On Friday, October 27, the revival of "Show Boat" produced last spring at the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn, New Jersey, and videotaped for WNET's "Great Performances" series, will be broadcast on PBS. We "screened" the videotape the other day, having seen and admired the Paper Mill Playhouse production, and found that the musical holds up pretty well on television. Of course, there are certain aspects that no screen version—film or television—could possibly bring out: that "Show Boat" is largely about the temporary displacement of black individuals by white individuals, for instance, and about the permanent assimilation by whites of black culture and ideas. Over and over in "Show Boat," the black girl steps aside so that the white girl can move into the limelight. Over and over, the stage is brought to life by the music, movement, or influence of the black world. You need to see the same history being repeated in the same stage space in order to be moved and informed by it.

That's why it's such a good thing that PBS, in conjunction with the "Great Performances" broadcast, will also be airing the British-made documentary "The Show Boat Story," about the making of the John McGlinn recording (Friday, October 20). Whatever drama is missing from the taped version of the show itself—because television can only imperfectly convey a perfect blending of musical, visual, and conceptual motifs that works onstage—is provided by the documentary. It includes intelligent commentary from McGlinn and from Miles Kreuger, of the Institute of the American Musical; footage from the 1929 silent-film version of the show; and tiny glimpses of the 1932 Broadway revival, filmed by a young man from Jacksonville, Florida, whose mother, for his sixteenth birthday, had given him a home-movie camera and a ticket to New York.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

All God's Dangers—Cleavon Little in a one-man show about an Alabama sharecropper. Written by Theodore Rosengarten. Previews through Oct. 21. Opens Oct. 22 at 6:30. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1870.)

Ben-Hur—A play by Thomas M. Disch, adapted from the novel by Lew Wallace. Opens Oct. 24 at 8. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 279-4200.)

Circle Repertory Company—The season opener is **beside herself**, a new play by Joe Pintauro, directed by John Bishop. With Susan Bruce, Calista Flockhart, Lois Smith, and, in a supporting role, William Hurt. Opens Oct. 17 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Closer Than Ever—A revue of songs about contemporary urban life by Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire. In previews. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dangerous Games—A pair of one-act dance dramas, called "Tango" and "Orfeo," conceived, choreographed, and directed by Graciela Daniele. Music by Astor Piazzolla and lyrics by William Finn. Previews through Oct. 18. Opens Oct. 19 at 7. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 246-0102.)

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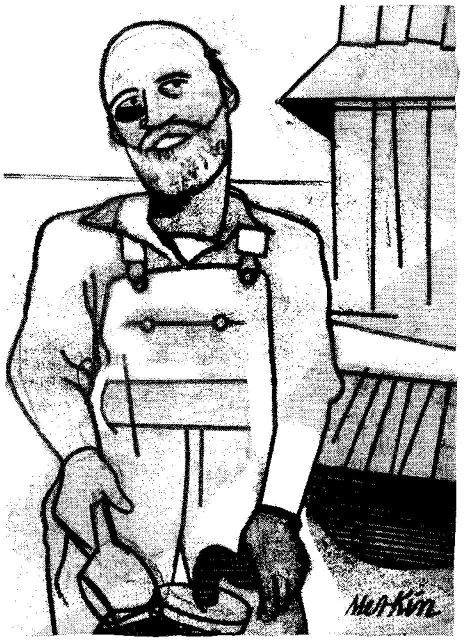

Cleavon Little in "All God's Dangers"

Grand Hotel—A new musical, based on Vicki Baum's 1929 novel, that is directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Karen Akers, David Carroll, Michael Jeter, and Liliane Montevecchi are in the cast. In previews. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Hyde in Hollywood—A play by Peter Parnell, with Robert Joy and Keith Szarabajka, is the season opener for Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Previews begin Oct. 24. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 249-4200.)

The Lisbon Traviata—Terrence McNally's play, revised somewhat since it was seen in June at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery again make up the cast. Previews at the Promenade begin Oct. 21. (Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—George Hearn, Milo O'Shea, Charlotte Moore, and Betty Garrett in a new musical based on Sally Benson's "Kensington Stories" and on the 1943 movie. Also with newcomers Donna Kane and Jason Workman. Directed by Louis Burke. Previews begin Oct. 19. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Prince of Central Park—A new musical with Jo Anne Worley as the woman who befriends a twelve-year-old runaway (Richard H. Blake) who lives in a tree in the Park. Adapted from a novel by Evan H. Rhodes. Previews begin Oct. 20. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—A revival of Neil Simon's 1971 comedy, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. Previews begin Oct. 21. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

The Secret Rapture—Blair Brown, Frances Conroy, and Mary Beth Hurt have the leading roles in David Hare's play. In previews. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Talented Tenth—Richard Wesley's new play, directed by M. Neema Barnette, and with Richard Lawson. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

3 Penny Opera—Pop singer Sting makes his Broadway début in this revival of the Brecht-Weill musical, which is directed by John Dexter. Previews begin Oct. 19. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

RECENTLY OPENED

Big Hotel—The Ridiculous Theatre Company's revival of Charles Ludlam's 1967 play, directed by Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes Oct. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—The season kicks off with **wonderful town**, the musical version of "My Sister Eileen." Directed by Adrienne Weiss. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. 663-2028. Closes Oct. 22.)

God's Trombones—A gospel musical, which ran on Broadway in 1963 as "Trumpets of the Lord." Based on the writings of James Weldon Johnson; directed by Woodie King, Jr. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 869-3530. Closes Nov. 4.)

Home Games—A comedy by Tom Ziegler. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes Oct. 22.)

Hotel Martinique—A music-theatre piece by Kevin Malony that was inspired by Jonathan Kozol's articles on the homeless, published in this magazine. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes Oct. 22.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Lady in Question—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a cool autumn evening. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks are among the members of the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with readers to be announced for Oct. 23 at 8. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Mastergate—Larry Gelbart's satire of the Iran-Contra affair. With Joseph Daly, Jerome Kitty, Ann McDonough, and Daniel von Bargen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Presented by the Pearl Theatre Company. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Nov. 4.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business

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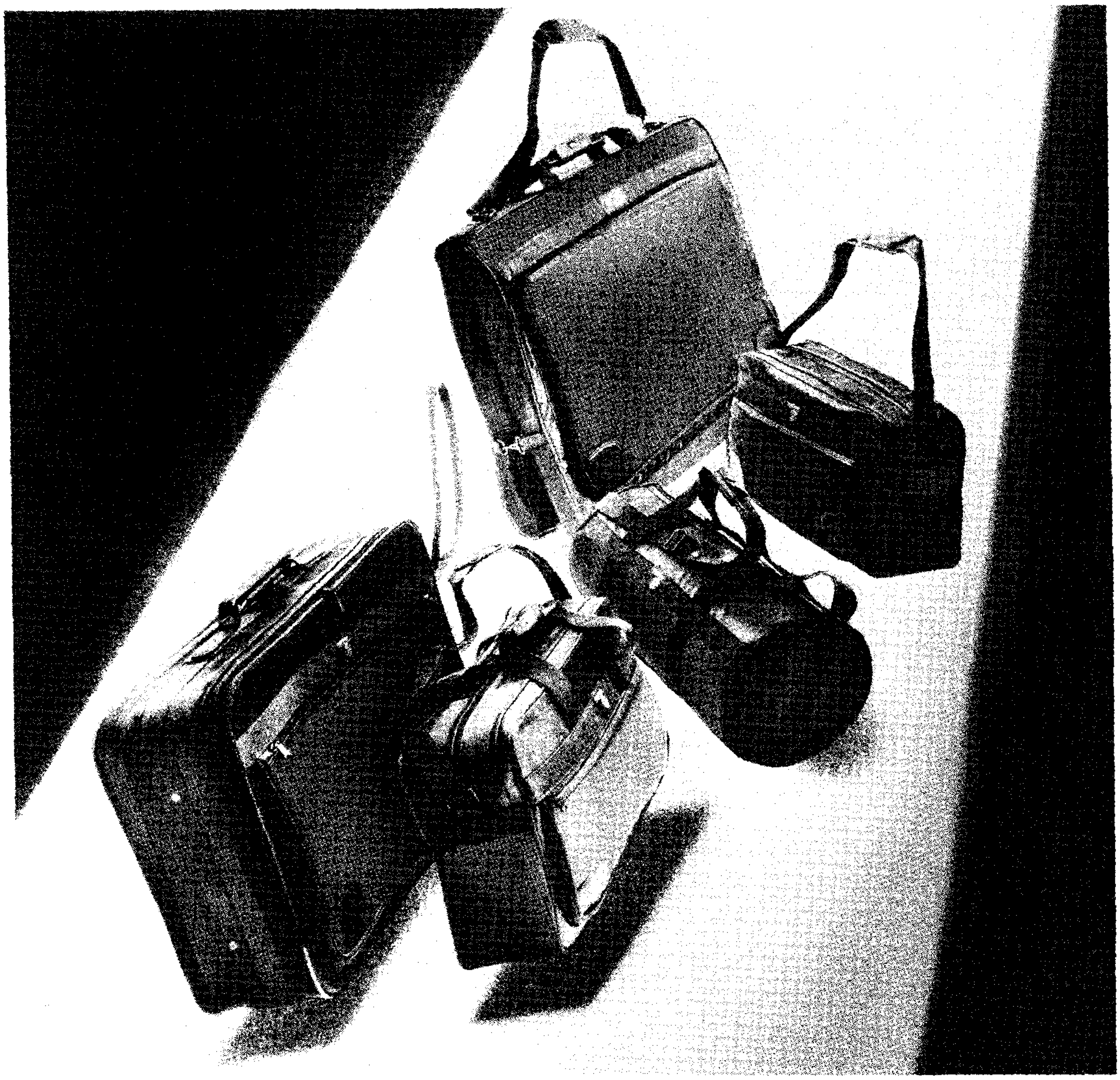

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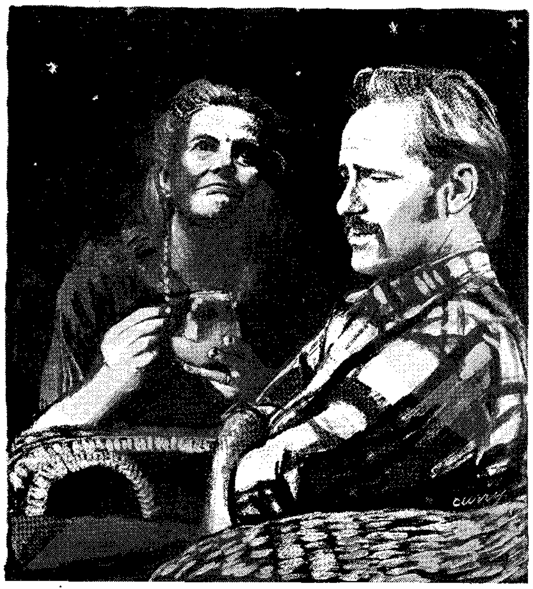


Lois Smith and William Hurt in "Beside Herself"

maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as a Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). On Oct. 24, Mercedes Ruehl returns to the show and replaces Miss Zarish. Directed by Gloria Muzio. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. Directed by Simon Callow. (2/27/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical, which had a brief run uptown last spring. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Troilus and Cressida—David Cole Wheeler and Lisa Nicholas have the title roles in this production by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (West-Park Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 86th St. Closes Oct. 29. For information about tickets, call 877-6810.)

Willow Cabin Theatre Company—Presenting two works in rotating repertory at the 45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St.: **LITTLE BLOOD BROTHER**, two one-acts by Vittorio Rossi (662-0077 for reservations), and **MORNING SONG**, a musical by Mary Duncan and Scott Steidl (603-9010).

Women of Manhattan—Riverwest Theatre's production of John Patrick Shanley's 1986 comedy. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Closes Oct. 29. For information about tickets, call 243-0259.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting **FRANKIE**, a musical reworking of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein." The book is by George Abbott (who, along with Donald Saddler, is co-directing), the score is by Joseph Turin, and the lyrics are by Gloria Nissenson. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Oct. 29.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's set and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom play-writing fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. With Tony Randall and A. Mapa. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by, among others, Ron Leibman, Charles Brown, and Jessica Walter, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

EVERY so often, the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center mounts a show focussing on Martha Graham. It often involves a different mix of photographers, and a different group of Marthas. The new exhibition, "Rare Images of Martha Graham," comprises fifty-five black-and-white prints. We were especially taken with a stark Irving Penn portrait, from 1943, of Graham and John Butler in "Deaths and Entrances," and by a softer, 1946 study of "Dark Meadow," by Philippe Halsman. (It is one of the few Halsman pictures we know of in which nobody is jumping.) In both of these, Graham and her company become material for the photographer's vision; they might be stabiles, or standing stones.

There is another kind of Graham photograph, in which the subjects are the elasticity and power she, personally, could not help displaying onstage, rather than the shapes and accents she imposes through her choreography. In pictures from the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, especially those by the New York photographer Soichi Sunami, one sees Graham becoming the legend. Her long jaw and short upper lip look oddly beautiful; in a couple of the Sunami portraits, she resembles Sigourney Weaver. There is a touching openness in Graham's expression and a transparency to her skin, gliding over those bones that, on paper, seem to stretch for miles. It is always a shock to discover that Graham, in person, is short. We were reminded of this at the recent gala that opened the Martha Graham Dance Company's current season (through October 22, at City Center). There was Graham, the ninety-five-year-old ancestress, in the middle of her dancers. Lined up on either side of her, they seemed to grow out of her compact figure, which scintillated in gold lamé yet held its outlines clear and fixed, like a photograph's.

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. Oct. 18 at 8 and Oct. 22 at 7:30: "Embattled Garden," "Errand into the Maze," "Steps in the Street" from "Chronicle," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Deep Song," "Dark Meadow," and company choreography. . . . ¶ Oct. 20-21 at 8: "American Document," "Night Chant," and "El Penitente." . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "The Rite of Spring," "Dance of Vengeance" from "Cave of the Heart," and company choreography. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: "Frescoes," "Lamentation," "Cortege of Eagles," and company choreography. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Joffrey Ballet—A six-week engagement opens with "Arden Court," "Sea Shadow," and the New York première of "The Pantages and the Palace Present Two-a-Day" on Oct. 24 at 7:30. "Cotillon," "Love Songs," and "Trinity" make up the bill on Oct. 25 at 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Dec. 2.)

Nikolais and Louis Dance—Opening performances of a three-week engagement. Oct. 17 at 7, Oct. 18-19 and Oct. 21 at 8, and Oct. 22 at 2: "Crucible," "10 Legs" (première), "Video Game," "Persons & Structures," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8, Oct. 22 at 7:30, and Oct. 24 at 8: "Velocities," "Porcelain Dialogues," "Blank on Blank," and "Act One" (première). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: "Mechanical Organ," "Intrados" (première), and "The Station." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Nov. 5.)

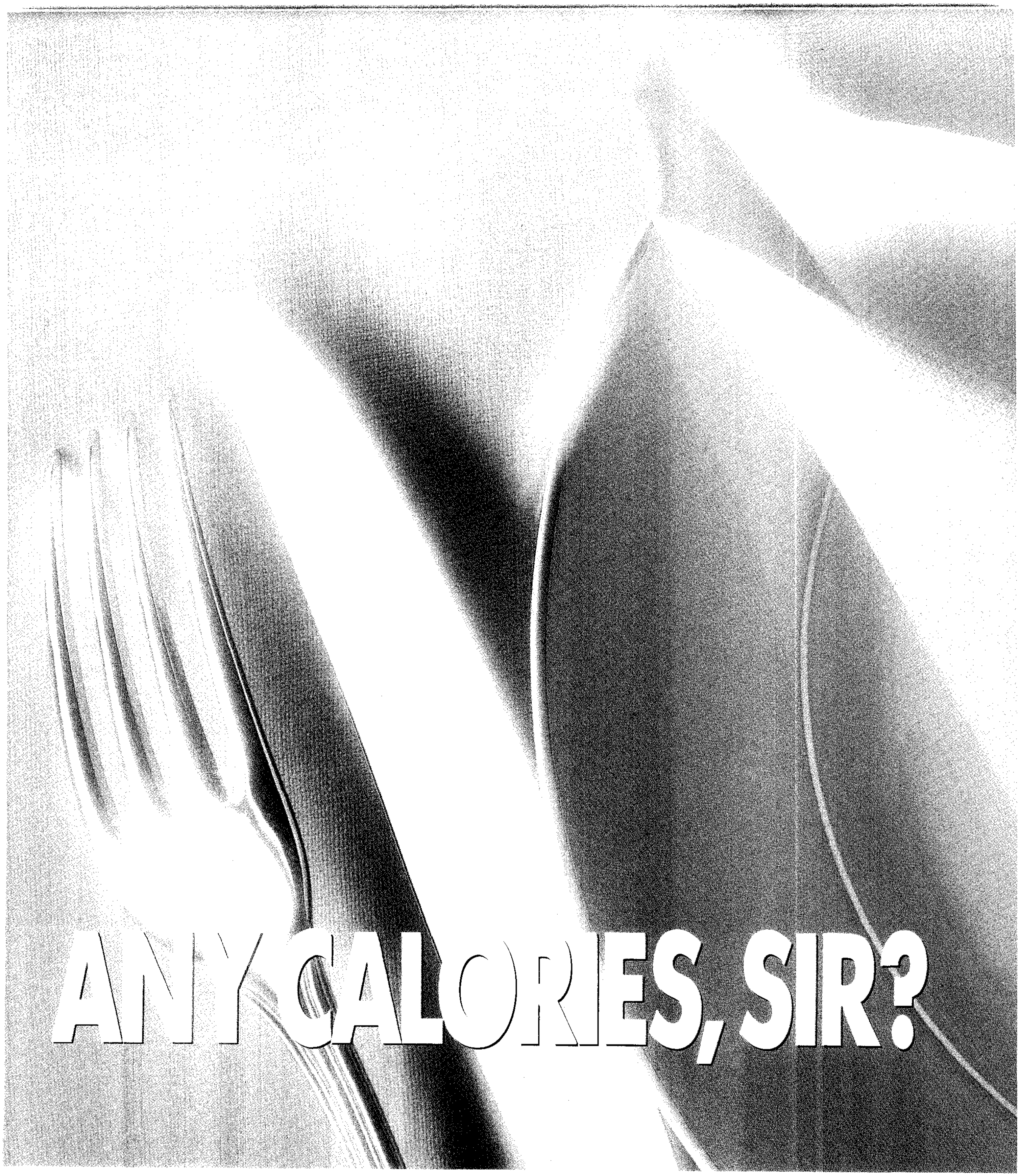
Royal Winnipeg Ballet—Two New York premières: "Beethoven's Seventh Symphony" and "Anne of Green Gables." (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Oct. 22 at 3.)

Takarazuka Revue Company—The first performance by an all-female troupe from Japan, who will present traditional dances and Western musical-theatre numbers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 25 at 8. Through Oct. 29.)

Betsy Hulton—With a company of four in "Eyes to Hear You With," a series of short works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 18 and Oct. 20 at 8, and Oct. 22 at 3.)

Ton Simons—In duets with Brenda Daniels. (Whitney Museum at Equitable Center, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Oct. 19 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Improvisation Festival—Yoshiko Chuma, Yvonne Meier, Jennifer Monson, Nina Martin, Benoit LeChambre, Livia Daza Paris, and Lenny Seidman. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Oct. 20-22 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)



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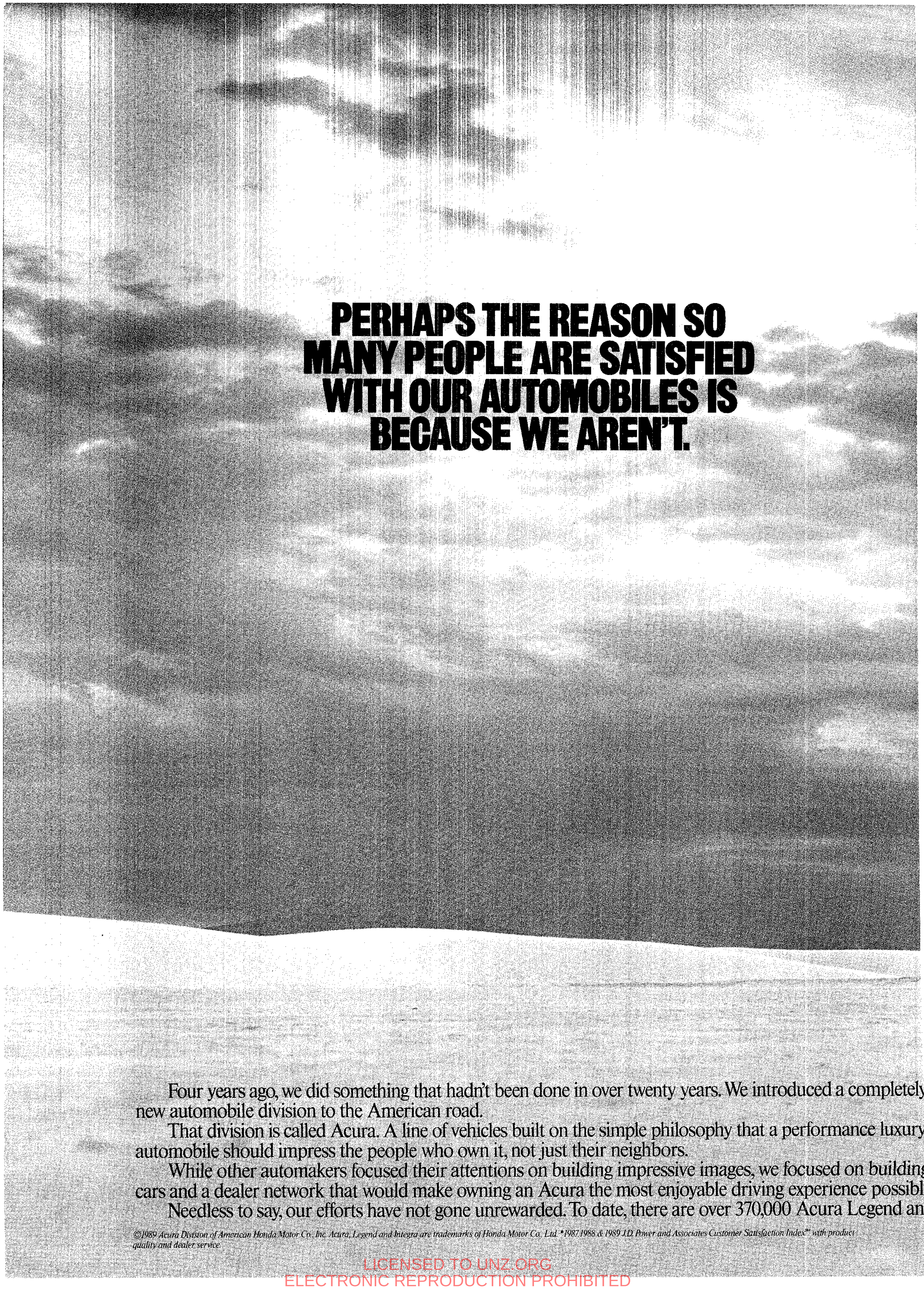
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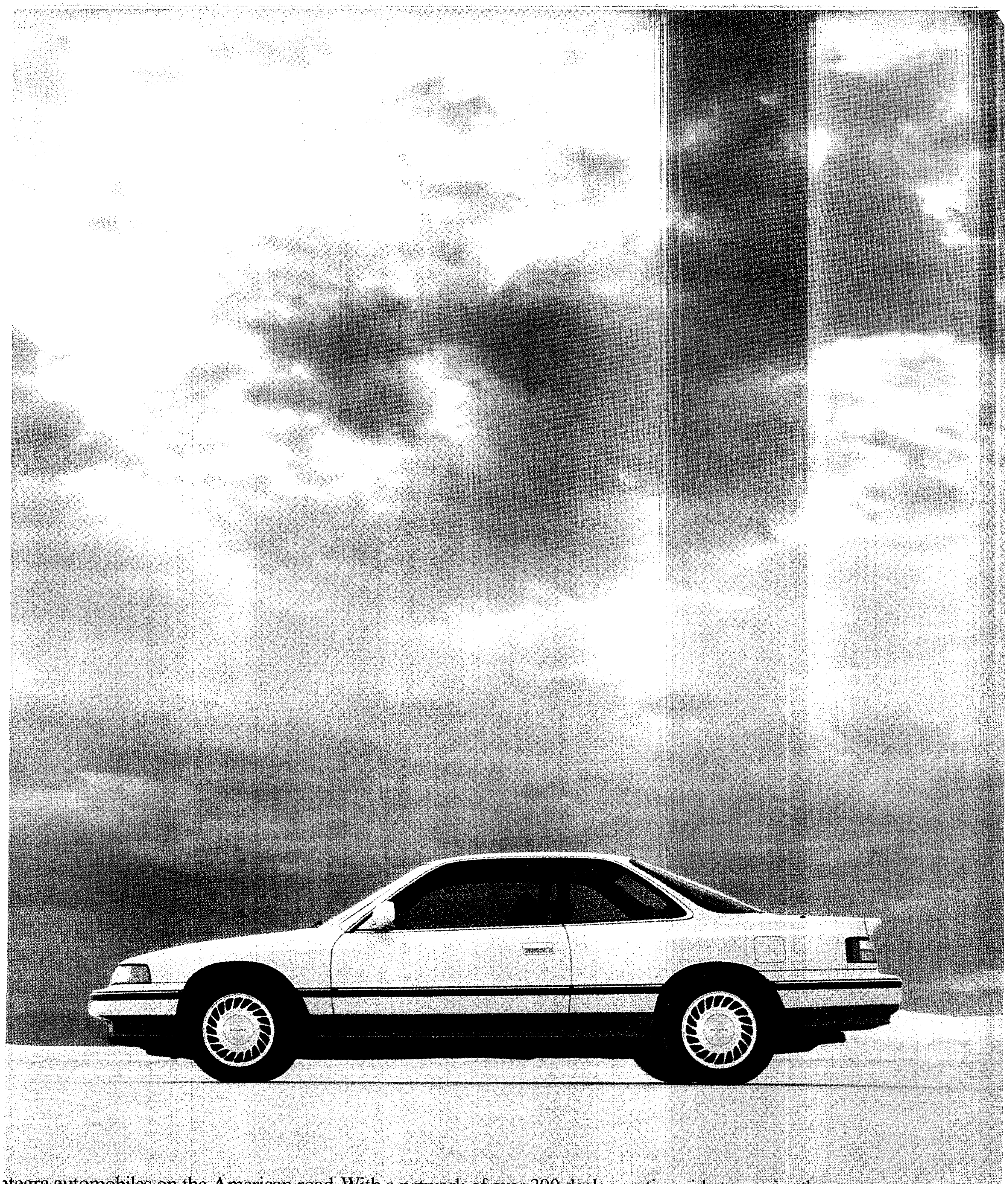

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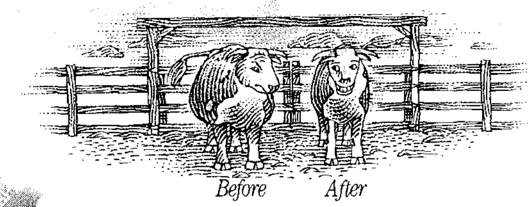
Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat is less. Less at the ranch and less in the meat market. Which is remarkably good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached blowfish. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now, eating skinny doesn't mean you have to starve.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.
We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.

OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.
A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.
Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays....

SKINNY BEEF SALAD.
For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**
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ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

TOP LOIN
*7.6 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
*5.3 gms total fat**
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

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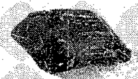
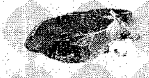

EYE OF ROUND
*5.5 gms total fat**
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
*7.9 gms total fat**
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories


SIRLOIN
*7.4 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories

NIGHT LIFE

IF you poked your head into a few Bleecker Street clubs on a Monday night, you might conclude from seeing all the Springsteen clones playing to empty tables that you'd do better to go home and check out the networks' fall lineup. But the real action on this street is underground—in the cavernous basement of the Village Gate, where every Monday salsa bands keep things at a boil until way past bedtime. Here you'll find Philharmonic-size brass sections; more congas, bongos, and cowbells than on a Sunday-afternoon stroll through the Park; and dance steps you won't find in most clubs—the merengue, the cha-cha. Our Pavlovian response to salsa has often been to wince, because we've often been wakened by the sound of it blasting from a car speaker. But to see salsa performed by the likes of Tito Puente and Manny Oquendo, both of whom appeared at the Gate recently, is to be won over. Puente, a compact, white-haired timbales player with a repertoire of comic gestures—swaying his hips like Jackie Gleason doing the mambo, brushing his hair with a drumstick during a solo—is one of the most prominent salsa practitioners around. He has been a bandleader since the late forties, has written several salsa standards ("Oye Como Va," for instance, made famous by Carlos Santana), and has appeared on ninety-nine records. Manny Oquendo and his orchestra, which features a horn section in matching Yves Klein-blue satin shirts, place a greater emphasis on vocals than does Puente's band, but they don't sacrifice any rhythmic drive. If you were waiting for a slow dance, it would be a long night.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of the actress and singer **ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** who's appearing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Jeff Harnar continues his Comden & Green tribute through Oct. 21; Laurie Beechman takes over beginning Oct. 24. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour. (There's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak.) It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **SARAH VAUGHAN'S** last performance here was a bit of a disappointment: an occasion for her to whine about the sound system, which seemed to be in perfect working order, and to flex her vocal chords, which didn't. Still, the audience couldn't stop shouting "Sassy!" and, no doubt, they'll do the same Oct. 17-22. **CARMEN MC RAE** starts up Oct. 24. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally, a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. Folk men **ERIC ANDERSEN** and **JOHN HICKS** perform on Oct. 16; **JANIS IAN,** the acoustic balladeer who wrote "At Seventeen," claims Oct. 20-21; the **ZAWINUL SYNDICATE,** led by keyboardist **JOE ZAWINUL,** steps in on Oct. 22; and those funky white men **AVERAGE WHITE BAND** take the stage on Oct. 24. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a D'Agostino supermarket and a greengrocery. Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano has been played by many first-rate musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. **JUNIOR MANCE,** former Dinah Washington sidekick and author of "How to Play Blues Piano," performs with bassist **MARTY RIVERA** Oct. 16-21. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory pot au feu called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature name-brand jazz bands. **DAVID MURRAY,** a founding member of the World Saxophone Quartet, brings in a foursome Oct. 17-22.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. Singer **JULIE WILSON** is in action Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with Ludwig Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. The dancers are young, old, middle-aged, semi-pro, one hundred per cent amateur, happy, earnest, in love; men's shoe styles run from white bucks to clodhoppers to gleaming patent-leather jobs. The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band perform Oct. 22. Music from eight to midnight.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and a bartender who, on a recent evening, was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum." Dining.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and zydeco (with **LOUP GAROU**) on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). Brendan Mulvihill, a fiddler who draws on a considerable catalogue of Irish and Scottish tunes, will perform with pianist Donna Long on Oct. 20.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. The jazz people: the elusive **HELEN MERRILL,** who spent the forties singing with folks like Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and Bud Powell, will be here with a trio Oct. 17-22. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a pop singer with a repetoire of about two thousand songs, begins a week-long engagement on Oct. 24. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

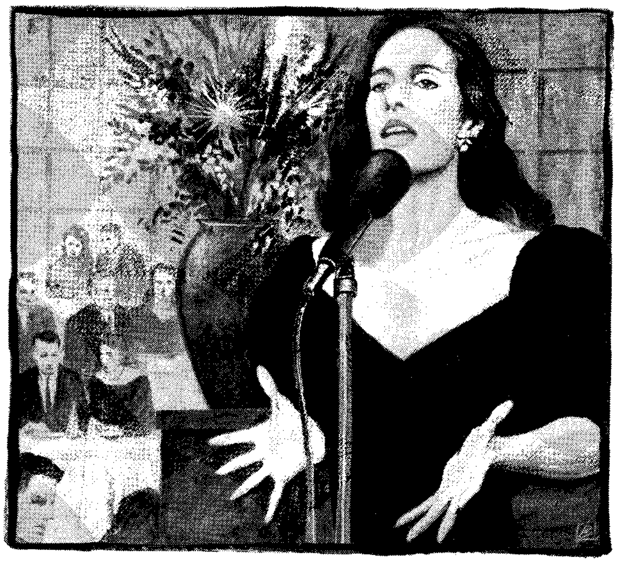
Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. This week: the Bob Kindred trio (Oct. 17-22), **KUNI MIKAMI** (Oct. 23), and **HERMAN FOSTER** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** (beginning Oct. 24). Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. **JIMMY WALKER,** known to TV watchers as the strutting, slap-me-fiving J. J. from "Good Times," is appearing Oct. 19-21.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians—for those intent upon widening the parameters of jazz, rock, and pop. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. Upcoming events: the Rootless Cosmopolitans on Oct. 17; Fred Hopkins and Diedre Murray Oct. 18-19; and Tiny Lights on Oct. 21. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of deluxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. **NEW GRASS REVIVAL** appears on Oct. 20, and working-class hero **BILLY BRAGG** claims Oct. 25. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their



Andrea Marcovicci at the Algonquin

college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies have been through recently, and R.E.M., the Replacements, and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room (putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling) has more of a country-club feel. **JOAN RIVERS,** who tries out new material here, comes in Oct. 18 and Oct. 25. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The thundering pianist **MC COY TYNER** goes to the bench Oct. 21. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be the cocktail lounge. The main attraction right now is **JERRY HERMAN,** the composer and lyricist for such Broadway winners as "Mame," "La Cage aux Folles," and "Hello, Dolly!" (which opened twenty-five years ago). Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **YOMO TORO,** the well-rounded master of the *cuatro*, a ten-string Puerto Rican guitar, cooks up some funky *jíbaro* music on Oct. 18; **TABOU COMBO** headlines on Oct. 20; and the **ITALS,** a veteran reggae outfit, begin a two-night stand on Oct. 25. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The Timeless All-Stars take up residency in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) Oct. 17-22. The group includes **CEDAR WALTON** (piano), **CURTIS FULLER** (trombone), and **BILLY HIGGINS** (drums), among others. Guitarist **JIM HALL** will be here with a quartet as of Oct. 24. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans used to bring here—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a giant Louise Nevelson sculpture, salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. Oct. 16 belongs to **WILLIE COLÓN,** and Oct. 23 to **MONGO SANTAMARIA.** The Latin-jazz singer **TANIA MARIA** takes the stage Oct. 19-21. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** get together Tuesdays through Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a Memphis tenor saxophonist who played on some early B. B. King records, is in action Oct. 17-22. Pianist and Bill Evans admirer **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** starts work on Oct. 24. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. This week's pot luck includes Euphoria (Oct. 17) and the Samples (Oct. 21).

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—The logo that appears on glasses, napkins, and matchbooks here—a bongo-playing monkey in fez and shades—embodies this pleasant restaurant-bar's blend of Africana and yuppie cool. The eponymous island is evoked by live palms, Rousseau-style murals, and etched-glass jungle scenes; Murray Hill is evoked by everything else. Trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV** takes the bandstand on Mondays; **BOB DOROUGH, GARY MAZZAROPPI,** and Ed Caccavale claim Oct. 24-25. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turner-esque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Former Mets organist **JANE JARVIS** performs with bassist **JACK LESBERG** Oct. 16-21; pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** starts up Oct. 22. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

BARCAROLE

It's just a coincidence that ferry service between Hoboken and Manhattan has resumed, after a twenty-two-year hiatus, on the eve of the Canaletto show at the Met. But connoisseurs of light may find that each enriches the experience of the other. The new Hudson River ferry does more than shuttle commuters between New York and New Jersey. It transports passengers into a marine luminosity as vibrant and changeable as that celebrated by the great Venetian painters, transforming rush-hour madness into a serene gondola glide. At the end of the day, even a Bellini cocktail isn't more intoxicating than the view of rippling, metallic water melting imperceptibly into radiant air.

POST - IMPRESSIONISM

When cold weather made its first big entrance into the city this month, we braced ourselves for the inevitable: no more sunflowers. Even before the last brown, almost petalless Raggedy Ann faces began to disappear from outside Korean grocery stores, and before most of this season's bumper crop of life-affirming sunflower-splashed shirts, swimming trunks, and boxer shorts were pushed aside in closets and drawers, we had decided that 1989 would surely be remembered as the year the sunflower came to town. Not since the nineteenth-century Arts and Crafts movement have sunflowers been thought so suitable for citified décors. We know that a handful of people with business ties in Milan plan our style menu for us about two years in advance. But did someone tip off the farmers and grocers? Could it really have been the van Gogh? "Forty million for Vincent's sunflowers? Let's give them the real thing!" This sort of reasoning makes you wonder if nature will soon be mistaken for culture, if flowers are actually destined to become the last affordable signifiers of art. Spring, 1990: Lily pads to go?

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

WELL, we finally located an "outlaw" party, spread across the back room and bar of the Market Diner, at Eleventh Avenue and 43rd Street. There were men in mink stoles, women in chain mail, and many others in black, Audrey Hepburn turtlenecks—all well behaved, with no police. But, alas, there's no fun in being lawful.

So we left and took a cab down to King Tut's Wah Wah Hut, on Avenue A, which restored our faith in man's higher pursuits. How comforting to hear "Welcome, students of the mind" uttered, as we entered the gut of the Hut, by the formidable Mrs. Fashion, who then urged us to search for a chair with four equal legs and to get psyched up for another of the club's Thursday-night lectures devoted to the spreading of "hiptarianism." Guests on the Hut's coffeehouse stage are usually from downtown—"kind of 'Charlie,' kind of now." On previous visits, the filmmaker Tom Rubnitz had tried to free us to free-associate about our past in "Laugh-In"-to-Kennedy-assassination-to-"That Girl" style, and the photographer Marcus Leatherdale had uncovered his hidden identities. Grandpa Munster, terrifyingly turned restaurateur Al Lewis, had shown up one night, too. But our favorite in the series has been John Epperson, who came with a shopping bag that served as a hope chest for his alter ego Lypsinka and that spewed forth *Millie the Model* comic books, hack bios of Jacqueline Susann (" 'Valley of the Dolls' is the real midnight movie for New York" he cried to bravural applause. "Is there anyone here who *doesn't* know Lee Grant's lines?"), and a videocassette of the Cyd Charisse, Ann-Margret, Dolores Gray, and Julie Newmar excerpts that made him who he is today. As he heard the shrieks that accompanied his clip of the fatal somersault down the spiral staircase from "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Epperson confided, "Agnes Moorehead is God. I'm so happy to be where others believe as I do."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Susanne Linke, a dancer. (Oct. 17 at 7, Oct. 18-21 at 8, and Oct. 22 at 3.) . . . ¶ Karel Appel and Min Tanaka, dancers who mix butoh with roller skating. (Oct. 18 at 7, Oct. 19-21 at 8, and Oct. 22 at 3.) . . . ¶ Christine Brunel, also a dancer. (Oct. 24 at 7 and Oct. 25 at 8. Through Oct. 29.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival closes Dec. 3.)

The House of Horror—Paul Zaloom's one-man show about poisons. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3. Through Oct. 29.)

Christian Marclay and Perry Hoberman—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 19-22 at 8:30.

Betty and the Blenders—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Oct. 19-21 at 10.

Torvill & Dean—The British medal-winning pair performing, of course, on ice. With sixteen Soviet skaters. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Oct. 23 at 7:30.)

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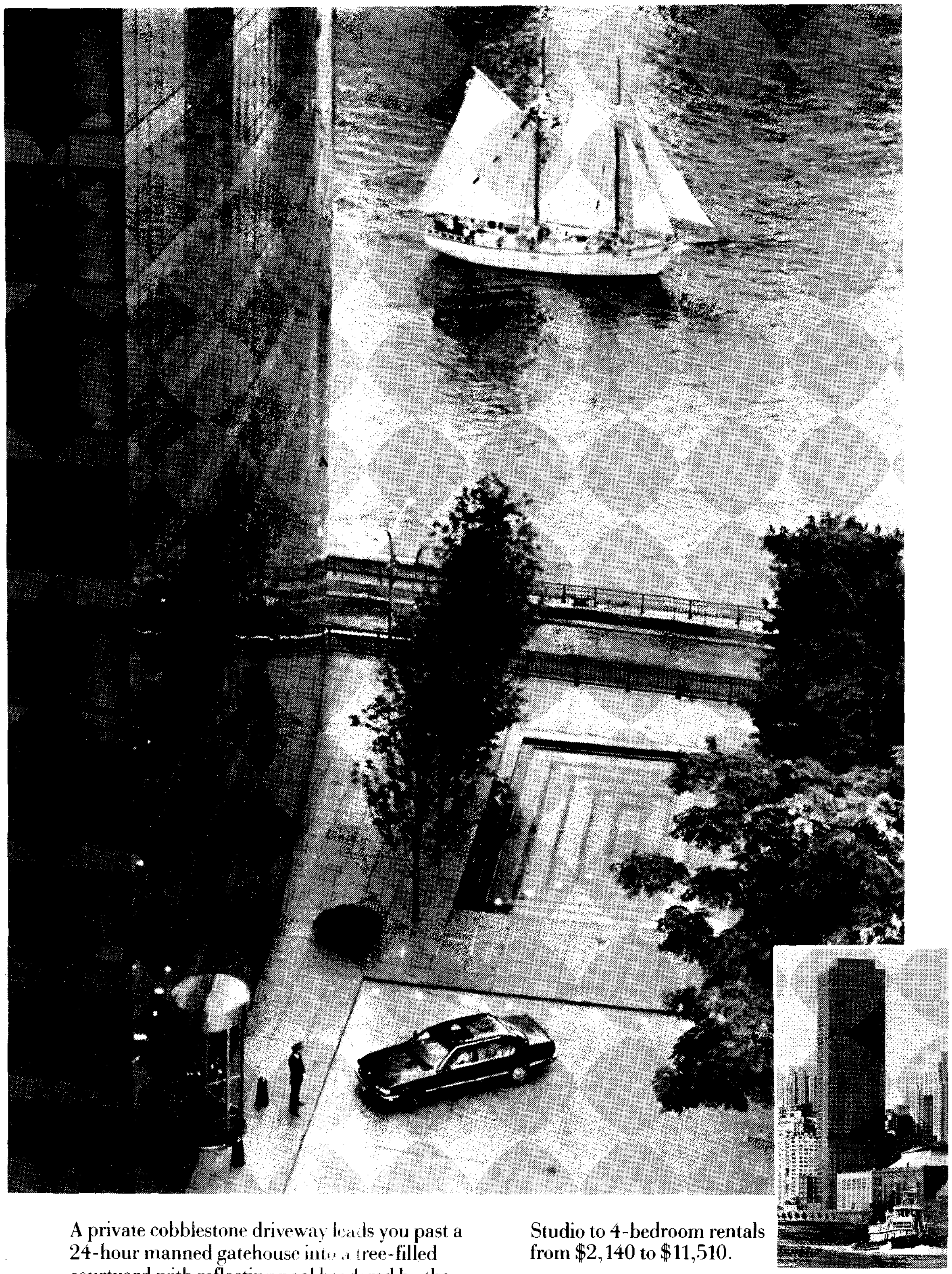

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ART

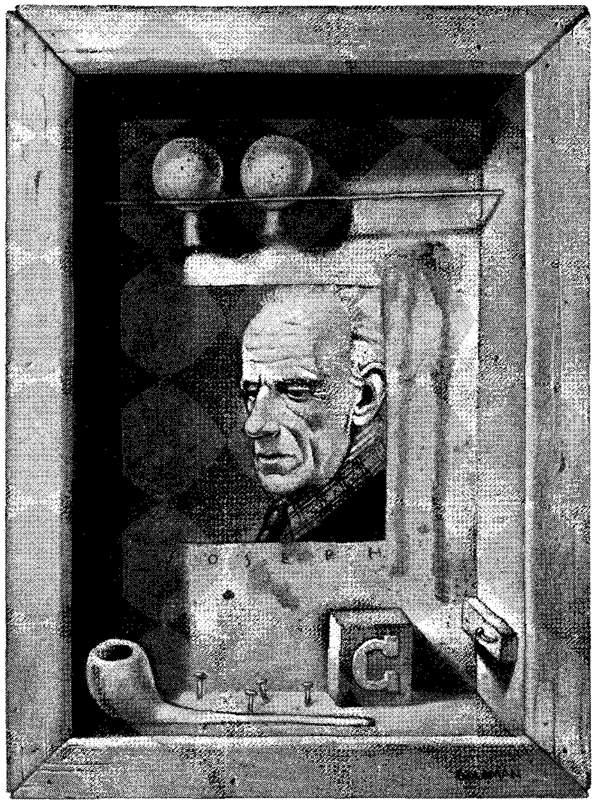
THERE is a wonderfully odd object in the first room of the Jewish Museum's "Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for Italian Jews: the lid of a child's sarcophagus, from the third century, consisting of a Bacchus-like figure, in a bath and holding grapes, that would appear to fly in the face of the Hebrew letters nearby. This combination of pagan imagery and Jewishness—borderline, if not outright, idolatry in the eyes of any devotee of the Commandments—is a special and, for art lovers, very exciting feature of Italian-Jewish culture.

The show is best at the two ends of the long period it spans. The middle section, representing the late Middle Ages and Renaissance, is perhaps overshadowed by our awareness of Christian and Islamic accomplishments in the plastic arts of this period, but there are exceptions, such as a beautiful heavenly-blue wooden ark (circa 1500) from Urbino. The exhibition lightens up, more or less as Jewish history did, toward the eighteenth century, when we find "Portrait of Jacob de Joseph Barukh Caravalho" (1687), the chic, giddy incarnation of a rich and consummately dandified Venetian.

The several galleries devoted to the efflorescent period between the liberations of 1848 and the horrible slamming shut caused by the rise of Mussolini are the most absorbing, from both an aesthetic and a political point of view. We find work by members of the school of nineteenth-century realist painters known as the Macchiaioli (the "stainers" or "blotchers") and stunning paintings by the society portraitist Vittorio Corcos. Later, we meet several D'Annunzio-era Fascists who were centered on the Ayn Rand-ish figure of Margherita Sarfatti. There is Modigliani, of course, but also the less-known and absolutely delightful Mario Cavaglieri, whose painting recalls Bonnard's and whose family, we learn, was a model for Giorgio Bassani's novel "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis." In the last room of the exhibition, we run across thuggish pamphlets and restrictive laws, as well as the museum's proud-papa reminder that Bassani, Alberto Moravia, and Primo Levi were all at least half-Jewish.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist: very sober portraits of the very inbred Philip IV; a depiction of consummate virility in the form of the Count-Duke of Olivares (the power behind the throne) wielding his baton from atop his rearing horse, ready to charge into the Basque plain; a luscious portrayal of the Infanta Margarita, which sparkles more divinely than any precious gem; and loving depictions of buffoons and dwarfs. A satiric portrait of a jarringly offbeat Mars shows why no one in art history (with the possible exception of Titian) could paint drapery like Velázquez. A final note: the wildly varying surfaces of the paintings leave the viewer longing for a history of their alterations. . . . ¶ In celebration of photography's hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the museum has put together a show that presents work made between the World Wars by Europeans and Americans. The selection is taken from the museum's Ford Motor Company Collection. Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Joseph Cornell

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism." (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—If the curatorial intention of the Mario Merz exhibition was to extend the artist's renown and increase critical esteem for him in this country, this huge retrospective was a mistake. Merz was a signal figure of the nineteen-sixties Italian Arte Povera movement—a style derived from a mixture of "low" materials (mud, groceries, found objects, garbage), high tech (neon cathodes, glass, steel), and various romantic and classical yearnings—and he continues to enjoy considerable popularity in certain quarters here as well as near-ubiquitous representation in large European art shows. But despite his hip-looking neon Fibonacci-series numbers and his trademark, Bucky Fuller-ish igloos (these *can* look great in the right environment, ideally either a warehouse-like space or a ruined castle), most of this work seems vainglorious, shallow, mushily derivative (of Beuys as well as of Fuller), and pretentious in an irritatingly ditsy way. Futhermore, a number of objects that elsewhere can at least look stylish look awful in this marvellous building. Through Nov. 26. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of oils, watercolors, prints, and drawings spanning the career of Edward Hopper. Through Nov. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The museum's twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition (eighty-two works by fifty artists) focusses on developments in the field since the mid-eighties, such as the increasing use of serial imagery. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots his "mud babies" and was so full of himself that he gave up his art when the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a remarkable body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The quiet and highly refined decorative style of the Japanese painter Ito Jakuchū (1716-1800) is not for everyone, but, as represented in this show, he is a poet when it comes to spotted snow, insect-eaten leaves, underwater movement, and the flourish of a gnarled tendril. His sparest paintings, with their keen compositional sense and subtle use of blankness, are his best. Jakuchū's virtually monochromatic screens and scrolls are equally exquisite, but in an entirely different manner; they are more gestural, more personal, more innocent in temperament—almost like a child's. Through Oct. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Chinese Women Artists 1300-1912": A show of forty-five traditional paintings on scrolls, album leaves, and fans by fifteen artists who represent all the major flower-painting schools. Through Dec. 2. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Alexander Calder (1898-1976) gave the twentieth century his monumental stabiles and elegant mobiles, but he also gave smaller wire sculptures, jewelry, and mechanical toys to his family and friends. More than three hundred of these gifts are collected here. . . . ¶ A well-presented, spiffy show of nineteenth-century jewelry from the museum's collection which is organized in neat categories appropriate to the categorical imperatives of the Victorian period: materials and techniques peculiar to the age, such as tortoiseshell and human hair, filigree and *pietra dura*; preoccupations, such as flowers and other natural specimens; revivalism, especially of styles of the then newly excavated ancient world; and jeweller stars of the day, such as Giuliano and Castellani. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of more than forty photographs by Ansel Adams. Through Nov. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos: The Art of Jewish Life in Italy." (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, except Oct. 22, from 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Exploring Rome: Piranesi and His Contemporaries": During the eighteenth century, artists flocked to Rome and produced drawings of grand neoclassic architectural fantasies. This show includes some fine examples of them, notably Robert Adam's sketches of picturesque fantasy ruins set in typical Italian landscapes and Giovanni Panini's watercolors of soaring barrel-vaulted arcades. But the grandeur of Piranesi—whose works are the centerpiece of this fine display—is without rival, be it in feverishly dark etchings of monumental prisons or in drawings for vault and wall decorations that transpose the pomp of heraldry to a symphonic scale. . . . ¶ A modest show paying tribute to Jean Cocteau on his centenary that is comically, Waspily un-Cocteau. This array of letters, sketches, "little magazines," and autographed scores in dim hallway cases, over which one must lean to see the drawings—for instance, of Jean Marais, and of Raymond Radiguet, Cocteau's great love—hanging on the wall,

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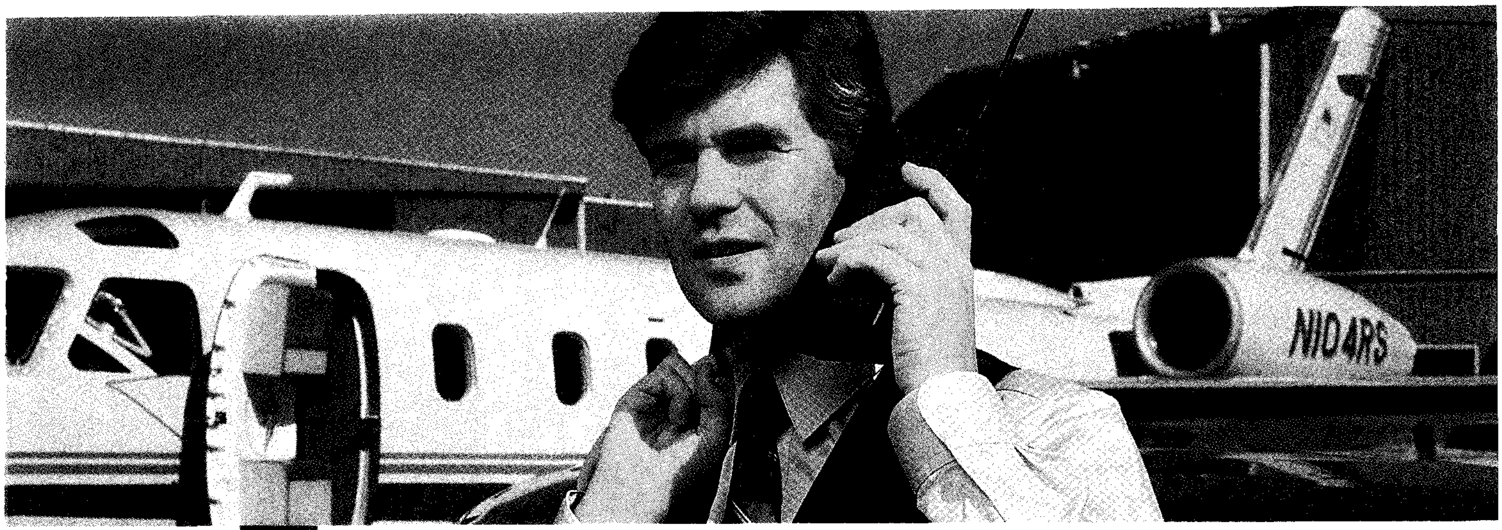

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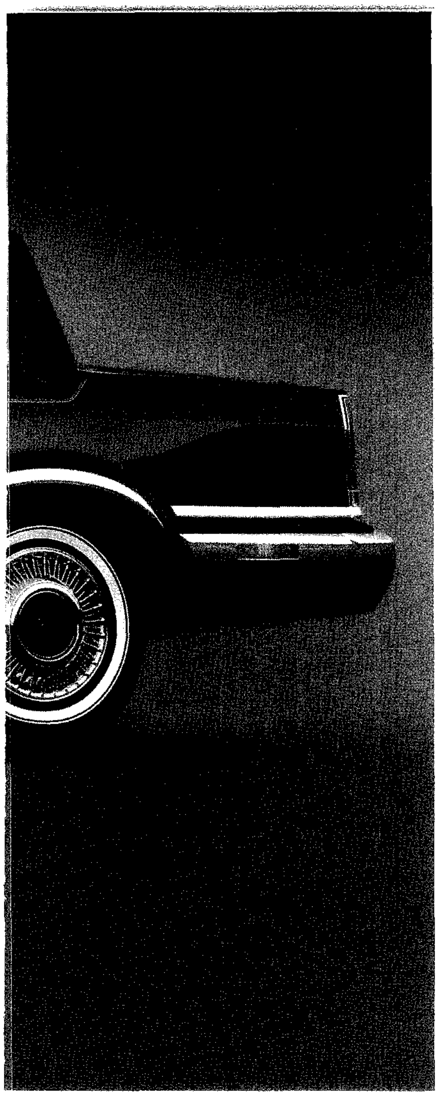

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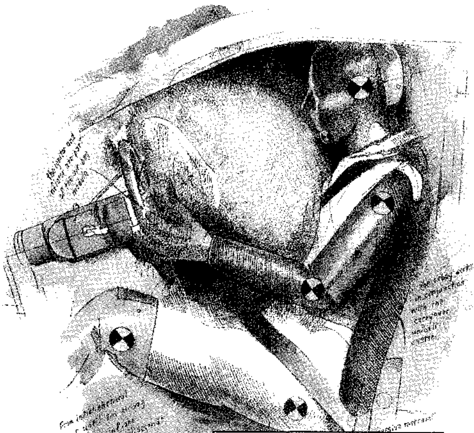

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1989 ROLLS ROYCE CORNICHE	3 YEARS/ UNLIMITED	3 YEARS/ UNLIMITED	NONE	3 YEARS/ UNLIMITED	3 YEARS/ UNLIMITED
1989 MERCEDES BENZ 560 SEL	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	NONE	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES
1989 CADILLAC SEDAN DEVILLE	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	$100 AFTER 1 YR./12,000 MILES	4 YEARS/ 50,000 MILES	6 YEARS/ 100,000 MILES
1989 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL	1 YEAR/ 12,000 MILES	6 YEARS/ 60,000 MILES	$100 AFTER 1 YR./12,000 MILES	6 YEARS/ 60,000 MILES	6 YEARS/ 100,000 MILES

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tends to make viewers look like squinting lepidopterists. Perhaps better thus pinned, however, than not pinned at all. Both shows through Nov. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Fantasy Furniture": Kitsch takes on epic proportions with this remarkable display of bizarre nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century furniture, including lacquered colonial exotica from the Brighton Pavilion; grotesque carved *torchères* of the Devil and his mistress in contemporary dress; rotund bears climbing up the legs of a desk; horn and antler extravaganzas; Victorian chairs and settees upholstered in thick and luscious fabric tubes; and blackamoors, frolicking putti, and nymphs from the Belle Époque, which even in this context bring new meaning to kitsch. Through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ George Bellows' rich lithographs, as this show demonstrates, chronicled the gritty turn-of-the-century urban scene—the public showers, the fights, the pedestrian bustle under the El. Less engaging than his public scenes are the smaller, more intimate portraits, dating from the early twenties, of family and friends. Through Oct. 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—There is a certain predictability in the way the museum has tackled chaos, the theme of its current show. But some of the works on display are standouts, especially Orshi Drozdik's weird scattering of porcelain objects on a lead sheet; and Cady Noland's "Model with Entropy" and "Celebrity Trash Spill"—brilliant examples of the city-dump-to-institutional-lost-and-found aesthetic genre. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

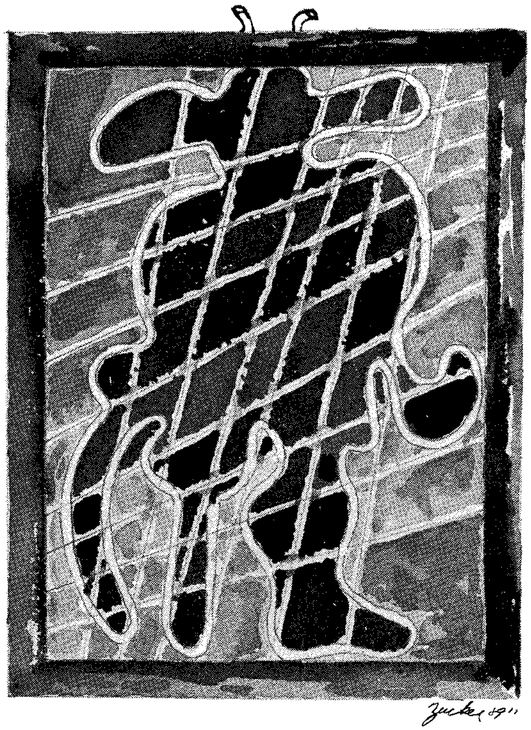
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Nancy Graves—The artist's best work in years. Her new sculptures, with their bronze fans and ropes, are filled with graceful, spiralling pleasure—in spirit, they're similar to Matisse's "The Dance." The paintings are layered with imagery spanning nearly two decades, and each has a lacy relief jutting out from it. One is entitled "Overload of Desire," but the load is being borne admirably. Through Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Carole Robb—Entertaining paintings of Frank Langella as a bon-vivant Achilles either in leotards in a harem or bare-chested and contemplating the sea with his guerrillas. There are references to Dracula, Uccello, Velázquez, the "Demoiselles," and "Last Year at Marienbad." Although the artist's informal technique edges toward art-school realism, her light yet incisive view of social arrangements makes her a contemporary Pêne du Bois. Through Oct. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paolo Soleri—This visionary architect and master of the wind chime exhibits a long crayon study (part of a hundred-and-ninety-foot scroll) for a park designed to reclaim mining land in desert mesa country—a tour de force of architectural drawing. The rest of this show, unfortunately, centers on the evolution of a space station that only a sci-fi nut could love and "arcology" drawings for futuristic cities proffering a corny vision of harmony. Through Jan. 28. (New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)



Self-portrait by Joe Zucker

Joe Zucker—A zesty show of recent works by an artist known for his material inventions and eccentric processes—painting with paint-soaked cotton balls, for instance, or on foil—all in the name of a formal quest for larger, existential meaning. This is the second time that Zucker has presented paintings in which large wooden stretchers strung with nautical sash cord form the supports for images rendered in gelatinous, at times translucent acrylic coils (the process is a bit like weaving or pot-holder-making), which sometimes suggest stained glass, and at other times cake icing. This time, we find dark abstractions on the theme of "Cryro-Genics"; a work in black and green with I.V. tubing and a Vietnam theme, titled "Dean! This Is What I Was Doing While You Were in the Delta"; and several brilliantly colored, fanciful still-lifes in which the artist's personal hieroglyphic order of intimist signs, symbols, and props (his cat, his Martini, his lady love) dominate the scene. Through Oct. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

"From Architecture to Object"—This fine selection of Arts and Crafts objects includes, among other things, some very Chinese-like furniture with inlaid mother-of-pearl, by the Greenes; a lamp, by Albert Berry, with a shade of copper, mica, and abalone shell; an ever-welcome stalwart mission oak by Stickley; and an exquisite Frank Lloyd Wright dining table and chairs, from the Barton House, in Buffalo. Through Nov. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

"100 Years of Russian Ballet, 1830-1930"—An exhibition of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of dancers, sets, and costumes, plus such memorabilia as a tea set of Anna Pavlova's and a shoe worn by Maria Petipa. On loan from the Leningrad State Museum of Theatre and Music. Through Oct. 20. (Nakhamkin, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**YVES KLEIN,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Oct. 28); **GIACOMO MANZÙ,** Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Nov. 3); **KENNETH NOLAND,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 11); **RAPHAEL SOYER,** Lewitt, 16 E. 79th St. (opens at noon, through Nov. 4).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—These paintings are a rather motley array of homages to the square. Through Oct. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Andoe—Insipid paintings of marked decorative appeal. Using a lyric, well-modulated black-and-white tonal range, this artist places the images of inherently sweet things—flowers, bird's nests—in triste landscape settings. Donald Sultan, known for his pictures of lemons on tarry grounds and who just left this gallery, has produced heartier specimens of the same, poor-little-hotcakes genre. Through Nov. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sue Coe—A huge, masterly show about the American meat-processing industry, titled "Porkopolis—Animals and Industry," that encompasses everything from graphite drawings to paintings on paper to broadsides. Through Nov. 4. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

José de Creeft (1884-1982)—De Creeft was part of the Lachaise-Laurent-Zorach circle of American-based early modernist European sculptors. This show of works made between the wars includes a fine oversized head of a slave in beaten lead, stone reliefs that are sometimes hard to read, and watercolors that are good examples of early biomorphic modernism. Although he is equally skilled in each of these mediums, the artist's own keen sense of stylization is most evident in the drawings here. Through Nov. 12. (Childs, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jiří Georg Dokoupil—This is an extremely intelligent, entertaining, and versatile artist, whose work appears in different guises at every show. This time, he has made paintings out of soot, using a candle as if it were a brush. The effect suggests the pointillism of Chuck Close, as well as the Germans Polke and Richter, but this is not Dokoupil's most visually appealing work. The idea, however, of depicting the Christie's and Sotheby's salesrooms (among other things) in so dire and Dickensian a fashion simply can't be beat. Through Oct. 21. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Kasmin, 580 Broadway, has a show of recent drawings. Through Oct. 21.)

Arnold Mesches / Ana Mendieta (1948-85)—Bravura paintings in overheated, acidic colors and fiery slashes of acrylic. Most depict insignificant images attempting to be enigmatic. / Mendieta's most poignant works were private rituals and inaccessible earthworks, created in her native Cuba, that looked like feminized fossils; some are represented here by photographs and prints. There are also modest and beautiful drawings of similar figurative forms etched or painted onto large, brittle leaves. Through Oct. 21. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sam Messer—Good, old-fashioned, thick, Expressionist figure paintings that depict persecution, repression, religious identity, wildlife, and the horror of birth with somewhat surreal figures, lots of maternal and fetal shapes, and gagged mouths. Through Oct. 28. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

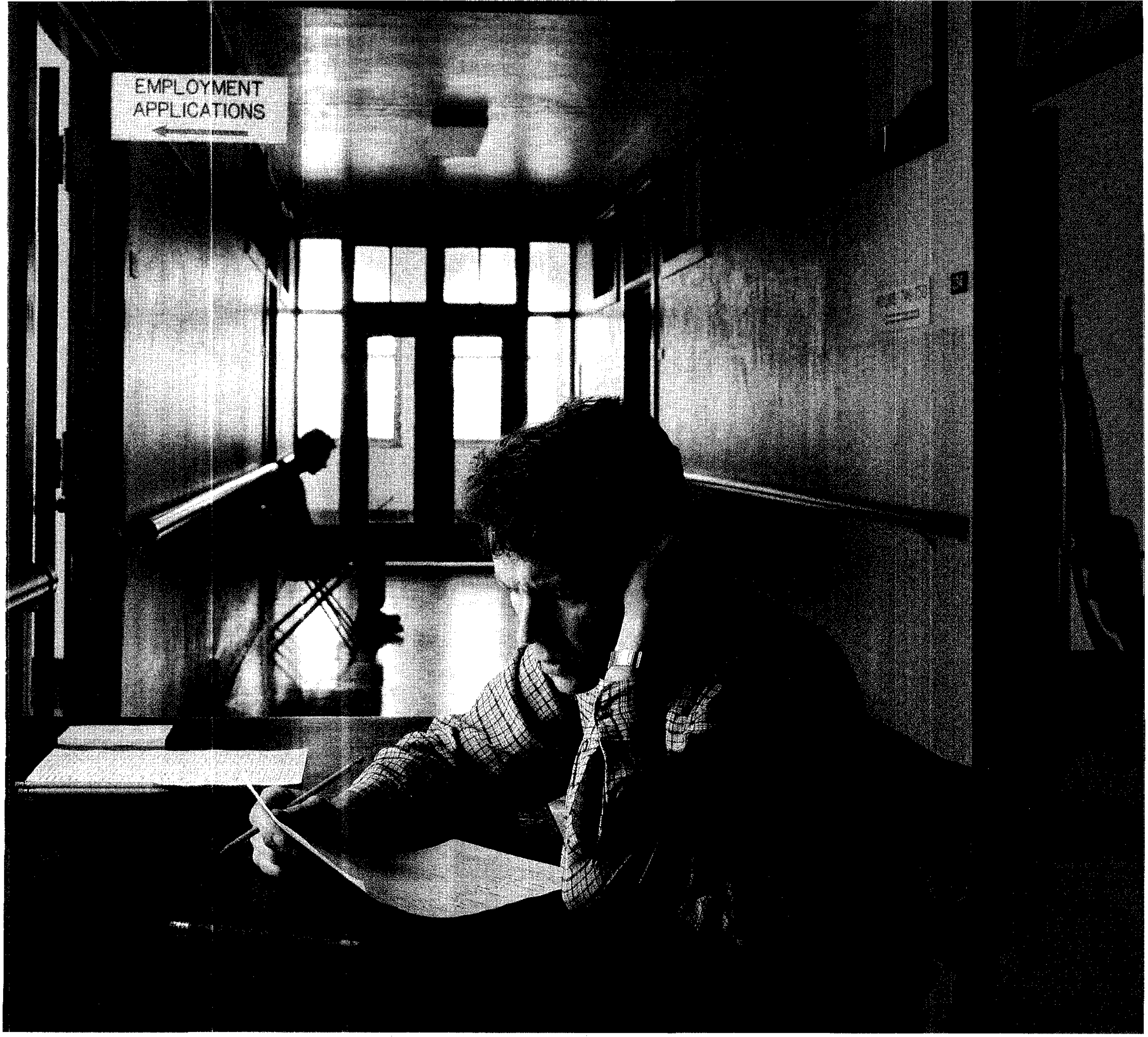
Jules Olitski—These spray paintings from the sixties are the type of quintessential Greenbergian figure-ground extravaganzas that have spawned an entire generation of bad abstract painters. Despite their often vast sizes—which refer to landscape—some contain a certain poetic modesty that's worth another look. Through Oct. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Horace Pippin (1888-1946)—A small, representative group of history paintings, landscapes, and religious and domestic scenes by this esteemed black artist from Pennsylvania, who began to paint only in the nineteen-thirties, when he was in his forties. Pippin's Civil War-related pictures, such as "John Brown Going to His Hanging," are precisely imagined but fussy. "Cabin in the Cotton III," however, is an enchanting nocturne, "The Temptation of St. Anthony" is an unusually whimsical yet plainspoken treatment of the subject, and a portrait titled "The Artist's Wife" suggests the psychology and emotion absent from Grant Wood's "American Gothic." . . . ¶ Also on view: a large roomful of familiar-looking standing-figure sculptures by William King. Through Nov. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rebecca Purdum—Recent abstract paintings by a young artist whose work is picking up strength and gaining depth before our eyes. These soft, blurred fields with their Orientalist colors recall Turner, Redon, and late Monet without straining too hard to do so. They have a mood (introspective, symbolist) but seem to be free of attitude. Through Nov. 11. (Tilton, 24 West 57th St.)

William Tucker—New sculptures, on pedestals, with classical titles such as "Bucephalus" and "Xanthippe," that look anything but Greek: they evoke the naturalistic, gardens-and-grotto style of Romanticism, and also fossilized fecal remains. Through Oct. 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**KAREL APPEL,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 11); **LUIS CRUZ AZACETA,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 15); **CHRIS BURDEN,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 18); **JOSEPH CORNELL,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (starts Oct. 20); **GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER,**



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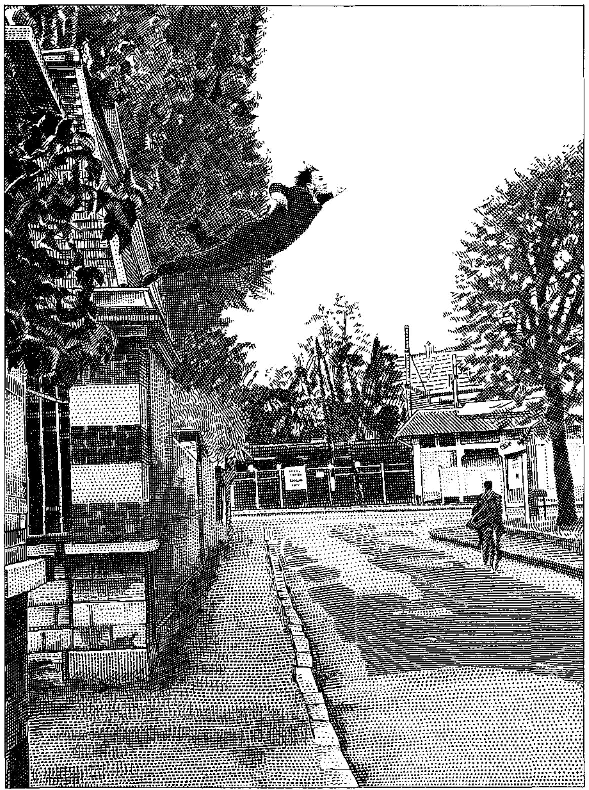
ART–Cont'd

Jason McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 28); **Anne Ryan,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 4); **Lawrence Weiner,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 9).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Bosman—Vertically stacked diptychs with stripped-down, figureless imagery and a mythological spirit. A few are too spare, but a painting of a horse prancing in a sandy cloud and another of a plane flying at dusk are steeped in atmosphere and not a little pathos. Through Oct. 28. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Howard Buchwald / Bill Richards—Very earnest and respectable paintings, on paper and board, of V-shaped angles. / Exquisitely detailed small drawings of leaves. Through Nov. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)



Yves Klein

Lydia Dona / David Winter—Accomplished layered paintings with schematic black diagrams and thrashes of dripping paint, and with such titles as "Circuits of Liquidity and the Shadows of Desire." / A large steel-and-aluminum sculpture on an odd scale (both monumental and miniaturized), which, like Dona's paintings, recalls chemical diagrams. Through Oct. 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Louise Fishman—Only a few years ago, Fishman was near the forefront of a wave of solid abstract painting, but these recent dark canvases about paint are not memorable and are generally less interesting than some of the works not on view but reproduced in the catalogue. Through Nov. 4. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Gail Fitzgerald—Self-consciously arty abstract paintings coated in polyurethane. Through Oct. 28. (Cutler, 593 Broadway.)

Robert Gober—New sculptures that are purposefully blunt, very powerful, and somewhat bleak. Most of them, such as a metal drain set into a large white wall like some mystical piece of minimalist art, seem to be sublimations of sexual longing. A freestanding satin wedding gown is a fragile and ghostly portrait of absence. Through Oct. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

William Hawkins—Recent works by a Kentucky-born artist who first started to paint in 1979, at the age of eighty-four. "Skater (Eric Heiden)" (1988; enamel paint on Masonite) is an unself-consciously sweet capsule of youth, speed, power, and winter, and the work's glowing colors and loose brush style may remind some viewers of paintings by Georg Baselitz. A warm and quite wonderful show. Through Oct. 21. (Edward Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

James Hyde—A very nice show of paintings with propped objects. Hyde delicately uses rough materials with rich surfaces—concrete, glass, galvanized steel, and plywood. The works feel both matter-of-fact and alchemical. Through Oct. 28. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Ed and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—An eagerly anticipated show of recent work by the well-known Idaho-based husband-and-wife team, which inaugurates the L.A. Louver gallery's New York branch. It is seriously disappointing. Actually, one always had the disconcerting feeling that Ed Kienholz' seamy and lifelike tableaux were, essentially, virtuosic displays of labor-intensive sensationalism: lurid, prurient, ineffably condescending to their typically "marginal" subjects. But they were always precisely conceived and art-directed to the point of wonderment. Since artistry has become a joint Kienholz-family enterprise, such meticulous concerns seem to have been cast to the winds and a host of contemporary influences have blown in to replace them. The results are visually unfocussed yet bombastic quasi tableaux that sometimes suggest botched taxidermy. Marisol, Nam June Paik, and Lee Jaffe all seem, at various times, implicitly on hand, but most eyebrow-raising are the several direct lifts from Christian Boltanski's distinctive archival-photo assemblages. It makes you worry that the Kienholzes' important themes—Native Americans, the West, wildlife, racism, the image culture—have been acquired secondhand as well. Through Nov. 11. (130 Prince St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Large, colorful paintings of scribbles and hyper-consciously painted gestures that are simple and somewhat smug, but also surprisingly charming. Through Oct. 28. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Laub—Enigmatic silver-leafed objects and the postage-size photographs that they frame contrast elegance with brutality in a penetrating way. A snapshot of a dead Vietcong soldier with an ace of spades in his mouth is embedded in a splayed poker hand of five faceless cards. Through Oct. 28. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Hughie Lee-Smith—Realistic paintings with a slightly zany surrealistic spirit and with a deep, but not depressing, mood of isolation. His couple in a grassy field is a contemporary "American Gothic." Through Nov. 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Sabina Ott—Flair-filled paintings of Echo in the form of an oval wreath and of Narcissus in the form of a faceless reflection; they seem to owe much of their mournful poetry to Ross Bleckner. Through Oct. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Rezac / Group Show—Odd, small abstract sculptures that call to mind tanks, ships, anchors, and anvils in a sharp but somewhat familiar manner. / Of all the shows that have recently attempted to suggest the vitality of African-American art, this is the strongest. It's a small, unruly exhibition of multimedia works—by such artists as Adrian Piper and Darryl Turner—marked by its air of defiance, shades of Spike Lee, and many references to voodoo. Through Nov. 4. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Matter-of-fact drawings of three earthworks—"Spiral Jetty," "Broken Circle," and "Partially Buried Woodshed." Through Oct. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Ben Vautier—This French postwar neo-Dadaist has been wreaking conceptual havoc for decades with word paintings such as the recent ones on view here. There's also a wall of small works from the last twenty years where the artist's mischievous conceptual silliness is given virtually free rein. Through Oct. 21. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Rob Wynne—This talented artist makes gestural, illusionistic abstractions—a relatively rare kind of painting these days, yet probably the most inexhaustible. Wynne's new work is full of strong colors, dramatic contrasts, and zippy swirls, and it is fluent, bright, and more assured than ever before, but the energy of these pieces seems thwarted by the frequent use of a multi-panel format, which may be essential to David Salle's intellectualized montage effects but "freezes" the expressive content of more extroverted work and allows painters to avoid the challenges of continuous, total-picture composition. Through Oct. 21. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the **Cervera,** 470 Broome St.: Each work in this curious grouping is deliberately smart and dumb, some to great success—Mike Kelley's drawn triptych "Perversion of the Cone," Ann Messner's lead-wrapped steel cooler with a pierced metal bodily organ beside it, and Alan Belcher's hanging assemblage of fencing, plywood, and a photograph of a high-rise under construction. Through Oct. 28. . . . **Sperone Westwater,** 142 Greene St.: This appealing, casual grouping consists of some great early Robert Ryman white paintings; some very pretty beeswax paintings of trapped, flickering light by Domenico Bianchi; and some oddly glitzy constructions by Richard Tuttle that are crudely painted, involve arcs of bare light bulbs, and are materialistic in a vaporous way. Through Oct. 24.

Short List—**Ida Applebroog,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Nov. 11); **Jennifer Bolande,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Nov. 11); **Dan Flavin,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through Nov. 30); **Stephen Greene,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 24); **Mary Heilmann,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Nov. 4); **Imi Knoebel,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Nov. 11); **Rona Pondick,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Oct. 28); **David Robbins,** American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St. (through Oct. 27); **Aldo Rossi,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 21); **Jan Sawka,** Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 28); **Michelle Stuart,** Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 8); **Pat Sutton,** Slater-Price, 164 Mercer St. (through Nov. 9).

OTHER GALLERIES

Henry Chotkowski—An uneven yet largely inventive show of collages made from cut-up magazines and newspapers of political or ecological interest and of assemblages, one of which is based on a graphologist's analysis of grade-school penmanship. Through Oct. 28. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Reverend Howard Finster—According to one of this exhibition's very informative wall labels, "In 1976, at the age of 60, Reverend Howard Finster was divinely inspired to pick up a paintbrush and a can of Fixal tractor enamel to 'paint sacred art' "; fortunately, the Reverend is still delivering his wacky fire-and-brimstone painted sermons in rapid-fire succession. This retrospective of sorts contains a healthy dose of the eleven-thousand-plus works he has created, including igloo-like high rises with diligent prayers in niches, and a rainstorm of books of knowledge, and with titles like "Self Portrait—My Brain Is Like a Wirehouse." Some are quite beautifully painted. Through Jan. 5. (PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)

"The Dark Sublime: Art at the End of Our Century"—It's hard to think "sublime" when staring at a dark landscape with dried whole fish attached to it, or a large sculpture of a seated figure with a woman's head, a mermaid's body, reptile-skin arms, and chicken feet. The show attempts to legitimize such sophomoric art by including a few sophisticated paintings by artists like Ross Bleckner and Nancy Haynes. Through Nov. 4. (Alan, 270 Lafayette St.)

"Dia de los Muertos II"—The "Day of the Dead" is a Central American religious ritual marked by processions and offerings of great folk fascination, but this exhibition, inspired by the phenomenon and dedicated to children worldwide who have died because of "neglect [or] social or political abuse," is, with one or two exceptions, an array of good intentions and bad art. Through Nov. 4. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Short List—**Tim Rollins + K.O.S.,** Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, through June 17).

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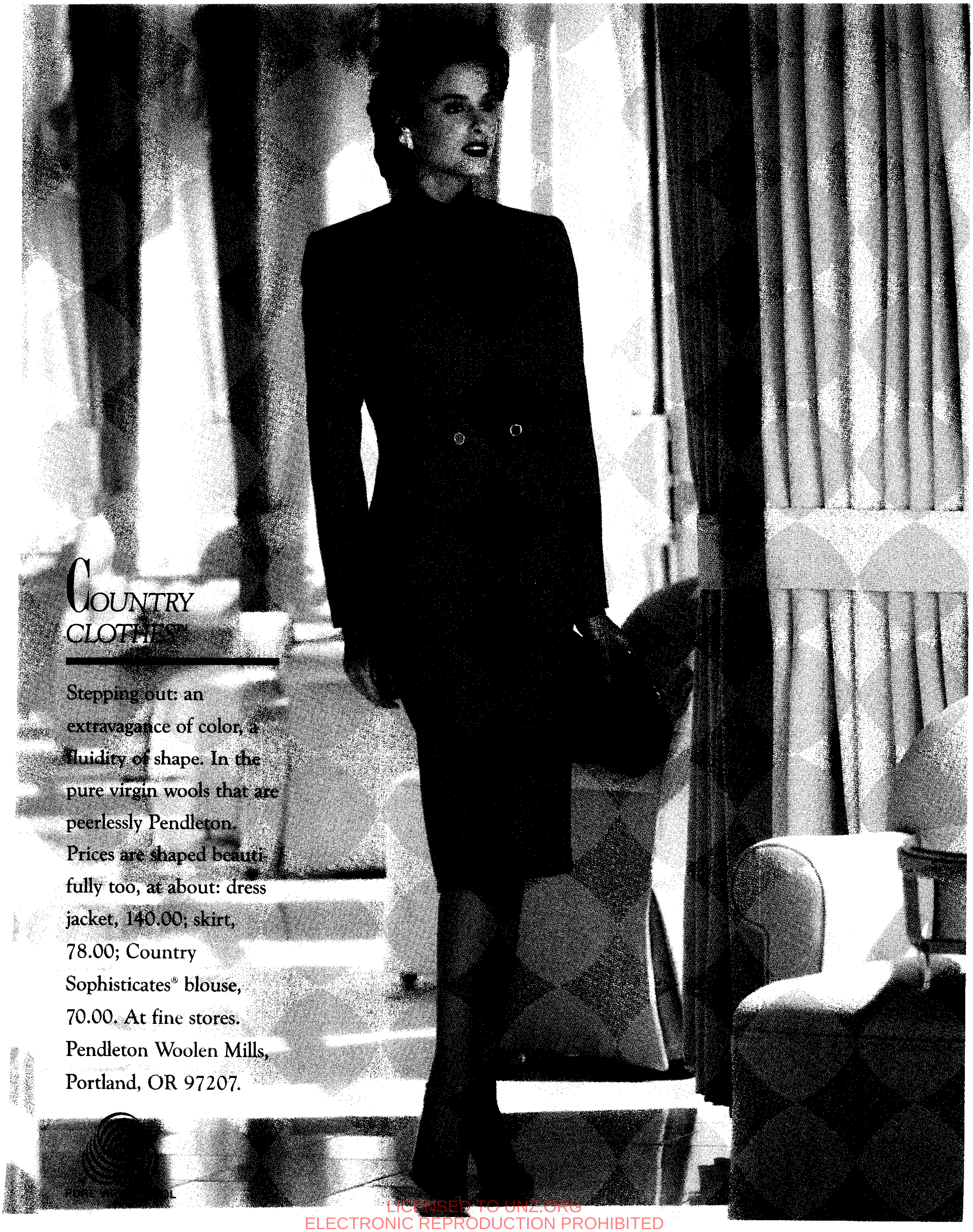

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY

"ICE," by Lynn Davis, makes a visit to Simon Lowinsky's gallery, in SoHo, seem like a trip to another planet. The photographs of icebergs on view are the result of two expeditions Davis made to Disko Bay, Greenland, in 1986 and 1988. Here is a landscape that suggests various man-made products—architecture, sculpture, fashion—but it's much more magical than what we usually find in those fields. There are icebergs reminiscent of ancient cities, icebergs that could compete with a Richard Serra sculpture for that look of modern abstraction, and icebergs as sophisticated as a creation by Balenciaga.

Davis's photographs capture the drama of shape, scale, and time that one finds in almost every picture of an iceberg. But what makes her images particularly pleasurable is that she has brought out the sensuousness of ice. Two of her color views (which are displayed in Lowinsky's back room) make the icebergs seem like piles of Dream Whip with a touch of golden dye. These pictures are especially good because they're so carried away. When Davis has more of an agenda—when she's shaping her photographs to come off as explorations of abstract form—the work is duller. Ice is natural Earth art; we don't need that extra push to get it.

Berenice Abbott—Five decades of work—portraits, "science" images, scenes of New York—by an unsentimental modernist. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6. . . . ¶ Sikkema, 155 Spring St., has a complementary show. Opens Saturdays at noon, through Nov. 5.)

International Center of Photography Midtown—Three exhibitions of works by Alexander Liberman, Barbara Kasten, and James Nachtwey, plus two of works from the I.C.P.'s permanent collection, fill this new space, which comprises two floors and twelve thousand square feet. Through Nov. 1. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL,** Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. (opens at noon, through Oct. 28); **POL BURY,** Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. (opens at noon, through Oct. 28); **JO ANN CALLIS,** Drake, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 28); **LUCIEN CLERGUE,** Donson, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 4); **LYNN DAVIS,** Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (through Nov. 4); **MACDUFF EVERTON,** Janet Borden, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 28); **WEEGEE,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (open Wednesday evenings until 8:30, through Oct. 28); **TINA WHITE,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 16).

MUSIC

IN singing, the key figures in this century have probably been Enrico Caruso, Fyodor Chaliapin, Maria Callas, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Operagoers in the first part of the century could count themselves lucky that two of these artists were active at the same time. We feel lucky that one of them, Fischer-Dieskau, is active yet, and that he will be singing in

New York five times in the coming weeks (on October 28 and 31, with the New York Philharmonic; on November 3 and 5, at Carnegie Hall; on November 9, at Alice Tully Hall).

Fischer-Dieskau has changed forever our perceptions of musical performance: he has made the great lieder of Wolf and Schumann survive the death of *Hausmusik;* he has interested the postwar twentieth century in the intimate dialogue between Goethe and Schubert; he has made the hard thought of the least "accessible" songs transparent in concerts and on recordings; and he has been a virtuoso of musicianship rather than of vocalism.

Like the other three singers named, he has discarded or defied old standards that have not been relevant to his new goals, and, as a result, his detractors have a list of complaints. There are those who will lay at Fischer-Dieskau's door the direly attenuated, precious, exaggerated, unvocal work of some younger lieder singers. We see the point in these arguments, but we go to Fischer-Dieskau's recitals not so much to hear them as to drink them in. When we cannot think of new words to describe what we have got from them, we join the critic John Steane in borrowing Dryden's words on rereading Chaucer: "Here is God's plenty."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**LA TRAVIATA,** a new production, with Edita Gruberova, Neil Shicoff, and Wolfgang Brendel; conducted by Carlos Kleiber. (Oct. 16 at 7, and Oct. 20 and Oct. 25 at 8.) . . . **PORGY AND BESS,** with Priscilla Baskerville, Marvis Martin, Camellia Johnson, Michael Smartt, and Ben Holt; James Levine. (Oct. 17 at 8 and Oct. 21 at 8.) . . . **AIDA,** with Alessandra Marc, Stefania Toczyska, Nicola Martinucci, and Juan Pons; Christian Badea. (Oct. 18 at 8.) . . . With Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyska, Giorgio Merighi, and Paata Burchuladze; Christian Badea. (Oct. 23 at 8.) . . . **IL TRITTICO,** consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Olivia Stapp, Giorgio Merighi, and Juan Pons; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Stratas, Florence Quivar, and Betsy Norden; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Teresa Stratas, Bruno Pola, and Vinson Cole. James Levine conducting. (Oct. 19 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Marilyn Horne, Gino Quilico, Louis Quilico, Stanford Olsen, and Paata Burchuladze; Julius Rudel. (Oct. 21 at 1:30 and Oct. 24 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 17 at 7:30: Helmuth Rilling conducting the American première of "Messa per Rossini." With Gabriela Beňačková, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; James Wagner, tenor; Jacob Will, baritone; Brian Matthews, bass; and the Gächinger Kantorei. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8, Oct. 20 at 2, Oct. 21 at 8, and Oct. 24 at 7:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Copland program. With Stanley Drucker, clarinet.

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. At Carnegie Hall, Oct. 20 at 8: A program of contemporary works. . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall, Oct. 22 at 3: More contemporary works. With Ralph Kirshbaum, cello.

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting premières by William Albright and Martin Bresnick, among other works. With Martina Arroyo, soprano, and Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 22 at 3.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. Oct. 23 at 8: A Schubert-Prokofiev-Hindemith program. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: Works by Bartók, Wagner, and Stravinsky. With Midori, violin.

Meet the Moderns—Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a celebration concert of A.S.C.A.P.'s seventy-fifth anniversary. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Oct. 24 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 622-1000.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting works by Shostakovich and Tchaikovsky. With Carter Brey, cello. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 24 at 8.)

RECITALS

Shostakovich String Quartets—The last two in a series of four concerts by the Manhattan String Quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 16 and Oct. 23 at 8.)

On Original Instruments—Presenting Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; Anner Bylsma, cello; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Young Uck Kim and Peter Serkin—Violin and piano, performing the final two concerts in their series devoted to all the Beethoven violin sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 18 and Oct. 25 at 8.)

Camerata Bern—Performing works by Bach, Schoenberg, Kodály, and others. With Emile Nauomoff, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Andras Schiff—Piano, in works by Haydn, Janáček, Bartók, and Schubert. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Playing works by Beethoven and Schubert. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Andreas Bach—Piano, in compositions by Bach, Haydn, Chopin, and others. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct 20 at 8.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music—Oct. 20 at 8: Andrew Bolotowsky, baroque flute, and others. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: Johnny Reinhard, bassoon, and others. (Anita Shapolsky Gallery, 99 Spring St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

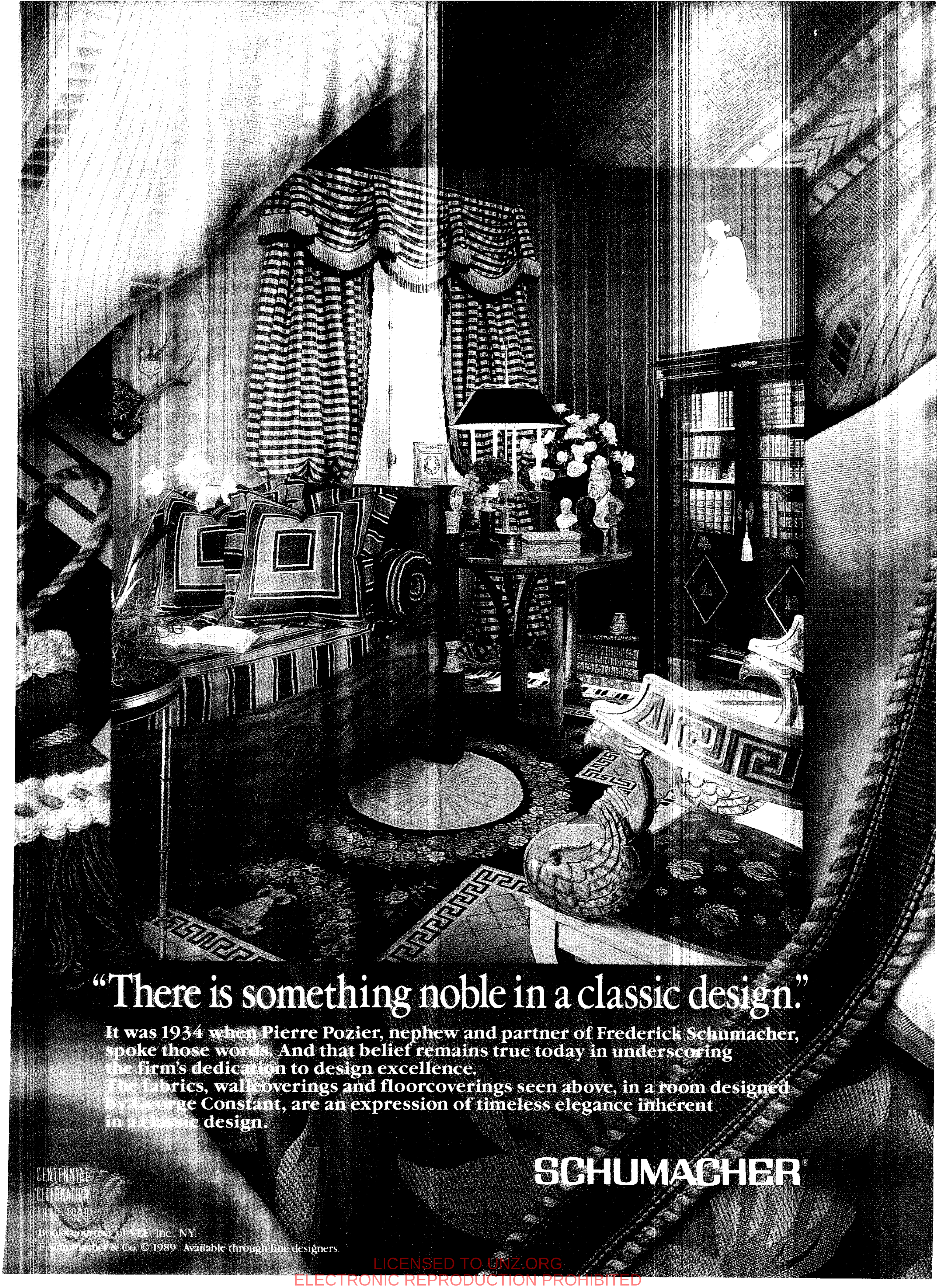
Bella Davidovich—Piano, in a program of works by Schumann and Chopin. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 21 at 8.)

Leonidas Kavakos—Violin, in works by Mozart, Schumann, and Prokofiev. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Oct. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Samuel Dilworth-Leslie—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 21 at 3.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Oct. 22 at 2.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing chamber



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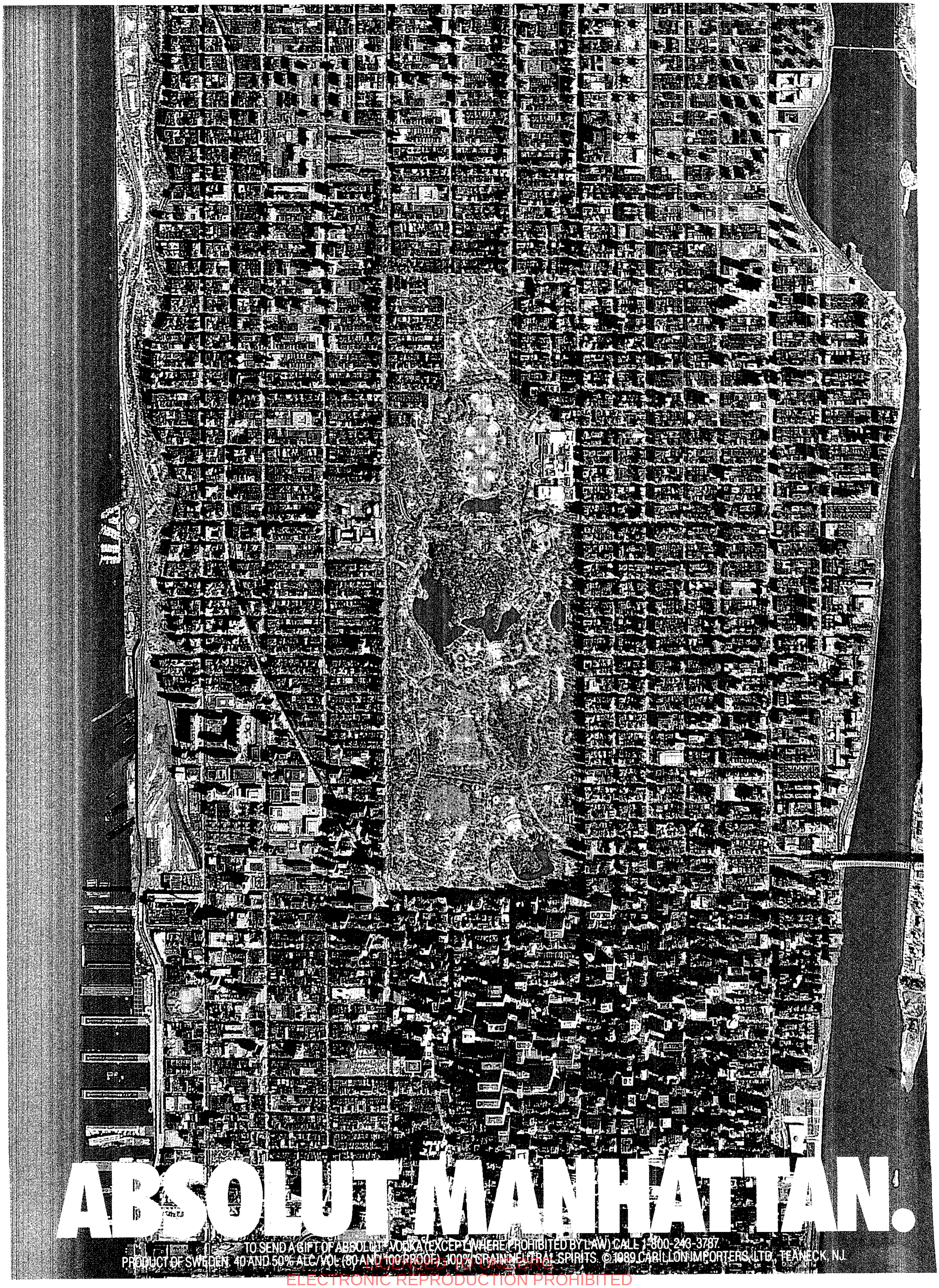

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MUSIC—Cont'd

music by Ravel, Debussy, and Franck. With Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 22 at 3.)

New York Festival of Song—Presenting Mahler's "From the Youth's Magic Horn," with Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and Michael Barrett, piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Oct. 22 at 5.)

Paula Robison—Flute. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Oct. 22 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Atlantic Sinfonietta—Peter L. Cokkinias conducting premières by Larry Wallach and Robert Baksa, among other works. With guest soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 23 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Performing works by Winifred Keane. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 25 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Oct. 25 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Rubén Blades—In 1974, after leaving his job as a bank lawyer in Panama, Rubén Blades came to the States to become a salsa singer. He got a job in the mailroom of Fania Records, became friends with Willie Colón, and began recording with him. Since then, Blades has become one of the most popular singers in Latin music. (He has also earned a degree from Harvard Law School, written songs with Elvis Costello and Lou Reed, and acted in a few Hollywood films.) His sophisticated, romantic paeans to the lost and wounded, sung mostly in Spanish, have an honesty and clarity that's peerless. At their most complex, his songs hum with the strength of his convictions, and in concert he's rhythmically inspired by a band that hangs fire. It's a beautiful sight. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Oct. 21 at 8.)

The The—The bitter, sardonic Matt Johnson is the The. On his latest album, "Mind Bomb," he's put together an excellent band (including ex-Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr) that quietly fleshes out his visions of the apocalypse. Johnson's brooding, intricately arranged songs about religion, sex, and politics are sometimes didactic, sometimes creepy, and worthy of close attention. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 22 at 8.)

The Neville Brothers—Aaron, Art, Charles, and Cyril have left their bayou footprints all over pop music for nearly thirty-five years, from Aaron's soul classic "Tell It Like It Is" through their work with the Wild Tchoupitoulas to Art and Cyril's band, the Meters, which opened for the Rolling Stones on their 1975 tour. But it took the French-Canadian record producer Daniel Lanois (U2, Peter Gabriel) to finally craft a Neville Brothers album worthy of the name—this year's wonderful and commercially successful "Yellow Moon." Just about every cultural wind that has ever blown through New Orleans can be heard in their sound, a homegrown "world music" that achieves its greatest potency in front of an audience. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Oct. 25 at 8.)

The Rolling Stones—Burying the hatchet and lighting up the past, Keith and Mick have gathered up the boys for the last great tour of the eighties. Unlike the nostalgia-trippin' Who, the Stones have released a new album, "Steel Wheels," that may help them carry the weight of a legendary past. The record is a very successful, if calculated, return to the tough, fresh music of "Some Girls" and "Tattoo You," although it has less of a lyrical bite. The show, mounted on a huge industrial stage, brings together twenty-five years of Stones songs—it's the richest catalogue in rock and roll. Recently, Mick Jagger said, "The band is an animal that has its own musical personality." Here's hoping it roars. (Shea Stadium. 307-7171. Oct. 25-26 and Oct. 28-29 at 7.)

The Waterboys—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 17-18 at 8.

David Brenner—Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 7. Through Oct. 29.

Max Roach Quartet—With Edwina Lee Tyler. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center. Oct. 18 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Andreas Vollenweider

Andreas Vollenweider—Beacon Theatre. Oct. 19-21 at 8.

Shankar, Zakir Hussain, and Vikku Vinayakram—Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Oct. 21 at 8.

"Heavenly Jazz"—Dick Hyman and Ruby Braff in the first concert of this season's series. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Oct. 22 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

"Cabaret Comes to Carnegie"—Elisabeth Welch, Oct. 18-19. . . . ¶ Jill Corey, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Kaye Ballard, Oct. 25. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Evenings at 8.)

"The Hearings" at P.S. 122—Oct. 18 at 8: Irene Schweizer and Maggie Nichols; and Anthony Coleman, Jim Pugliese, Don Byron & Marc Ribot. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: Salt, a group led by Tobhan Djan and Doug Seidel. . . . ¶ Oct. 20-21 at 8: Andrew Woodruff. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: Joe McPhee & Pauline Oliveros; and David Watson. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8:30: Zeena Parkins; and Murray Reams & Gil Fray. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Roulette—Oct. 20: Kevin Norton and Karen Heifetz. . . . ¶ Oct. 21: Leo Smith. . . . ¶ Oct. 22: Charles Gayle. (228 West Broadway. Evenings at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Away until Oct. 29, when they face the San Francisco 49ers.

Giants—Away until Oct. 30, when they face the Minnesota Vikings.

Rangers—Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Oct. 25. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Oct. 24. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Oct. 20. (Game time, 7:45.)

(The Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222; and the Devils at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-6050.)

CHAMPIONSHIPS—BASEBALL

Baywatch—A TV mini-Series about a week of festivities in the Oakland-San Francisco area. With Mitchell & Clark and Canseco & McGwire in the lineups, don't be surprised if more than a few fastballs wind up *in* the bay. The Giants host the A's at Candlestick Park on Oct. 17-18, and, if necessary, on Oct. 19; the A's host the Giants, if necessary, at the Oakland Coliseum on Oct. 21-22.

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Birdland—To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their ornithological wing, the curators at the American Museum of Natural History have moved the Guano Islands diorama into the middle of the gallery and removed the glass, so that visitors will practically be able to enter the exotic landscape and hear the birds sing (through Oct. 22). Other bird-related activities include a lecture on raptors (Oct. 21 at 4) and bird walks in Central Park (Oct. 17 at 7 A.M. and Oct. 19 at 9 A.M.). (Central Park W. at 79th St. For more information, call 769-5761.)

Fall Antiques Show—Sanford Smith's annual extravaganza of Americana starts Oct. 19 and runs through Oct. 22. A free shuttle bus will run continually from Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Streets to the show and back. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Saturday, 11 to 9:30, and Sunday, 11 to 6.)

Salvageable—The Great American Salvage Company has invited eleven interior designers—including Roger De Cabrol, Inger Eliot, and Adam Tihany—to decorate individual sections of its showroom with salvage from all over the East Coast: stained glass, porch railings, pedestal bathtubs. The showroom will be open daily Oct. 20-21, and Oct. 23-28. (Third Ave. at 6th St. Donations for the homeless accepted at the door.)

Debatable—The Twenty-first Annual New York City Invitational High School Debate Tournament will be held at the Bronx High School of Science on Oct. 20-22. More than three hundred students from about eighty-five schools will participate. Teams will try to resolve prison overcrowding, and one-on-one debaters will tackle the war on drugs. (75 W. 205th St., the Bronx. 933-9058.)

Good Times—When is a watch more than a watch? When it costs as much as a sporty Honda and has an 18k.-gold case shaped like a Bugatti grille. Or when it costs more than a round-trip ticket to Paris and has tiny Ritz crackers indicating the hours. These and other unusual timepieces will be auctioned off—starting at 10:15 on Oct. 21, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (112 Central Park S.)—to individuals with above-average spending allowances. The public may view the watches Oct. 18-20 at the Barbizon Hotel (140 E. 63rd St.).

Readings—At Endicott Booksellers: Mary Gordon reads from recent work, Oct. 24 at 8. (450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ At the Guggenheim: John Hollander reads from his poetry, Oct. 19 at 7. (Fifth Ave. at 89th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ At the 92nd Street Y: Octavio Paz, Helen Vendler, and others read from the work of Elizabeth Bishop, Oct. 23 at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ At the Loeb Student Center Auditorium: Five writers from the Pacific Northwest, including Ken Kesey and Barry Lopez, read from their own work, Oct. 23 at 8. (New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 35.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (directed by Vincent Ward).
Theatre 2: "Shirley Valentine" (†).
Theatre 3: "Emma's Shadow" (Soeren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 19: "Shell Shock" (Yoel Sharon). From Oct. 20 (tentative): "The Second Animation Celebration: The Movie," twenty-four short films from six countries.
Theatre 5: "Breaking In" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (Gus Van Sant, Jr.), with Matt Dillon.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo. (Closed Mondays.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 19: "Johnny Handsome" (†). From Oct. 20: "Next of Kin" (Thom Eberhardt), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Sea of Love" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"An Innocent Man" (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sea of Love" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Oct. 20: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 19: "An Innocent Man" (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham.
From Oct. 20: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 19: "The Abyss" (†). No performances Oct. 17-18.
From Oct. 20: "When the Whales Came" (Clive Rees), with Paul Scofield and Helen Mirren.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Breaking In" (†).
Theatre 2: "Uncle Buck" (John Hughes), with John Candy.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "An Unremarkable Life" (Amin Q. Chaudhri), with Patricia Neal and Shelley Winters. From Oct. 20: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "The Girl in a Swing" (Gordon Hessler), with Meg Tilly and Rupert Frazer.
Theatre 3: "In Country" (Norman Jewison), with Bruce Willis and Emily Lloyd.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley. From Oct. 20: "Next of Kin" (Thoj Eberhardt), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Handsome" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Old Gringo" (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "A Dry White Season" (†). From Oct. 20: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

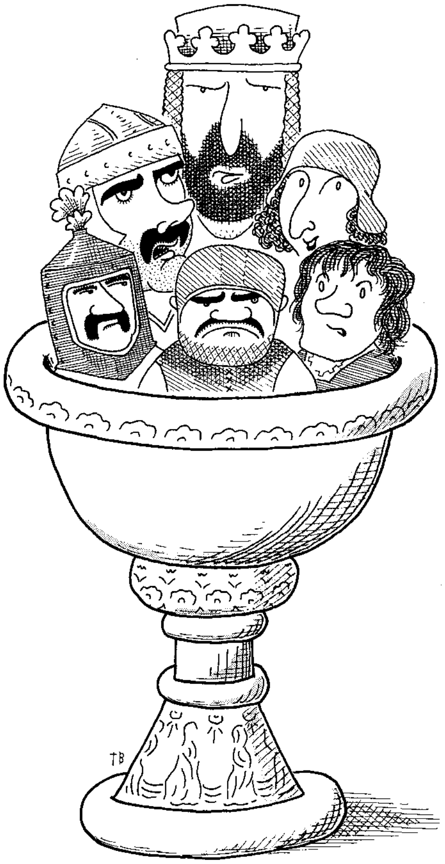
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).
Theatre 2: "Sea of Love" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "An Innocent Man" (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham. From Oct. 20: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 2: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).



At the Thalia SoHo, "Monty Python and the Holy Grail"

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (directed by Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "The Music Teacher" (Gérard Corgiau; in French). From Oct. 20: "Carnival of Souls" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 17: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 18: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Old Gringo" (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.
Theatre 2: "Sea of Love" (†).

Quad Cinema, 54 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Second Animation Celebration: The Movie," twenty-four short films from six countries.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "The Girl in a Swing" (Gordon Hessler), with Meg Tilly and Rupert Frazer. From Oct. 20 (tentative): "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 3: "Heavy Petting" (Obie Benz).
Theatre 4: "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "In Country" (Norman Jewison), with Bruce Willis and Emily Lloyd. From Oct. 20: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 3: "Johnny Handsome" (†).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 7: "Breaking In" (†).
Theatre 8: "A Dry White Season" (†).
Theatre 9: "Old Gringo" (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard). From Oct. 20: "When the Whales Came" (Clive Rees), with Paul Scofield and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 19: "Parenthood" (†). From Oct. 20: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Parenthood" (†).
Theatre 2: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).
Theatre 5: "Breaking In" (†).
Theatre 6: "Old Gringo" (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 19: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
From Oct. 20: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.

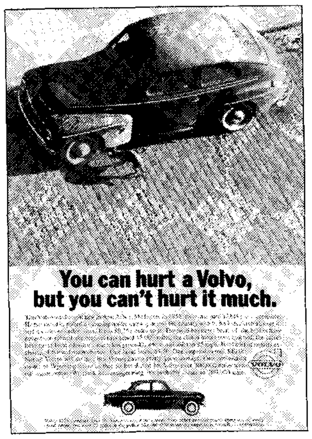
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sea of Love" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Oct. 19: "Tom Jones" (1963, Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney.
From Oct. 20: "The Last Warrior" (Martin Wragge), with Gary Graham.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.

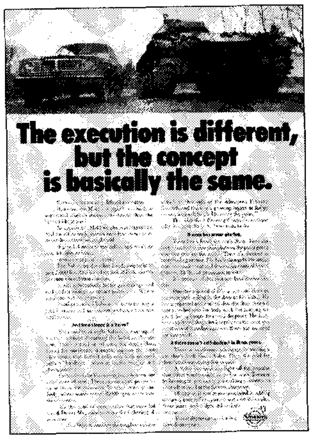
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (Gus Van Sant, Jr.), with Matt Dillon, Kelly Lynch, James Remar, James Le Gros, and Heather Graham.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)



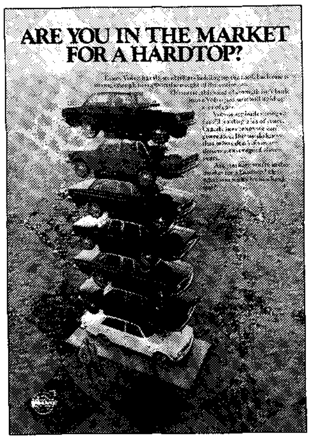
You can hurt a Volvo, but you can't hurt it much.

1961



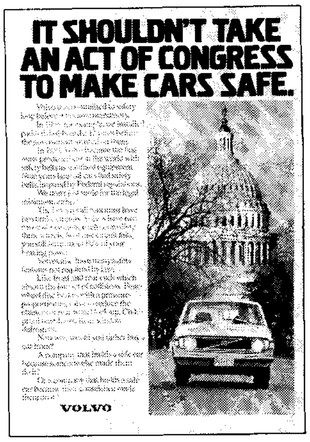
The execution is different, but the concept is basically the same.

1969



ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR A HARDTOP?

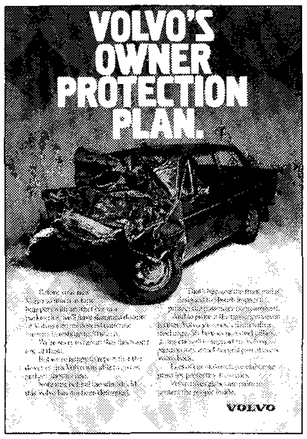
1971



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE AN ACT OF CONGRESS TO MAKE CARS SAFE.

VOLVO

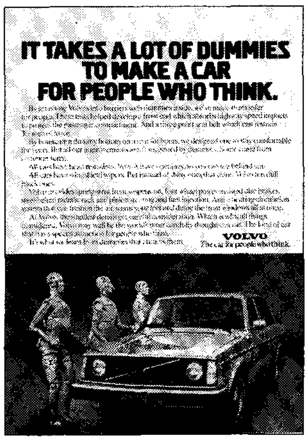
1973



VOLVO'S OWNER PROTECTION PLAN.

VOLVO

1974

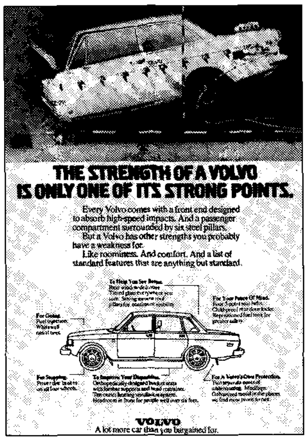


IT TAKES A LOT OF DUMMIES TO MAKE A CAR FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK.

VOLVO

The car for people who think.

1975



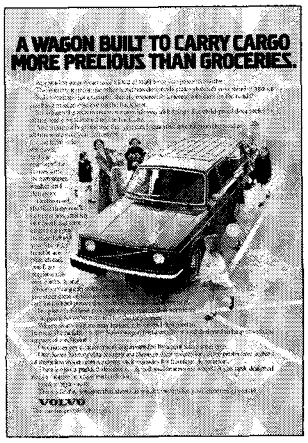
THE STRENGTH OF A VOLVO IS ONLY ONE OF ITS STRONG POINTS.

Every Volvo comes with a front end designed to absorb high-speed impacts. And a passenger compartment surrounded by six steel pillars.
But a Volvo has other strengths you probably have a weakness for.
Like roominess. And comfort. And a list of standard features that are anything but standard.

VOLVO

A lot more car than you bargained for.

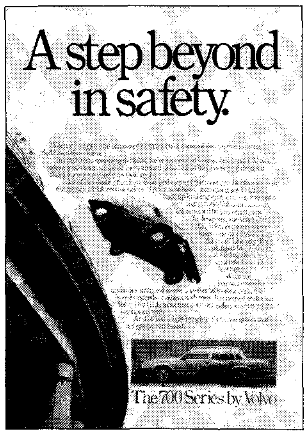
1976



A WAGON BUILT TO CARRY CARGO MORE PRECIOUS THAN GROCERIES.

VOLVO

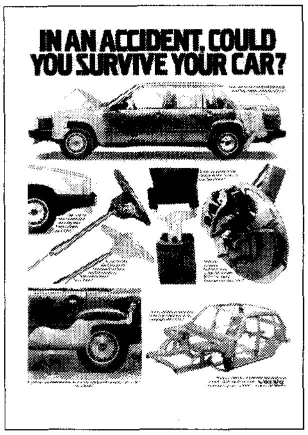
1977



A step beyond in safety.

The 700 Series by Volvo

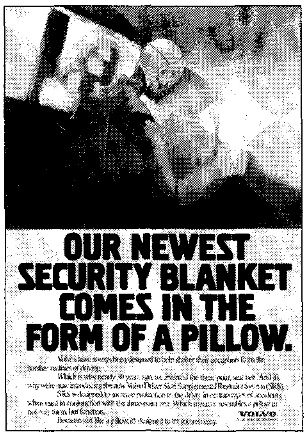
1985



IN AN ACCIDENT, COULD YOU SURVIVE YOUR CAR?

VOLVO

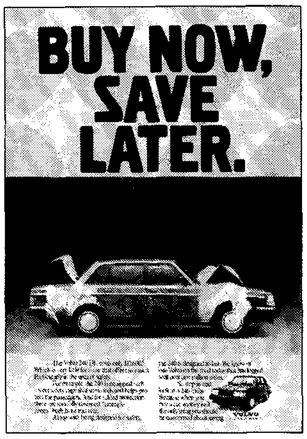
1986



OUR NEWEST SECURITY BLANKET COMES IN THE FORM OF A PILLOW.

VOLVO

1987



BUY NOW, SAVE LATER.

VOLVO

1989

UNLIKE OTHER CARS, VOLVO'S RECORD ON SAFETY IS WELL DOCUMENTED.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Through Oct. 19: “Weapons of the Spirit” (Pierre Sauvage), a documentary.
From Oct. 20: “The Method” (Joe Destein).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Fight for Us” (Lino Brocka).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
“Parenthood” (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 19: “Shirley Valentine” (†).
From Oct. 20: “Fat Man and Little Boy” (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: “sex, lies, and videotape” (†).
Theatre 2: “The Little Thief” (†).
Theatre 3: “Yaaba” (Idrissa Ouedraogo, in Moore).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: “Story of Women” (Claude Chabrol; in French, with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: “sex, lies, and videotape” (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
“The Fabulous Baker Boys” (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: “A Dry White Season” (†).
Theatre 2: “Crimes and Misdemeanors” (Woody Allen).
Theatre 3: “Black Rain” (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 19: “An Innocent Man” (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham. From Oct. 20: “Next of Kin” (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 19: “Look Who's Talking” (Amy Heckerling) with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley. From Oct. 20: “Gross Anatomy” (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 6: “Johnny Handsome” (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: “Breaking In” (†).
Theatre 2: “Sea of Love” (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: “Old Gringo” (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: “Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers” (Dominique Othenin-Girard). From Oct. 20: “When the Whales Came” (Clive Rees), with Paul Scofield and Helen Mirren.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “Batman” (†).
Theatre 2: “Johnny Handsome” (†).
Theatre 3: “Kickboxer” (directed by Mark DiSalle and David Worth).
Theatre 4: “Look Who's Talking” (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 19: “Lock Up” (John Flynn), with Sylvester Stallone and Donald Sutherland. From Oct. 20: “Next of Kin” (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 6: “Blood Fist.”

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
“An Innocent Man” (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: “Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade” (†); and “Star Trek V: The Final Frontier” (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 3: “Turner & Hooch” (Roger Spottiswoode), with Tom Hanks; and “Honey, I Shrunk the Kids” (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.
Theatre 4: “Savage Beach.”

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
“Black Rain” (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “The Fabulous Baker Boys” (†).
Theatre 2: “Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers” (Dominique Othenin-Girard).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
“Old Gringo” (Luis Puenzo), with Jane Fonda, Gregory Peck, and Jimmy Smits.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: “Lethal Weapon 2” (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: “The Girl in a Swing” (Gordon Hessler), with Meg Tilly and Rupert Fraser. From Oct. 20: “The Last Warrior” (Martin Wragge), with Gary Graham.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Oct. 17: “Great Expectations” (1946, directed by David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and “Brief Encounter” (1946, Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.
Oct. 18-19: “The Bridge on the River Kwai” (1957, David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sussue Hayakawa.
Oct. 20-21: “Oliver Twist” (1948, David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and “Hobson's Choice” (1954, Lean), with Charles Laughton, John Mills, and Brenda de Banzie.
Oct. 22-23: “Blithe Spirit” (†) and “In Which We Serve” (†).
Oct. 24-25: “Ryan's Daughter” (1970, David Lean), with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, Christopher Jones, Sarah Miles, John Mills, and Leo McKern.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 17: “9½ Weeks” (1986, Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger; and “Fatal Attraction” (1987, Lyne), with Michael Douglas, Glenn Close, and Anne Archer.
Oct. 18-19: “Sammy and Rosie Get Laid” (1987, Stephen Frears), with Ayub Khan Din, Frances Barber, and Shashi Kapoor; and “Maurice” (1987, James Ivory), with James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves.
Oct. 20-21: “A Boy and His Dog” (1976, L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and “The Holes” (1974, Pierre Tchernia; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Charles Denner.
Oct. 22: “A Midsummer Night's Dream” (1968, Dan Eriksen), performed by New York City Ballet, with Arthur Mitchell, Suzanne Farrell, and Edward Villella; and “The Bolshoi Ballet” (†).
Oct. 23-24: “Barry Lyndon” (†).
From Oct. 25: “Le Bal” (1984, Ettore Scola); and “Padre Padrone” (1977, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 17: “The Big Combo” (1955, Joseph H. Lewis), with Cornell Wilde, Jean Wallace, Richard Conte, and Brian Donlevy; “Deadline—U.S.A.” (1952, Richard Brooks), with Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter, and Ethel Barrymore; and “He Walked by Night” (1949, Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.
Oct. 18-19: “Broadcast News” (1987, James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, Holly Hunter, Joan Cusack, Lois Chiles, Robert Prosky, and Jack Nicholson; and “Real Life” (1979, Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.
Oct. 20-21: “Black Widow” (1987, Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell; and “Mommie Dearest” (†).
Oct. 22: “The Return of Martin Guerre” (1983, Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and “La Chèvre” (1981, Francis Véber; in French), with Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Oct. 23-24: “Town Without Pity” (1961, Gottfried Reinhardt), with Kirk Douglas, E. G. Marshall, Christine Kaufmann, Barbara Rutting, Robert Blake, Richard Jaeckel, and Hans Nielsen; “White Heat” (1949, Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and “D.O.A.” (1950, Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.
From Oct. 25: “And Now for Something Completely Different” (1972, Ian Macnaughton), selected skits from the BBC-TV series “Monty Python's Flying Circus”; and “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” (1975, Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 16: “Les Enfants Terribles” (“The Strange Ones”; 1949, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and “The Emperor's Nightingale” (1951, Jiří Trnka), a Czech film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors, narrated by Boris Karloff.
Oct. 17: “Dark Passage” (1947, Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and “To Have and Have Not” (1944, Howard Hawks), with Bogart, Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Oct. 18: “The Good Earth” (1937, Sidney Franklin), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni; and “The Toy Wife” (1938, Richard Thorpe), with Rainer, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young.
Oct. 19: “Twelve Angry Men” (1957, Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and “Witness for the Prosecution” (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.
Oct. 20-21: “Red Desert” (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and “Blow-Up” (1966, Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Oct. 22: “Princess Tam Tam” (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean; and “Zou Zou” (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker and Jean Gabin.
Oct. 23: “Hiroshima, Mon Amour” (1959, Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and “Muriel” (†).
Oct. 24: “I Want to Live!” (1958, Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward; and “I'll Cry Tomorrow” (†).
Oct. 25: “Blonde Venus” (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and “Shanghai Express” (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Clive Brook.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 16 at 2:30: “The Heat Line” (1988, directed by Hubert-Yves Rose; a Canadian film, in French), with Gabriel Arcand. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: “Life Classes” (1987, William D. MacGillivray; a Canadian film), with Jacinta Cormier. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: “Sitting in Limbo” (1986, John N. Smith; a Canadian film), with Pat Dillon. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: “Horses in Winter” (1988, Rick Baxlen and Patrick Vallely; a Canadian film), with Jacob Tierney. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30: “Growing Up in America” (1988, Morley Markson; a Canadian film), with Allen Ginsberg, Jerry Rubin, and Abbie Hoffman. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: “Comic Book Confidential” (1988, Ron Mann; a Canadian film). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: “A Life” (1988, Frank Cole; a Canadian film), with Anne Miquet. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: “Urinal” (1988, John Greyson; a Canadian film), with Paul Bettis. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: “Horses in Winter.” . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5: “Dead Ringers” (David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jeremy Irons and Geneviève Bujold. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: “Marie in the City: (1987, Marquise Lepage; a Canadian film, in French), with Frédérique Collin. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: “Train of Dreams” (1987, John N. Smith; a Canadian film), with Jason St. Amour. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: “Urinal.” . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6: “Family *Viewing” (1987, Atom Egoyan; a Canadian* film), with David Hemblen. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: “Dead Ringers.” . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: “Marie in the City.”

THEATRE 2: Oct. 16 at 6:30: Five short films by David Rimmer, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 3: “Titanica” (1988, Harry Rag; a German film) and “Rheinhausen–Fall '88” (1988, Klaus Wildenhahn; in German). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: “What Are Pina Bausch and Her Dancers Doing in Wuppertal?” (1983, Klaus Wildenhahn; in German). Mr. Wildenhahn will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: “Among the Grey Stones” (1983, Kira Muratova; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: “Getting to Know the World” (1979, Muratova; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: “The Invocation” (1967, Tenghiz Abuladze; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5: “The Miracle Tree” (1977, Abuladze; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: “And Nothing More” (1982, Aleksander Sokurov), a Russian documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: “Moscow Elegy” (1975, Sokurov), a Russian documentary about the filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: Three films by Peter Herwitz, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: “My Friend Ivan Lapshin” (1984, Alexei Gherman; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: “Trail on the Road” (1971, Gherman; in Russian).

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Oct. 17-21: Eudora Welty's "The Wide Net" (1987, PBS), with Barry Tubb, Kyra Sedgwick, Tim Ransom, and Joseph Sommer. . . . From Oct. 24: Katherine Anne Porter's "Noon Wine" (1966, ABC), with Jason Robards, Olivia de Havilland, Theodore Bikel, and Per Oscarsson. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Oct. 17-21: Episodes 1-5 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Oct. 24: Episodes 6-10 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the **RIKLIS THEATRE,** films on which Tony Walton worked as costume or production designer. Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974, Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney. . . . Oct. 19 at 2:30: "Prince of the City" (1980, Lumet), with Treat Williams and Jerry Orbach. . . . Oct. 20 at 2:30: "Mary Poppins" (1964, Robert Stevenson), with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. . . . ¶ In the **RIKLIS THEATRE,** "Films that Tell Time: A Ken Jacobs Retrospective," Oct. 20 at 7:20: "The Impossible: Chapter One, 'Southwark Fair.' " Mr. Jacobs will be present. . . . Oct. 21 at 2: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, followed by a lecture by Mr. Jacobs about the film. . . . Oct. 21 at 7:30: "The Sky Socialist" (1965) and "Jerry Takes a Back Seat, Then Steps Out of the Picture" (1987). Mr. Jacobs will be present. . . . Oct. 22 at 2: Six short films by Mr. Jacobs, who will be present. . . . Oct. 22 at 5: "Urban Peasants" (1974) and "A Man's Home Is His Castle Films: The European Theatre of Operations" (1974). Mr. Jacobs will be present. . . . Oct. 25 at 2:30: "The Sky Socialist" and "Jerry Takes a Back Seat, Then Steps Out of the Picture.". . . ¶ In the **WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM,** "The Rise and Fall of the Television Western," a survey of this genre, 1943-73, shown in eleven three-hour thematic programs ("Minorities and the Western," "The Classic Adult Western," and "The Warner Bros. Western" are a few of the groupings). Showings Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 11:30 and 2:35.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742)—Oct. 18 at 6:30: "Enemy of the People" (1989, Satyajit Ray; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8:30: "Tjoet Nja' Dhien" (1989, Eros Djarot; Indonesia). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 4: "Moonchild" (1988, Chito Rono; Philippines). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "Pestonjee" (1988, Vijaya Mehta; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Masquerade" (1989, Aravindan; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 4: "At the Beach" (1984, Teng Wenji; China). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Universal Laws" (1989, Izutsu Kazuyuki; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: "Max, Mon Amour" (1985, Nagisa Oshima; France). Mr. Oshima will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "Universal Laws." . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 4: "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960, Oshima; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "First Date" (1989, Peter Wang; Taiwan). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: "Max, Mon Amour." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: "Hotel Pushpak" (1987, Singeetam Srinivas Rao; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 4: "Boy" (1969, Oshima; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "Gunmen" (1988, Kirk Wong; Hong Kong). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8: "Far from War" (1987, Hu Mei; China). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 4: "Enemy of the People." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "Death by Hanging" (1968, Oshima; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8:30: "So What" (1988, Naoto Yamakawa; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 4: "First Date." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6:30: "The Ceremony" (1971, Oshima; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8:30: "Gunman." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 4: "Pestonjee." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "Dear Summer Sister" (1972, Oshima; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: "Moonchild."

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 20 at 6:30 and Oct. 21 at 2: "My Neighbor Totoro" (1988, Hayao Miyazaki; in Japanese).

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—Oct. 17 at 8: "The Great Waldo Pepper" (1975, George Roy Hill), with Robert Redford. The screenwriter, William Goldman, will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8: "The Sting" (1973, Hill), with Paul Newman, Redford, and Robert Shaw.

FRENCH INSTITUTE—ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Oct. 18 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" (1987, Eric Rohmer; in French), with Emmanuelle Chaulet, Sophie Renoir, Eric Viellard, and François-Eric Gendron. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Died on a Rainy Sunday" (1986, Joël Santoni; in French), with Nicole Garcia, Jean-Pierre Bacri, Dominique Lavanant, and Etienne Chicot.

IN BRIEF

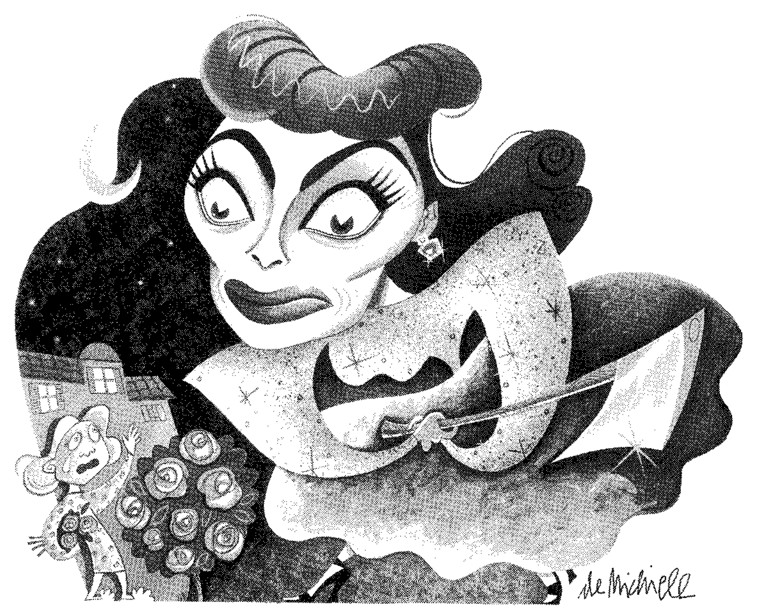
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Arlene Croce.)

THE ABYSS—This undersea epic is more complex technically than the previous films written and directed by James Cameron —"The Terminator" and "Aliens"—and, disastrously, it aims for emotional complexity as well. The main characters are an estranged married couple (Ed Harris and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) who are forced to work together in an emergency salvage operation—searching the depths for a nuclear submarine that met with a mysterious accident. Cameron wants to turn this routine plot into a metaphor for the couple's attempt to salvage their relationship. Although that isn't a very subtle idea, he might have managed to put it over if he had concentrated on the action and let the meanings take care of themselves. But the action sequences are confusingly edited, the dialogue is painfully explicit, and the B-movie suspense devices he uses tend to violate the integrity of the metaphor. The big message is, You have to touch bottom—way, way down there—before you can see the light. Michael Biehn plays the villain.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/4/89.) (Gotham Cinema; Oct. 16 and 19.)

BARRY LYNDON (1975)—Thackeray wrote a skittish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing. It was about the adventures of an Irish knave who used British hypocrisy for leverage. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Stanley Kubrick. His images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period—the mid-eighteenth century—and it's an ice pack of a movie, a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. Kubrick suppresses most of the active elements that make movies pleasurable. The film says that people are disgusting but things are lovely. And a narrator (Michael Hordern) tells you what's going to happen before you see it. It's a coffee-table movie; the stately tour of European high life is like a three-hour slide show for art-history majors. With Ryan O'Neal, Marisa Berenson, and Patrick Magee. Adaptation by Kubrick.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Oct. 23-24.)

BATMAN—Tim Burton's powerfully glamorous comic-book epic, with sets angled and lighted like film noir, goes beyond pulp. It has a funky, nihilistic charge, and an eerie, poetic intensity. Michael Keaton is the fabulously wealthy Bruce Wayne, who patrols the sinister nighttime canyons of Gotham City in the guise of Batman, and Jack Nicholson is the sniggering mobster Jack Napier, who turns into the leering madman the Joker. The two are fighting for the soul of the city that spawned them. The movie is underwritten, but it has so many unpredictable spins that what's missing doesn't seem to matter much. It's mean and anarchic and blissful. Written by Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (and uncredited others), based on characters created by Bob Kane. The cast includes Jack Palance, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, and Robert Wuhl.—P.K. (7/10/89) (Criterion Center.)



Faye Dunaway in "Mommie Dearest"

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it seemed pleasantly airy in stage productions at the time, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. You're terribly aware that you're listening to repartee. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford provides some desperately needed gusto. She plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of the séance.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 22-23.)

THE BOLSHOI BALLET (1957)—Repertory filmed during the first tour of England by a world-conquering company. Ulanova in "The Dying Swan" and excerpts from "Giselle," Raissa Struchkova in "Walpurgis Night," and such other bombshells as "Spring Waters," the Spanish Dance from "Swan Lake," and the Polonaise and Cracovienne from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar."—A.C. (Cinema Village; Oct. 22.)

BREAKING IN—The John Sayles script about how professional small-time criminals live and practice their trades is confident, offbeat, and shallow, all at the same time. The director, *AIG Issues Forum*

Why the Euro
“Freedom of Services”
business h

IF TWELVE NATIONS OF EUROPE CAN FUNCTION AS ONE BY 1992, WHY CAN'T 50 STATES DO THE SAME?

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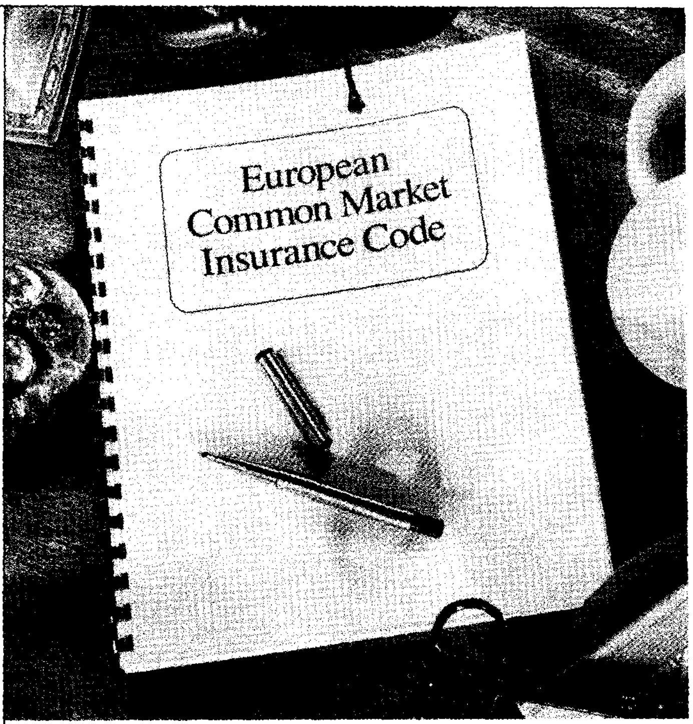

Twelve different European countries will eventually have one set of standards.

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We don't have freedom of services here at home. For example, each state, from Maine to California, is still imposing regulations piecemeal on the insurance industry, which is increasingly national and international in scope.

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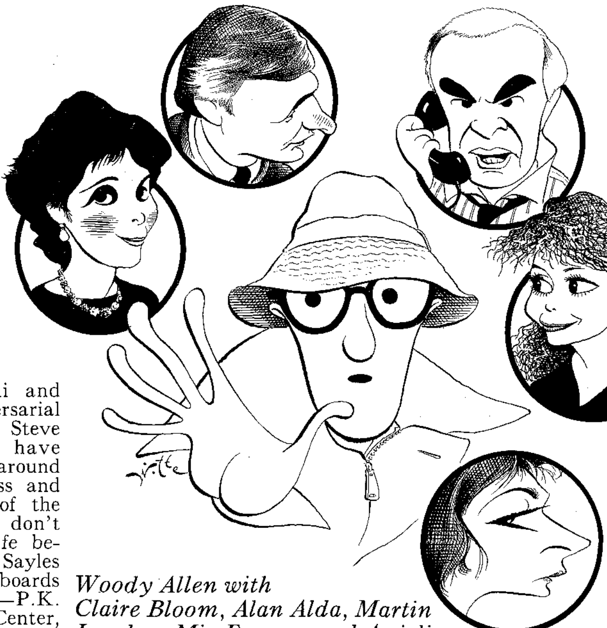
Bill Forsyth, does a beautiful, clean job; he brings out everything there is to be brought out, but it isn't enough. Burt Reynolds plays an old-pro safecracker who lives in a tract home in Portland, Oregon, and doesn't call attention to himself; he trains a fluky adolescent, played by Casey Siemaszko, who can't resist flashing his new wealth. The film's patterning seems consciously quaint: an experienced prostitute (Lorraine Toussaint) who is training a novice (Sheila Kelley); a pair of retired crooks (Albert Salmi and Harry Carey); a pair of adversarial lawyers (Maury Chaykin and Steve Tobolowsky). Forsyth may have imagined that he could go around the margins of the quaintness and show us American life out of the mainstream—the stuff you don't usually see in movies, the life behind the billboards. But with a Sayles script you go behind the billboards and there's nobody there.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)



Woody Allen with Claire Bloom, Alan Alda, Martin Landau, Mia Farrow, and Anjelica Huston in "Crimes and Misdemeanors"

Carnival of Souls (1962)—This bleak, unnerving horror picture was made, in black and white, for about thirty thousand dollars, by a bunch of industrial filmmakers in Lawrence, Kansas. It's the story of a young woman named Mary Henry (Candace Hilligoss) who, after apparently surviving a car accident, becomes aware that she has become sort of *different*—not fully engaged in life, let's say. She seems to flicker in and out of existence, and she's more alone than any horror-movie heroine you've ever seen. Mary Henry is a kind of existential transient: her life fades in and out, as if she were watching it on an old TV with unpredictable reception. The director, Herk Harvey (who has never made another feature), achieves some terrifying and original scenes; even the movie's cheapness is expressive. The performances are variable, the settings are stark, the sound recording is erratic, and somehow it all works. Harvey pulls us through the movie by alternating scenes of everyday life with visions of death, and daring us to locate ourselves; in the flat, neither-here-nor-there landscape of "Carnival of Souls," we're never entirely sure where we are. Also with Sidney Berger, Frances Feist, and the director (who plays a menacing ghoul). John Clifford wrote the script. The beautiful 35-mm. cinematography is by Maurice Prather. —T.R. (9/4/89) (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Oct. 20.)

Dead Poets Society—Robin Williams gives an astonishingly empathic performance as an eager, dedicated prep-school teacher in the late fifties. This teacher talks to his boys about the passions expressed in poetry and helps them release their creative impulses. But one of the boys, soaring on his new confidence, lacks the shrewdness and courage to deal with his rigid, uncomprehending father, and makes a disastrous choice. Directed by Peter Weir, from a script by Thomas Schulman, the picture draws out the obvious and turns itself into a classic. Weir, it appears, is more interested in the elegiac than in the dramatic. Like his "Gallipoli," this film has a gold ribbon attached to it. With Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke, Josh Charles, Gale Hansen, and Kurtwood Smith and Norman Lloyd.—P.K. (6/26/89) (Guild; through Oct. 19.)

Do the Right Thing—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day; the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. And, although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence; he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman. Others in the cast are Danny Aiello (as Sal), Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, and Richard Edson; as a trio of middle-aged street-corner philosophers, Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and Robin Harris are responsible for the movie's best, loosest scenes.—T.R. (7/24/89) (Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

A Dry White Season—In Johannesburg, a naïve white schoolmaster (Donald Sutherland) has his eyes opened to the police brutality involved in the death of his black gardener, and imagines he can obtain justice for the man's family. Marlon Brando is airily light and masterly as the veteran anti-apartheid barrister who takes the case even though he knows that he can't get anywhere with the rigged court. The romantic in Brando must have responded to the old rebel's romantic gesture: he saves the picture for the (short) time he's onscreen. But the director, Euzhan Palcy, seems lost; her work is heavy-handed, and the script (by Colin Welland and the director, from a novel by André Brink) is earnest and didactic. Performers such as Susan Sarandon, Jurgen Prochnow, Winston Ntshona, Janet Suzman, Michael Gambon, and Zakes Mokae sink into the obviousness of their roles and leave no trace. (Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper.)—P.K. (10/2/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . .¶ Loews New York Twin; through Oct. 19.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda." With Jennifer Tilly as Monica. Cinematography by Michael Ballhaus.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1955)—This maudlin M-G-M bio-pic, based on Lillian Roth's book (written with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank) about how she rose to fame as a singer-actress and then drank her way to shame, has a low-grade, sordid, masochistic appeal. Susan Hayward was close to forty when she played the part, and her scenes as the teenage Lillian lack the necessary eagerness and vividness. Hayward deepens her speaking voice, and, though it is said that she did her own singing, the big, low, rather toneless voice doesn't seem to emanate from her; when she stands with her chest pushed out and imitates the movements Roth made when she sang, there's no drive behind what she's doing—nothing to suggest what made Lillian Roth a headliner. There's very little left to suggest what made Hayward a star, either; she falls back on tired technique and flaccid, self-pitying nobility. Eddie Albert gives the booby-prize performance; as the Alcoholics Anonymous man who brings about Lillian's spiritual rebirth, he keeps his square jaw tilted upward—humility lifts his every thought to Heaven. Considering the feeble script (by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy), it's surprising that the director, Daniel Mann, managed to hold viewers at all, but he doesn't establish a sense of period or of locale or of the passage of time. The only scenes that have any energy are those with Richard Conte as Lillian's sadistic husband; the viewer feels a queasy curiosity and dread. There's a classic pulp ending: the heroine walks forward to the stage for a "This Is Your Life" show, her face bathed in heavenly light.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover. —P.K. (6/12/89) (Embassy.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean co-directed this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip are more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 22-23.)

Johnny Handsome—Walter Hill directed this hog-wild revenge melodrama, in which Mickey Rourke plays a hoodlum Elephant Man—a deformed boy mocked by the world and forced into a life of crime. Ellen Barkin, in a cartoon performance, is the degenerate slut who jeers the loudest. The only sanity here is in some of the acting. Rourke does a fine, competent job, but the movie is stolen clear away by Morgan Freeman and Forest Whitaker as antagonists—a tough-minded veteran police detective and a warm, idealistic prison doctor. Whitaker believes that if he performs plastic surgery on the kid and makes him handsome he'll go straight. Freeman listens to Whitaker and grins in wonder: how can anyone be this innocent? It's tickling to see the two together; their scenes crackle. Other moments are redeemed by Elizabeth McGovern as a working-class girl, Scott Wilson as Rourke's only buddy, David Schramm as a money launderer, and Raynor Scheine as a gun dealer. Ken Friedman's screenplay (which is based on a novel by John Godey) is a tortuous reworking of Joan Crawford's 1941 vehicle "A Woman's Face" (which was a remake of a Swedish film with

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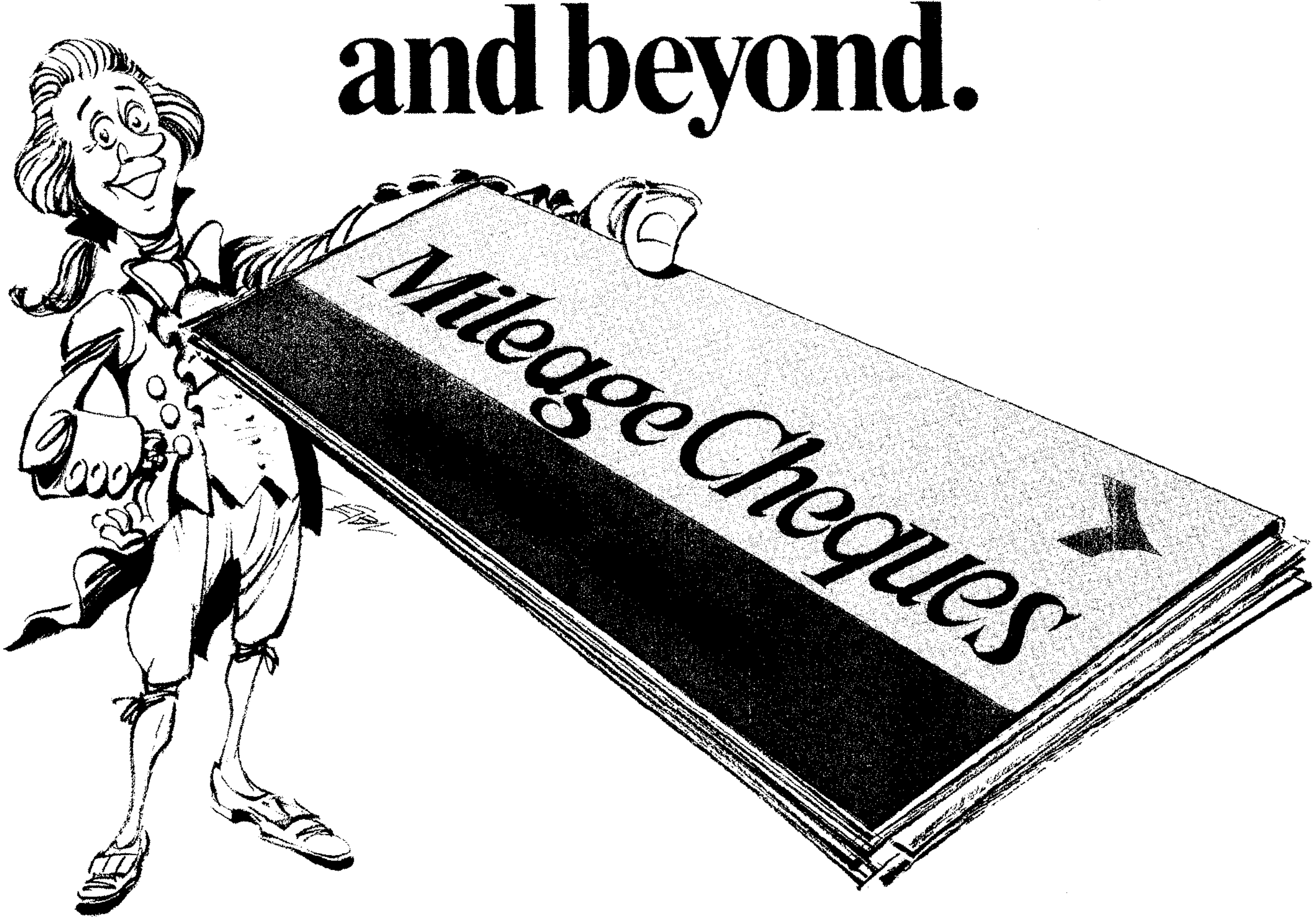

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Ingrid Bergman); the big change is that the new film's slant is cruelly kinky. (It's as if "A Woman's Face" were redone, with the Crawford character once again surgically transformed and all—only now in the last scene somebody throws acid at her.) Set in New Orleans.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Oct. 19.)

Lethal Weapon 2—Chases, explosions, fights, barrages of insults, the odd moment of manly sentimentality—these are the standard elements of American action movies in the eighties, and the "Lethal Weapon" movies use them with an amazing lack of shame. There's lots of comedy, but no real relief: the punch lines slam into our brains like cars into plate-glass windows. The only thing that makes this movie at all distinctive is its hero, a reckless L.A. cop named Riggs, a role that allows Mel Gibson to zip through the picture like a free electron. Riggs isn't actually trying to kill himself this time (as he was in the first movie), but he's still a wild man and Gibson is still having a great time playing him. It's a mischievous, sprightly performance: he treats the action sequences as if they were slapstick routines. (Unfortunately, the director, Richard Donner, doesn't have as light a touch.) Danny Glover plays his partner, Murtaugh, an easygoing, conservative black family man; he's mostly called upon to react with horror to Riggs' dangerous antics, and the joke of their relationship gets a little tiresome. (The effect, sometimes, is of a white guy doing heroic stuff while his black pal shuffles along beside him. Glover, a good actor, deserves better.) Joe Pesci does small wonders with his supporting role as a ferrety, motor-mouthed money launderer, and Joss Ackland glowers like Alastair Sim as the head villain, a South African diplomat who smuggles drugs. Also with Patsy Kensit. Jeffrey Boam wrote the screenplay. The score is by Michael Kamen, Eric Clapton, and David Sanborn.—T.R. (West Side Cinema.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Mommie Dearest (1981)—The best that can be said about this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. Her performance is extravagant—it's operatic and full of primal anger. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. (These destruction orgies were the most talked-about episodes in the book by Crawford's adopted daughter, Christina, on which the movie is based.) Alone and self-mesmerized, Dunaway plays the entire film on emotion. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, and Howard Da Silva. Directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Frank Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 20-21.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

Parenthood—The script, by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is ambitiously constructed, tracing the relationships of several boomer-age parents with their kids, their siblings, and their own parents. The advantage of this arrangement is that none of the characters are onscreen very long: we have time to get sick of only about half of them, and some—especially the nervous, eager dad played by Steve Martin—are fun to watch. The drawback is that the movie has no drive. The dull title captures the tone precisely: the whole thing has been conceived generically, abstractly, and by the end the director, Ron Howard, is rushing from scene to scene tidying up loose ends, to make sure that each little individual drama gets its point across and that they all add up to a correct answer to the essay question "What is parenthood?" The movie tries very hard, but its wisdom is on the forlorn side. Also with Mary Steenburgen, Rick Moranis, Dianne Wiest, Jason Robards, Martha Plimpton, Keanu Reeves, and Tom Hulce.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Oct. 19.)

Since David Lean is best known as the master of the Anglo-American super-production, it may come as a surprise that the best double bill in the Biograph Cinema's extensive salute to the British director is a pair of black-and-white beauties. His 1948 "Oliver Twist" is the epitome of bravura visual storytelling. From the movie's stormy prologue to its climactic rooftop chase, Lean propels Dickens' tale of a crime-buffeted orphan with stylized sequences that connect in electric arcs. He surrounds his limpid, poignant Oliver, John Howard Davies, with an alternately terrifying and delightful rogues' gallery, including Robert Newton as Bill Sikes and a young Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie's influence on Carol Reed's great movie musical "Oliver!" is evident when Alec Guinness, a magnificently scurvy Fagin, transforms a pickpocketing lesson into a comic ballet.

The musical side of Lean's talent comes to the fore in his delightful 1954 adaptation of Harold Brighouse's play "Hobson's Choice," in which a turn-of-the-century male-chauvinist shoestore owner (Charles Laughton) gets his comeuppance at the hands of his eldest daughter (Brenda de Banzie) and his most gifted shoemaker (John Mills). Lean creates humorous cadenzas by linking his camera movements to the soundtrack music. The wonderfully zesty performers—at times, Mills suggests Chaplin—give the material (which had been filmed twice before) a vaudevillian lift. Seeing this double bill (playing October 20 and 21), you realize what a shame it is that Lean has never directed a full-fledged musical comedy.

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects. But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker. (The title song, a pop ballad first recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959, is played throughout the movie, and it works beautifully.)—T.R. (9/18/89) (Bijou Cinema, Bay Cinema, Baronet, Loews Orpheum, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Metro Cinema.)

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Plaza, Waverly, Lincoln Plaza, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Oct. 19.)

SHIRLEY VALENTINE—Willy Russell, who wrote the play (and the movie) "Educating Rita," gives us another Englishwoman learning a thing or two about life. This time, it's a housewife in her forties whose kids are grown and gone and whose husband is so unresponsive that she spends a lot of time talking to the kitchen wall. A friend persuades her to come along on a two-week holiday in Greece, and Shirley, away from her dull husband and her constricted life, starts to enjoy herself for the first time since her adolescence. But she's not just having a fling or reliving her giddy youth—the writer wants us to understand that she's experiencing deeper, maturer pleasures. Russell's script is an adaptation of his play, which was a monologue. Though this isn't a one-woman show anymore, it's still a showcase for perky, round-faced Pauline Collins. She's very likable, and her performance is mercifully restrained. Lewis Gilbert's direction is long on maturity and short on pleasure: the picture moves at a careful, measured, guided-tour pace. By the end, poor Shirley seems more than ever like a lost soul: an Edna O'Brien character who woke up and found herself on "The Love Boat."—T.R. (9/4/89) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through Oct. 19.)

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY . . .—Rob Reiner's movie, from a script by Nora Ephron, takes a screwball-comedy idea and inflates it like a rubber raft. Harry (Billy Crystal) and Sally (Meg Ryan) meet in the late seventies, rub each other the wrong way, and then, after breaking up with their partners, become close friends; all the while, they're conducting a running debate on the question "Can a man and a woman ever be just friends, without sex getting in the way?" It's a Rohmer movie played as a sitcom. Crystal muddles through amiably, but Ryan flounders: the filmmakers give her impossible, unplayable scenes, and all she can do is be adorable. The movie keeps telling us that it's real and truthful and universal. Everything in it seems false.—T.R. (8/7/89) (59th Street East Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

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Johnny Urquhart
Head Cooper

Duncan Macpherson
Duncan Macpherson
Stillman

William Macrae
Willie Macrae
Cooper

Kenneth Stewart
Kenny Stewart
Tractorman

Kenneth White
Kenny White
Cooper

Thomas Keith
Tommy Keith
Cooper

Stuart Thomson
Stuart Thomson
Cooper

Ian McGregor
Manager

Johnny Pater
Johnny Pater
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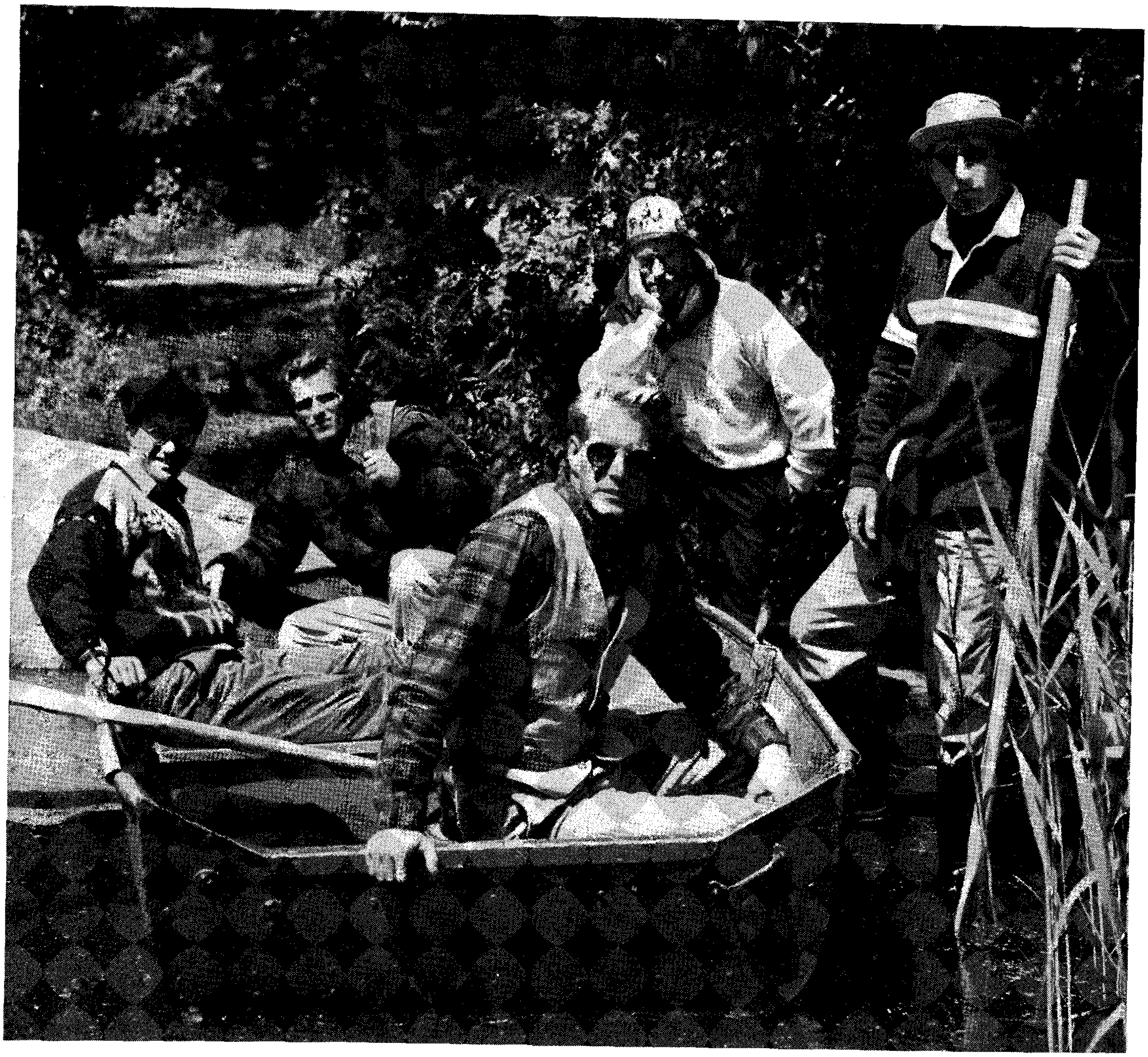

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG man we will call Shu arrived in our office the other afternoon wearing headphones marked "USAir," a brand-new pre-faded denim jacket, a red sweatshirt, and jeans. When he pulled down the headphones to introduce himself, Chinese pop music poured into his collar. Talking non-stop, in English, he pointed to his sweatshirt. On it, the words

> WE HAVE A DREAM
> FREEDOM, DEMOCRACY
> CHINA, CHINA, CHINA

were superimposed on a silhouette of the student-built Goddess of Democracy that for five days last spring stood in Tiananmen Square. "I just got it, at the demonstration in Washington," he said, grinning. "We left a full-sized black coffin at the Chinese Embassy there, for Deng Xiaoping, Li Peng, and Yang Shangkun." He glanced at his watch. "One-thirty, the ferry—let's go!" he cried. "Don't forget your camera!"

In Beijing last May, Shu mobilized the group of thirty or so students and artisans who built the Goddess of Democracy pictured on his sweatshirt. In September, with the help of friends, he managed to slip out of China on a routine student visa. When we heard from an American journalist who had met him in Beijing while the statue was being constructed that Shu would be passing through New York, we asked to go with him for his first sight of the Statue of Liberty.

In the cab downtown, Shu recounted the story of the Goddess of Democracy. In Shanghai in mid-May, he had helped a group of art students make a small Statue of Liberty replica to carry in their local demonstrations, he said, and the replica proved such an attractive symbol that a few days later he tried to take it by train to Beijing. It was too conspicuous, though, and in the end he arrived at Tiananmen Square empty-handed. There he found the protest winding down. Disappointed, Shu went to where the Beijing art students were camped, and proposed building a large replica of the Statue of Liberty. He thought of it as a sort of closing statement that could later be taken to Beijing University, or even presented to the United States Embassy. He asked for volunteer sculptors and soon had a group helping him.

"We worked day and night for three days, no sleep, to have the statue ready before the occupation ended," he said. "An exact replica, which was what I had in mind, would have been a more powerful symbol, but it would have given the government an excuse to put down the demonstration, because, although I think of the Statue of Liberty as universal, they could have said it was Western. Some students wanted a very abstract statue. Some wanted an Asian face. Eventually, we compromised. Then we took up a collection, and I bought the materials—plaster, plastic foam, cloth, and so on. We made the statue in the sculpture workshop of the Central Academy of Fine Arts, about a twenty-minute walk from Tiananmen Square. The academy had no objection; at that time, everyone supported the students. First, we made a very small model, using as a guide some Statue of Liberty postcards a friend had sent me, and drew on it in pencil to indicate how the big statue would be divided." There were four sections, he explained: roughly, from the feet to the knees, from the knees to the hips, the torso, and the head and upraised arm.

"We announced the unveiling for May 29th," Shu went on. "That day, a city official came to tell the academy director he must not allow us to carry the pieces to Tiananmen Square. But by then word about the statue had spread so far that the director just said, 'What can I do? Too many people expect it.' The official left, but we feared he might send police to stop us. So people came to link hands around us as we carted the pieces to the square. Thou-

sands moved through the streets with us. In the square, we had built a platform and scaffold, but we had no machines to lift the sections. I tried my hardest to find a crane, and some crane operators promised to come, but they didn't show up. Perhaps the police prevented them. We tried to get the window-cleaning machine from the Beijing Hotel, and the machine they use to repair the trolley buses—even a special machine they use to raise flags over the leaders when they speak. But we failed, and the way we finally assembled the statue was unbelievably dangerous. We wrapped long strips of cloth—banners used during the protest—around each piece and hauled it up onto the scaffold. First went the head. The people on top balanced it on planks a little higher than where it would finally rest. Then the torso, and so on, until the lowest part sat on the platform. As we succeeded in hauling up each piece, the crowd burst into cheers. The square was packed—you could not move. Then each section had to be partly lowered, and stacked onto the bottom. Again, people burst into applause as each piece was set in place. We worked all night to plaster the sections together. The next day, we covered the statue's face with a cloth and broke the scaffold. About noon on May 30th, we finally had the unveiling. It was the most splendid moment of my life."

Because the statue had drawn together so many people and inspired so much enthusiasm, Shu said, the student leadership changed an earlier decision to let the unveiling mark the formal end of the occupation, and agreed to stay till June 20th, when a National Congress was scheduled. Five days later came the massacre, and the statue was razed.

Our cab stopped at Battery Park. Shu, unusually silent, took his place among the sightseers at the ferry landing. He squinted out at the green figure rising from the glittering waters. When the gangway opened, he bounded to the front of the ferry's upper deck. "New York!" he said suddenly as the ferry began to move. "It's beautiful! Take a picture!" The sun was bright, but a cold wind blew, scattering the other passengers; Shu stood immobile during the crossing, staring at the looming monument. When the ferry docked, he tilted his head back to get the full effect. "Wonderful!" he pronounced, and added judiciously, "Not as big as I thought. Should be bigger. But wonderful, yes."

• •

Mother and Daughter

NOT long ago, on a brilliant and chilly fall morning, the actress Isabella Rossellini packed a big black suitcase and drove up to Middletown, Connecticut, with a filmmaker friend, to take some of her mother's things to the Ingrid Bergman archive at Wesleyan University. The trip took three hours, and at one point Isabella turned to her friend and said, "Mother kept everything, and when she died the four of us children—Pia, Ingrid, Roberto, and I—didn't know what to do with it. I think Mother had complicated emotions about her things. When she knew that she was ill, she wrote her autobiography and organized her life. She arranged for her ashes to be scattered. Yet she didn't destroy all these things that she had kept, and she didn't decide exactly where she wanted them to go. It's as though a part of her wanted to close everything on her own terms and another part of her wanted to leave something open about herself for her children. One day, when Mother realized that she was dying, she asked me to help her put some snapshots in order. As I was doing it, I thought to ask her something I had never asked her before—why she had kept everything from all around the world, through three marriages and so many countries. She looked at me almost innocently and said, 'Of course, I always knew I was going to be famous.' It seemed so presumptuous. Not like her at all, and yet *absolutely* like her."

Eventually, the car pulled up to a small clapboard house on the edge of the Wesleyan campus, its lawn covered with red and yellow leaves. Isabella hefted the suitcase out of the trunk. It had little wheels on it, and she half carried and half dragged it up to the door, and knocked. Two women appeared in the doorway—Jeanine Basinger, the curator of the Wesleyan Cinema Archive, and Candace Bothwell, the associate curator. "Isabella!" they cried together.

The suitcase fell with a thud onto the floor. "More things," Isabella said ruefully.

"Oh, Isabella, we were just looking at the collection," Jeanine said, lugging the suitcase in to a homey living room decorated with a movie poster for "It Happened One Night" and with signed photographs of stars like Montgomery Clift and Cary Grant. A couch and a pair of armchairs, upholstered in gray, stood on opposite sides of the room, and in the middle of a wooden coffee table were neat piles of letters, programs, and photographs.

Isabella picked up a little leather book from the table. "Look, Mother's diary," she said, passing it to her friend.

It was a small diary, with "*Ingrid*" embossed on the cover in gold italics. On the inside cover was a little label that read "Frans Svanström & Co., Pappershandels—Aktiebolag, Stockholm."

"We've translated the whole thing now, Isabella," Jeanine Basinger said. "We've photocopied it and placed the English translation alongside."

Isabella read from the photocopy, " 'It was then that it dawned on me that theatre really was my work.' " She looked up. "You see—Mother was fifteen when she wrote that. I told a psychologist what Mother had said before she died, and she said, 'Well, everyone thinks she's going to be famous. A million girls write at fifteen that the theatre really is their work, but they don't become famous.' So maybe that's the truth. Do you think that could be the truth?" She laughed. Leafing through the diary, she picked out another passage; this time, the fifteen-year-old Ingrid was imagining what her father might have thought about her taking up a career as an actress. "And he probably would not have forbidden me to go the thorn-studded road toward the sky of the stars," she had written. Then Isabella read out a list of things that her mother had wanted for Christmas when she was ten: money, a toboggan, a flashlight, chewing gum, a diary, a monthly ticket for the tram, a blackboard, chocolate, clothes, a dog.

Most of the letters in one of the piles on the coffee table were from friends who had written to Isabella's mother at the time when the great, scandalous love affair between her and Isabella's father, Roberto Rossellini, was being worried over in the world's newspapers. There was a letter from Alfred Hitchcock. "After all nothing is *permanent* and people soon forget," he wrote. He signed it "Hitch," and added his signature drawing of himself in profile. "What an alarming letter! It's so—*non*-reassuring," Isabella said. Then, there was a bombastic, rambling, loyal letter from Ernest Hemingway. "If they have a Roman edition of the *Hollywood Reporter* I will make a full page ad in it that will say Ernest Hemingway loves Ingrid Bergman and wishes to serve her in any way and endorses all her actions past present and future," he wrote, and he signed it "Mr. Papa." And then a gentle, perfect letter from Jean Renoir, urging Isabella's mother not to give up acting: "The cult of great ideas is dangerous and may destroy the real basis for great achievements, that is the daily, humble work within the framework of a profession."

Isabella and her friend began to sort through the pile of pictures, which had been taken by Ingrid's father, who was a photographer. There was one of Ingrid and her mother, who died when Ingrid was two, together on a window seat looking out over the Stockholm skyline. And a picture of the Bergman family all together: father, mother, daughter. Then a picture from a year later—Ingrid and her father together, Ingrid holding an old oval-framed photograph of her mother up to the camera. Isabella found a picture of Ingrid at about eleven with a short haircut, and her hand flew to her own head. "Look!" she said. "We have the same haircut. You know, every haircut I give myself she had once."

Meanwhile, Candace Bothwell had been carefully unpacking the big black suitcase. "Oh!" she cried out suddenly, and from the middle of the suitcase she held up an old, slightly tarnished Oscar.

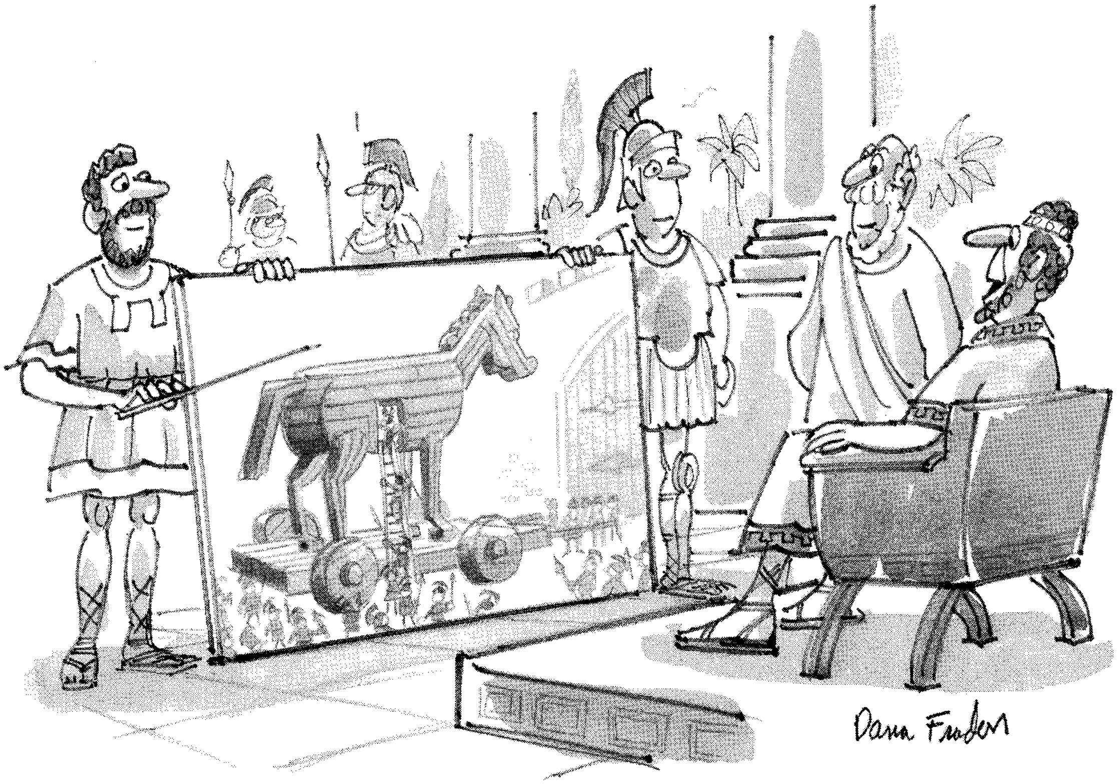
"The 'Gaslight' Oscar! Oh, Isabella, thank you," Jeanine said, and she walked over and set it carefully on the living-room mantelpiece.

Over lunch, Jeanine talked about the origins of the archive. "Frank Capra was a good friend, and he told me that he had all his papers and scripts, and things, and no place to put them, and so we took them in here. It's one of my sadnesses that Frank became too ill to visit us, since so much of the place has his spirit. He's the one who said, 'Make it like a home.' "

Isabella said, "Yes, that was just it. I came here looking for a place to put Mother's things, and it didn't seem as though I would be giving them up. I'd visited other places, and they were like mausoleums. Or else they were so shocking. They offered to edit and publish my parents' love letters, just like that!"

"We look after things," Jeanine said. "We want to publish good books from time to time, of course, but basically we want to look after things. We have the Capra archive, the Bergman archive, the Kazan archive, the Eastwood archive, and the John Waters collection. I think that so far we have a key figure from each decade: Capra embodies the spirit of the thirties, Bergman the forties, Kazan the fifties, Eastwood the seventies, and John Waters the eighties. No one was home in American film in the sixties. God, I love paper—I think because there's something so vulnerable about it. You know, almost my first memory is of my family's house in South Dakota burning down, and how, when I went to jump out of the window, I held my box of paper dolls tight under my arm. That's my life image—sitting out in the rain, but happy to have saved my paper dolls."

Isabella's friend had said that she would love to see Ingrid Bergman's old gowns, so after lunch everyone went upstairs into the archive itself to look at them. Candace brought out a long



"I like the concept if we can do it with no new taxes."

• •

cardboard box. She opened it carefully, and folded back the tissue. Inside were beautiful dresses, lying one on top of another like the layers of a mille-feuille. There was the dress that Ingrid Bergman had worn to collect the Oscar now on the mantelpiece downstairs—black crêpe with suspender insets, tomato red with a rhinestone fern-leaf pattern, running all the way up the bodice. "It's so forties," Jeanine said. "As though they wanted her to have a Scandinavian look." Then, there was the dress that Ingrid had worn for the opening of "Joan at the Stake" in Italy—a fine white chiffon with a yellow bow in the back. The friend held it up to her body; it seemed a dress for a time as distant as the Sun King's court at Versailles.

Isabella was sitting on the floor and looking through a photo file marked "Rossellini family, 1950's." She found a photograph of all the Rossellinis: a two-year-old Isabella, with her perfect china-doll features; her twin sister, Ingrid, looking somehow more solid and Scandinavian; their dapper four-year-old brother, Roberto. A golden family on a golden day. "Where are we here?" Isabella asked. "Can that be Italy? It doesn't look like Italy. But that's my wet nurse, Matilde, holding Ingrid, and I don't think she travelled with us."

"You had a wet nurse?" Jeanine asked.

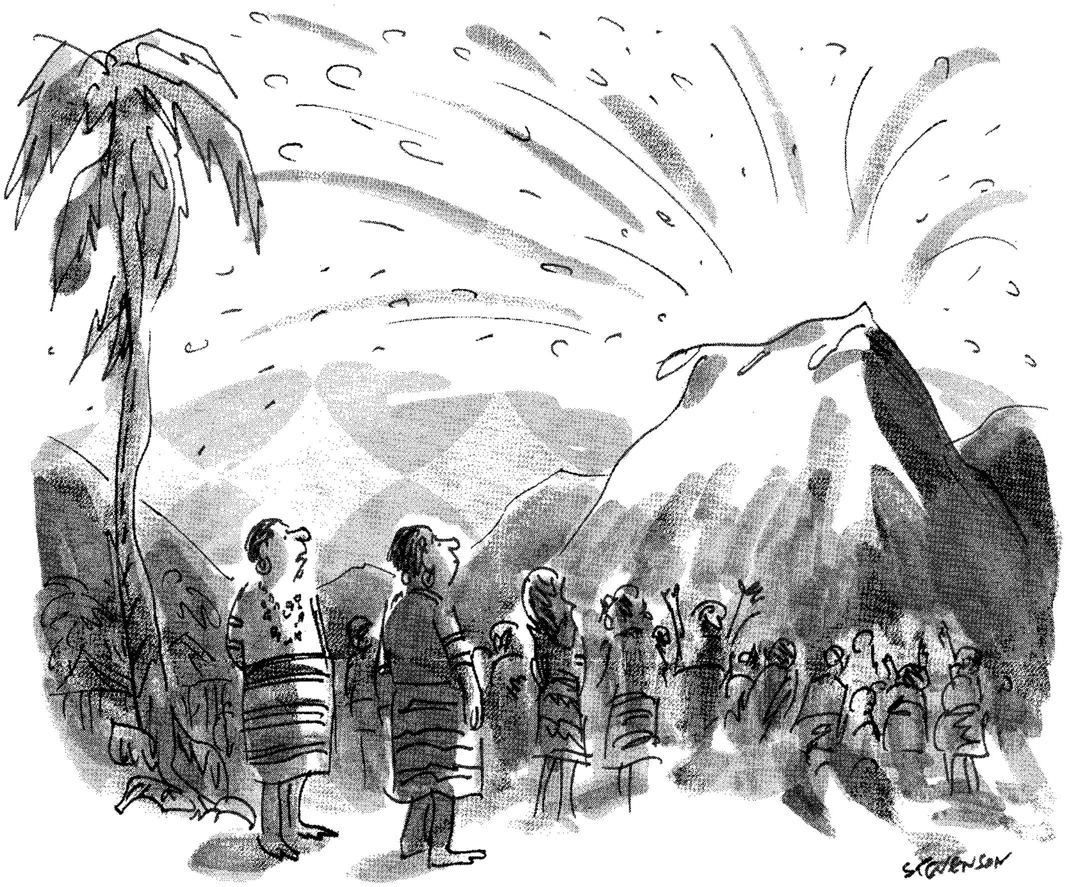
"Yes. She was wonderful. When my sister and I were born, my mother didn't know what to do—she couldn't nurse us both. So my father said, 'Get a wet nurse.' At first, Mother was shocked, but she came to love Matilde. The only miracle in my life is because of Matilde. I was in Toronto four or five years ago, doing a department-store show for Lancôme, and someone called out 'Isabella!' I saw a man, and I said, without thinking, 'Giuseppe.' It was Matilde's son, whom she had left behind when she came to us—what we call in Italian my *fratello di latte*, my milk brother. I had seen him once, perhaps thirty years before, but somehow I knew him immediately. He had emigrated to Toronto, and now he was working in construction. So we called Matilde at home, Giuseppe and I. That's my only miracle."

Later, as the car began the long haul back down the parkway, Isabella looked out at the trees and falling leaves. "Halloween is coming," she said. "Last year, my little girl, Elettra, wanted to go trick-or-treating as Bambi's father. I thought that she had made a mistake—that she was confused. He's in the movie only for a minute, you know—the father. But she insisted. I would say, 'You mean the mother, darling.' And she would say obstinately, 'No, I want to be Bambi's father.' And so I found someone in SoHo who made the most beautiful antlers for her. She looked so alarming and so beautiful, and now we have them—antlers. Maybe I'll give them to Jeanine."

Home Improvements

WE were standing in the den of Gracie Mansion recently, looking down at a low-backed wine-colored chair with fat arms and a dust ruffle, which, according to our volunteer tour guide, Sylvia Pearlman, is Mayor Koch's favorite chair. "It's where he likes to lounge and relax and be comfortable," she said. The chair looks comfortable, all right, and it faces an enormous television set (with VCR), and also a framed photo of Louis Koch, Ed's father, who, from pate to grin, looks exactly like the Mayor. Off to the left is a painting, by William Glackens, of swans and a pond. The chair is a long right arm away from two telephones and three remote-control switches, and a long left arm away from the poker and tongs beside a fireplace. All in all, the room is set up to accommodate a lounging mayor with very long limbs. A new, slighter tenant (whether Democrat, Republican, Liberal, or Independent) will probably move the armchair nearer to either the telephones or the fireplace tools, and then will have to stand to grab whichever he can't reach. Or perhaps he'll choose another room for relaxing.

David Dinkins and Rudolph Giuliani differ from Ed Koch as much as they do from each other, and



"Either the gods are angry or it's Malcolm Forbes' birthday."

each is likely to want to make his mark on Gracie Mansion. New mayors are so notoriously proprietary that the city gives them funds for home improvements. That's why we had decided to tour the mansion: we wanted to see it before the new tenants moved in.

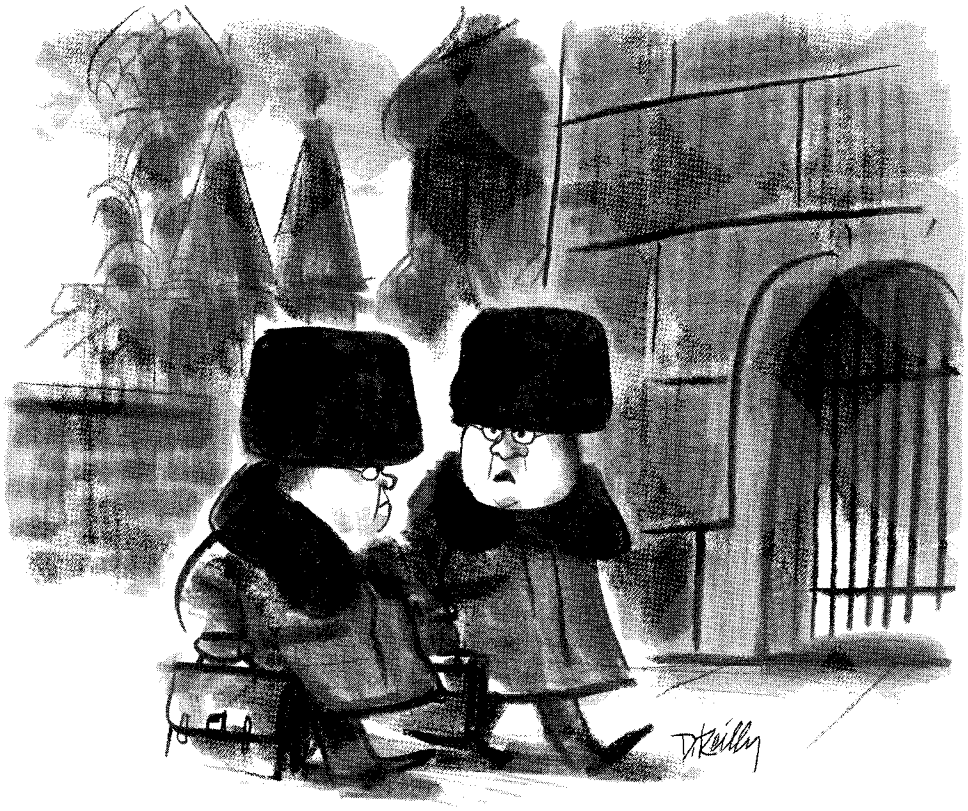
Five years ago, the Gracie Mansion Conservancy, established in 1981 by Mayor Koch, completed a (mostly privately funded) five-and-a-half-million-dollar overhaul of the mansion, which included both structural renovations (new plumbing and wiring, a rebuilt porch) and a historical-minded redecoration of the interior which made the rooms look as they might have looked in the mid-eighteen-hundreds if the Gracies were expecting the Vanderbilts to supper. The dining room was given greenish wallpaper from the eighteen-thirties depicting the Monuments of Ancient and Modern Paris; the floorboards in the foyer were painted to look like multicolored marble tiles arranged in a sort of Colonial-quilt pattern; and the doors in the foyer, which are of pine, were painted to look like cherry wood and mahogany.

But what happens if the new mayor decides that the décor doesn't match his life style? What if Rudolph Giuliani, the tough lawmaker, wants to convert Koch's cozy den into a little gymnasium? Then the wine-colored chair and the Glackens painting will have to be carted off to the attic of some city building downtown to make room for the Nautilus machine. Or what if David Dinkins, the gentle negotiator, wants to convert the forbidding dining room (in which, by the way, Ronald Reagan breakfasted on jelly beans and Sanka while he was governor of California) into an intimate nook for early-morning meetings? Then the Monuments of Ancient and Modern Paris will have to be replaced by a more cheerful wallpaper. Or say the new mayor just doesn't like a particular aspect of the redecoration—the faux foyer, for example. He could buy linoleum tiles, wall-to-wall carpeting, or an electric sander. He could also hire a carpenter to strip the cherry and mahogany paint off the old pine doors.

The new mayor will have to think about converting at least one of the upstairs bedrooms, which are now designed to accommodate only the most genteel house guests, into a playroom or a children's bedroom. Giuliani has two children—Andrew, three and a half, and Caroline, six weeks. Dinkins has a grandson, Jamal, who is two. The State Bedroom, which is furnished with a bedroom set built of maple and carved to look like bamboo, is sunny and grand, and better suited to an Edith Wharton heroine than to a three-year-old who plays with Matchbox cars. And no right-minded child would fling himself onto the sleigh bed in the State Sitting Room, which looks like something Napoleon might have slept on in exile—hard, narrow, and so short that even a small adult would have to sleep on it sitting half upright.

Gracie Mansion became the official residence of New York's mayor in 1942, when Fiorello and Marie LaGuardia moved in, and it has changed a little with every new tenant since. LaGuardia, it is said, used to play ball in the yard with his son, Eric, and two boys named Richard while neighbors watched through an iron fence, which has since disappeared. In the fifties, Susan Wagner got help from the city to buy a gold-rimmed dinner service for twenty-five, because she was sick of having to borrow dishes from friends. And in the seventies Mary Beame hung modern paintings, including a Modigliani, on the walls and reupholstered the den furniture in hot pink and forest green. When Koch inherited the pink-and-green chair, he had it reupholstered and made it his favorite.

Who knows what mayoral knickknacks Koch will leave behind? The television set? A twelve-foot-long time-lapse photograph of Forty-second Street that hangs in a hallway near the kitchen? A copy, in the den, of Aubre de L. Maynard's "Surgeons to the Poor"? We have a good idea of what he's going back to, because in 1978 he gave a *Times* reporter an inventory of his personal furniture. "I have . . . two real bona-fide, genuine Barcelona chairs, which are rather nice. A magnificent leather couch, which I really like. I have my brass bed, which is extraordinary and cost only nine dollars because it was bought at a farm auction." But we don't know what the new mayor will import. Tennis gear? Diapers? A favorite chair? A CD player? A weight machine? And it will be at least four years before we can check on what he leaves behind.



"Sure it's all a crock, but putting out 'The K.G.B. Cookbook' is going too far."

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LETTER TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

IT'S exactly twenty minutes to midnight, on this the eve of my seventieth birthday, and I've decided to address you, for a change, in writing—odd as that might seem. I'm perfectly aware of how many years we've been together, even if I haven't been very good about remembering to commemorate certain dates, certain days of the year. I'm also perfectly aware of how you're going to take the fact that I'm doing this at all, so late at night, with everybody due to arrive tomorrow, and the house still unready. I haven't spent almost five decades with you without learning a few things about you that I can predict and describe with some accuracy, though I admit that, as you put it, lately we've been more like strangers than husband and wife. Well, so if we are like strangers, perhaps there are some things I can tell you that you won't have already figured out about the way I feel.

Tonight, we had another one of those long, silent evenings after an argument (remember?) over pepper. We had been bickering all day, really, but at dinner I put pepper on my potatoes and you said that about how I shouldn't have pepper because it always upsets my stomach. I bothered to remark that I used to eat chili peppers for breakfast and if I wanted to put plain old ordinary black pepper on my potatoes, as I had been doing for more than sixty years, that was my privilege. Writing this now, it sounds far more testy than I meant it, but that isn't really the point.

In any case, you chose to overlook my tone. You simply said, "John, you were up all night the last time you had pepper with your dinner."

I said, "I was up all night because I ate green peppers. Not black pepper but green peppers."

"A pepper is a pepper, isn't it?" you said.

And then I started in on you. I got, as you call it, legal with you—pointing out that green peppers are not black pepper—and from there we moved on to an evening of mutual disregard for each other that ended with your decision to go to bed early. The grandchildren will make you tired, and there's still the house to do; you had every reason to want to get some rest, and yet I felt that you were also making a point of getting yourself out of proximity with me, leaving me to my displeasure, with another ridiculous argument settling between us like a fog.

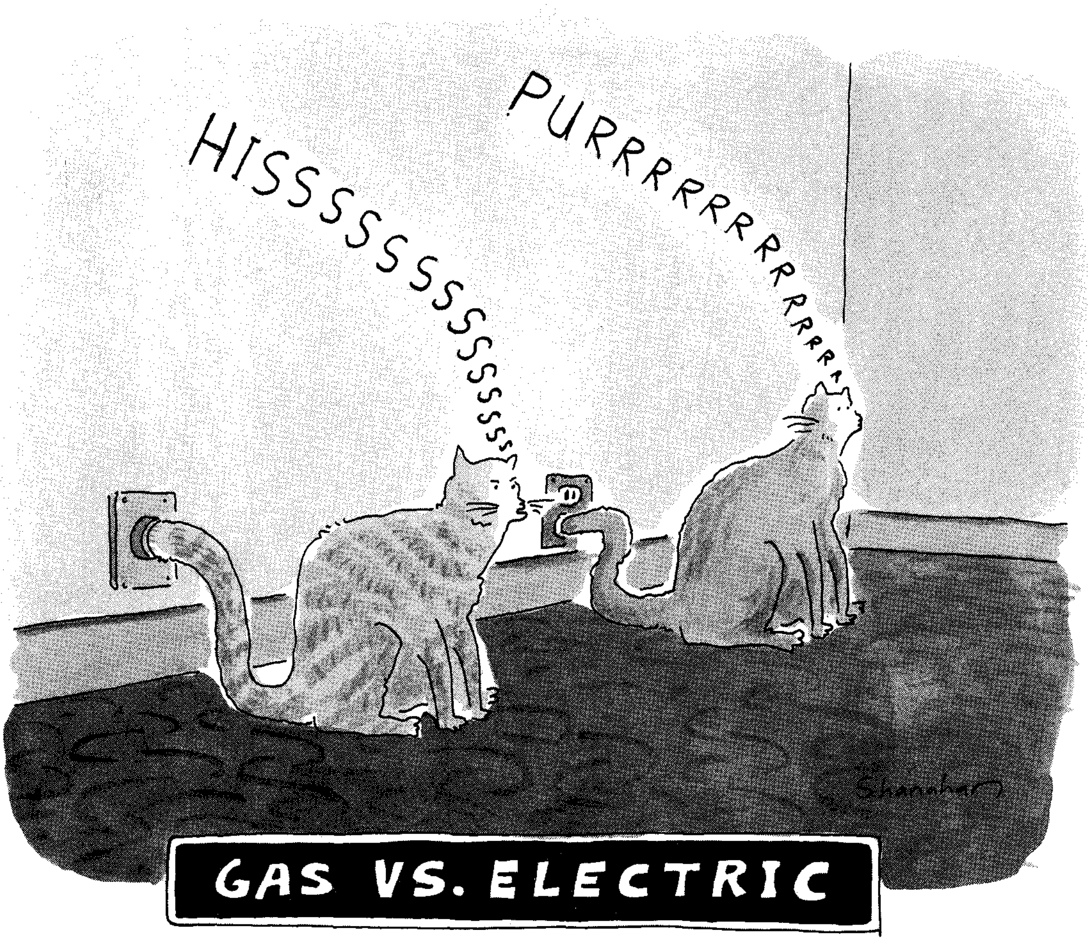
So, after you went to bed, I got out the whiskey and started pouring drinks, and I had every intention of putting myself into a stupor. It was almost my birthday, after all, and—forgive this, it's the way I felt at the time—you had nagged me into an argument and then gone off to bed; the day had ended as so many of our days end now, and I felt, well, entitled. I had a few drinks, without any appreciable effect (though you might well see this letter as firm evidence to the contrary), and then I decided to do something to shake you up. I would leave. I'd make a lot of noise going out the door; I'd take a walk around the neighborhood and make you wonder where I could be. Perhaps I'd go check into a motel for the night. The thought even crossed my mind that I might leave you altogether. I admit that I entertained the thought, Marie. I saw our life together now as the day-to-day round of petty quarrelling and tension that it's mostly been over the past couple of years or so, and I wanted out as sincerely as I ever wanted anything.

My God, I wanted an end to it, and I got up from my seat in front of the television and walked back down the hall to the entrance of our room to look at you. I suppose I hoped you'd still be awake, so I could tell you of this momentous decision I felt I'd reached. And maybe you were awake: one of our oldest areas of contention being the feather-thin membrane of your sleep that I am always disturbing with my restlessness in the nights. All right. Assuming you were asleep, and don't know that I stood in the doorway of our room, I will say that I stood there for perhaps five minutes, just looking at you in the half-dark, the shape of your body under the blanket—you really did look like one of the girls when they were little and I used to stand in the doorway of their rooms; your illness last year made you so small again—and, as I said, I thought I had decided to leave you, for your peace as well as mine. I know you have gone to sleep crying, Marie. I know you've felt sorry about things, and wished we could find some way to stop irritating each other so much.

Well, of course, I didn't go anywhere. I came back to this room and drank more of the whiskey and watched television. It was like all the other nights. The shows came on and ended, and the whiskey began to wear off. There was a little rain shower. I had a moment of the shock of knowing I was seventy. After the rain ended, I did go outside for a few minutes. I stood on the sidewalk and looked at the house. The kids, with their kids, were on the road somewhere between their homes and here. I walked up to the end of the block and back, and a pleasant breeze blew and shook the drops out of the trees. My stomach was bothering me some, and maybe it was the pepper I'd put on my potatoes. It could just as well have been the whiskey. Anyway, as I came back to the house, I began to have the eerie feeling that I had reached the last night of my life. There was this small discomfort in my stomach, and no other physical pang or pain, and I am used to the small ills and side effects of my way of eating and drinking; yet I felt the sense of the end of things more strongly than I can describe. When I stood in the entrance of our room and looked at you again, wondering if I would make it through to the morning, I suddenly found myself trying to think what I would say to you if indeed this *was* the last time I would ever be able to speak to you. And I began to know I would write you this letter.

At least words in a letter aren't blurred by tone of voice, by the old aggravating sound of me talking to you. I began with this, and with the idea that, after months of thinking about it, I would at last try to say something to you that wasn't colored by our disaffections. What I have to tell you must be explained in a rather roundabout way.

I've been thinking about my cousin Louise and her husband. When he died, and she stayed with us last summer, something brought back to me what is really only the memory of a moment; yet it reached me, that moment, across more than fifty years. As you know, Louise is nine years older than I, and more like an older sister than a cousin. I must have told you at one time or another that I spent some weeks with her, back in 1933, when she was first married. The memory I'm talking about comes from that time, and what I have decided I have to tell you comes from that memory.



GAS VS. ELECTRIC

Father had been dead four years. We were all used to the fact that times were hard and that there was no man in the house, though I suppose I filled that role in some titular way. In any case, when Mother became ill there was the problem of us, her children. Though I was the oldest, I wasn't old enough to stay in the house alone, or to nurse her, either. My grandfather came up with the solution—and everybody went along with it—that I would go to Louise's for a time, and the two girls would go to stay with Grandfather. You'll remember that people did pretty much what that old man wanted them to do.

So we closed up the house, and I got on a train to Virginia. I was a few weeks shy of fourteen years old. I remember that I was not able to believe that anything truly bad would come of Mother's pleurisy, and was consequently glad of the opportunity it afforded me to travel the hundred miles south to Charlottesville, where Cousin Louise had moved with her new husband only a month earlier, after her wedding. Because *we* travelled so much at the beginning, you never got to really know Charles when he was young; in 1933, he was a very tall, imposing fellow, with bright-red hair and a graceful way of moving that always made me think of athletics, contests of skill. He had worked at the Navy yard in Washington, and had been laid off in the first months of Roosevelt's New Deal. Louise was teaching in a day school in Charlottesville, so they could make ends meet, and Charles was spending most of his time looking for work and fixing up the house. I had only met Charles once or twice before the wedding, but already I admired him, and wanted to emulate him. The prospect of spending time in his house, of perhaps going fishing with him in the small streams of central Virginia, was all I thought about on the way down. And I remember that we did go fishing one weekend, that I wound up spending a lot of time with Charles, helping to paint the house, and to run water lines under it for indoor plumbing. Oh, I had time with Louise, too—listening to her read from the books she wanted me to be interested in, walking with her around Charlottesville in the evenings and looking at the city as it was then. Or sitting on her small porch and talking about the family, Mother's stubborn illness, the children Louise saw every day at school. But what I want to tell you has to do with the very first day I was there.

I know you think I use far too much energy thinking about and pining away for the past, and I therefore know that I'm taking a risk by talking about this ancient history, and by trying to make you see it. But this all has to do with you and me, my dear, and our late inability to find ourselves in the same room together without bitterness and pain.

That summer, 1933, was unusually warm in Virginia, and the heat, along with my impatience to arrive, made the train almost unbearable. I think it was just past noon when it pulled into the station at Charlottesville, with me hanging out one of the windows, looking for Louise or Charles. It was Charles who had come to meet me. He stood in a crisp-looking seersucker suit, with a straw boater cocked at just the angle you'd expect a young, newly married man to wear a straw boater, even in the middle of economic disaster. I waved at him and he waved back, and I might've jumped out the window if the train had slowed even a little more than it had before it stopped in the shade of the platform. I made my way out, carrying the cloth bag my grandfather had given me for the trip —Mother had said through her rheum

OVERDUE PILGRIMAGE TO NOVA SCOTIA

Elizabeth Bishop
(1911–1979)

Your village touched us by not knowing how.
Even as we outdrove its clear stormlight
A shower of self-belittling brilliants fell.
Miles later, hours away, here are rooms full
Of things you would have known: pump organ, hymnal,
Small-as-life desks, old farm tools, charter, deed,
Schoolbooks (Greek grammar, "A Canadian Reader"),
Queen Mary in oleograph, a whole wall hung
With women's black straw hats, some rather smart
—All circa 1915, like the manners
Of the fair, soft-spoken girl who shows us through.
Although till now she hasn't heard of you
She knows these things you would have known by heart
And we, by knowing you by heart, foreknew.

The child whose mother had been put away
Might wake, climb to a window, feel the bay
Steel itself, bosom bared to the full moon,
Against the woebegone, cerebral Man;
Or by judicious squinting make noon's red
Monarch grappling foreground goldenrod
Seem to extract a further essence from
Houses it dwarfed. Grown up, the visitor
Could find her North by the green velvet map
Appliquéd upon this wharfside shack—
Its shingles (in the time her back was turned)
Silver-stitched to visionary grain
As by a tireless, deeply troubled inmate,
Were Nature not by definition sane.

In living as in poetry, your art
Refused to tip the scale of being human
By adding unearned weight. "New, tender, quick"—
Nice watchwords; yet how often they invited
The anguish coming only now to light
In letters like photographs from space, revealing
Your planet tremulously bright through veils
As swept, in fact, by inconceivable
Heat and turbulence—but there, I've done it,
Added the weight. What tribute could you bear
Without dismay? Well, facing where you lived
Somebody's been inspired (*can* he have read
"Filling Station"?) to put pumps, a sign:
Esso—what else! We filled up at the shrine.

Wait, those were elms! Long vanished from *our* world.
Elms, by whose goblet stems distance itself
Once taken between two fingers could be twirled,
Its bouquet breathed. The trees looked cumbersome,
Sickly through mist, like old things on a shelf—
Astrolabes, pterodactyls. They must know.
The forest knows. Out from such melting backdrops
It's the rare conifer stands whole, one sharp
Uniquely tufted spoke of a dark snow crystal
Not breathed upon, as yet, by our exhaust.
Part of a scene that with its views and warblers,
And at its own grave pace, but in your footsteps
—Never more imminent the brink, more sheer—
Is making up its mind to disappear

. . . With many a dirty look. That waterfall
For instance, beating itself to grit-veined cream
"Like Roquefort through a grater"? Or the car!
So here we sit in the car wash, snug and dry
As the pent-up fury of the storm hits: streaming,
Foaming "emotions"—impersonal, cathartic,
Closer to both art and what we are
Than the gush of nothings one outpours to people
On the correspondence side of bay and steeple,
Whose dazzling whites we'll never see again,
Or failed to see in the first place. Still, as the last
Suds glide, slow protozoa, down the pane,
We're off—Excuse our dust! With warm regards,—
Gathering phrases for tomorrow's cards.

—James Merrill

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that I looked like a carpetbagger—and when I stepped down to shake hands with Charles I noticed that what I thought was a new suit was tattered at the ends of the sleeves.

"Well," he said. "Young John."

I smiled at him. I was perceptive enough to see that his cheerfulness was not entirely effortless. He was a man out of work, after all, and so in spite of himself there was worry in his face, the slightest shadow in an otherwise glad and proud countenance. We walked through the station to the street, and on up the steep hill to the house, which was a small clapboard structure, a cottage, really, with a porch at the end of a short sidewalk lined with flowers—they were marigolds, I think—and here was Louise, coming out of the house, her arms already stretched wide to embrace me. "Lord," she said. "I swear you've grown since the wedding, John." Charles took my bag and went inside.

"Let me look at you, young man," Louise said.

I stood for inspection. And as she looked me over I saw that her hair was pulled back, that a few strands of it had come loose, that it was brilliantly auburn in the sun. I suppose I was a little in love with her. She was grown, and married now. She was a part of what seemed a great mystery to me, even as I was about to enter it, and of course you remember how that feels, Marie, when one is on the verge of things—nearly adult, nearly old enough to fall in love. I looked at Louise's happy, flushed face, and felt a deep ache as she ushered me into her house. I wanted so to be older.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

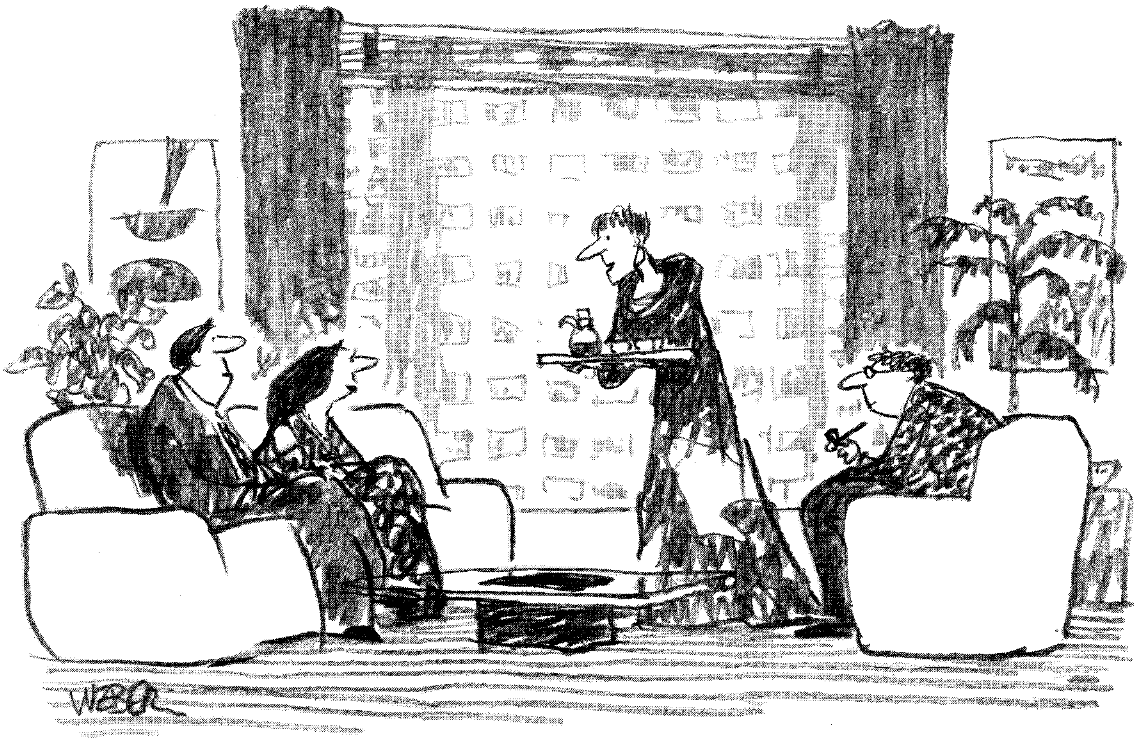
Inside, Charles had poured lemonade for us, and was sitting in the easy chair by the fireplace, already sipping his. Louise wanted to show me the house, and the back yard—which she had tilled and turned into a small vegetable garden—but she must've sensed how thirsty I was, and so she asked me to sit down and have a cool drink before she showed me the upstairs. Now, of course, looking back on it, I remember that those rooms she was so anxious to show me were meagre indeed. They were not much bigger than closets, really, and the paint was faded and dull; the furniture she'd arranged so artfully was coming apart; the pictures she'd put on the walls were prints she'd cut out—magazine covers, mostly—and the curtains over the windows were the same ones that had hung in her childhood bedroom for twenty years. ("Recognize these?" she said with a deprecating smile.) Of course, the quality of her pride had nothing to do with the fineness—or lack of it—in these things but in the fact that they belonged to her, and that she was a married lady in her own house.

On this day in July, 1933, she and Charles were waiting for the delivery of a fan they had scrounged enough money to buy from Sears, through the catalogue. There were things they would rather have been doing, especially in this heat, and especially with me there. Monticello wasn't far away, the university was within walking distance, and without too much expense one could ride a taxi to one of the lakes nearby. They had hoped that the fan would arrive before I did, but since it hadn't, and since neither Louise nor Charles was willing to leave the other alone that day while traipsing off with me, there wasn't anything to do but wait around for it. Louise had opened the windows and drawn the shades, and we sat in her small living room and drank the lemonade, fanning ourselves with folded parts of Charles's newspaper. From time to time an anemic breath of air would move the shades slightly, but then everything grew still again. Louise sat on the arm of Charles's chair, and I sat on the sofa. We talked about pleurisy, and, I think, about the fact that Thomas Jefferson had invented the dumbwaiter, and how the plumbing at Monticello was at least a century ahead of its time. Charles remarked that it was the spirit of invention that would make a man's career in these days. "That's what I'm aiming for—to be inventive in a job. No matter what it winds up being."

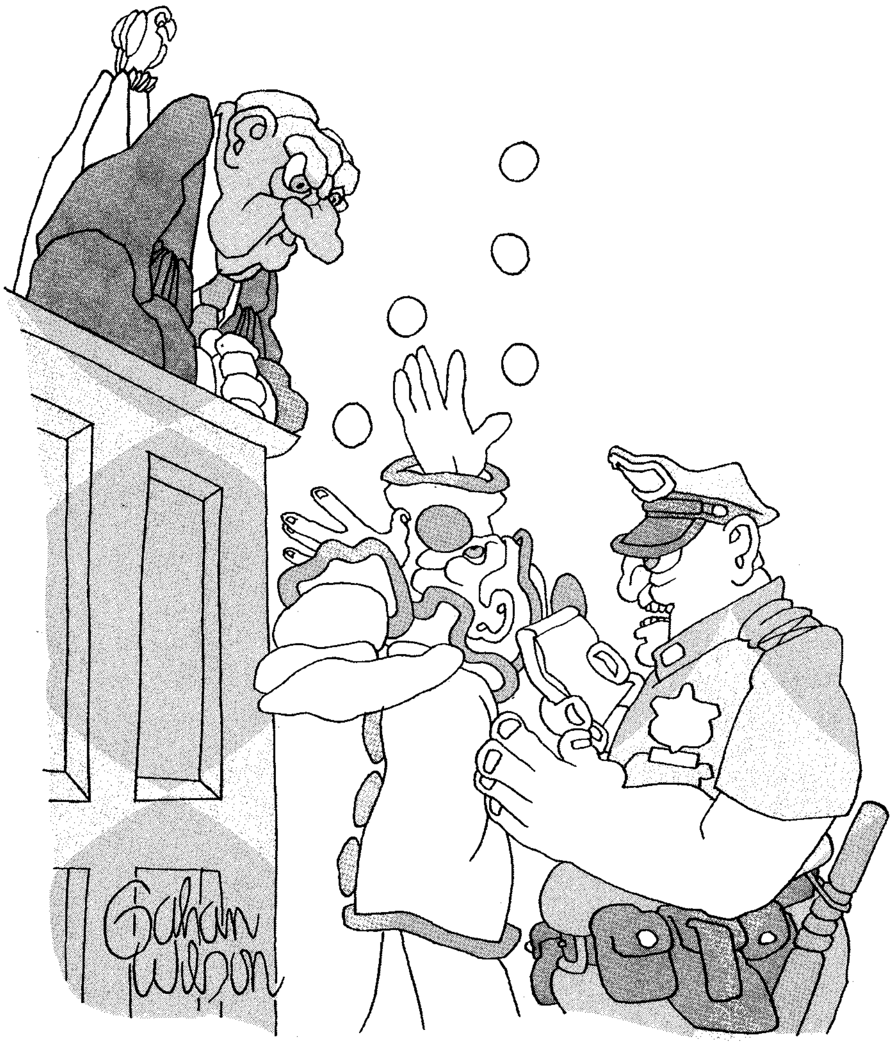
When the lemonade ran out, Louise got up and went into the kitchen to make some more. Charles and I talked about taking a weekend to go fishing. He leaned back in his chair and put his hands behind his head, looking satisfied. In the kitchen, Louise was chipping ice for our glasses, and she began singing something low, for her own pleasure, a barely audible lilting, and Charles and I sat listening. It occurred to me that I was very happy. I had the sense that soon I would be embarked on my own life, as Charles was on his, and that an attractive woman like Louise would be there with me. Charles said, "God, listen to that. Doesn't Louise have the loveliest voice?"

AND that's all I have from that day. I don't even know if the fan arrived later, and I have no clear memory of how we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening. I remember Louise singing a song, her husband leaning back in his chair, folding his hands behind his head, expressing his pleasure in his young wife's voice. I remember that I felt quite extraordinarily content just then. And that's all I remember.

But there are, of course, the things we both know: we know they moved to Colorado to be near Charles's parents; we know they never had any children; we know that Charles fell down a shaft at a construction site in the fall of 1957 and was hurt so badly that he never walked again. And I know that when she came to stay with us last summer she told me she'd learned to hate him, and not for what she'd had to help him do all those years. No, it started earlier and was deeper than that. She hadn't minded the care of him—the washing and feeding and all the numberless small tasks she had to perform each and every day, all day—she hadn't minded this. In fact, she thought there was something in her makeup that liked being needed so completely. The trouble was simply that whatever she had once loved in him she had stopped loving, and for many, many years before he died she'd felt only suffocation when he was near enough to touch her, only irritation and anxiety when he spoke. She said all this, and then looked at me, her cousin,



"We've decided to express our concern for the environment by redecorating."



"Brightening the lives of passersby without a license, Your Honor."

• •

who had been fortunate enough to have children, and to be in love over time, and said, "John, how have you and Marie managed it?"

And what I wanted to tell you has to do with this fact—that while you and I had had one of our whispering arguments only moments before, I felt quite certain of the simple truth of the matter, which is that, whatever our complications, we *have* managed to be in love over time.

"Louise," I said.

"People start out with such high hopes," she said, as if I wasn't there. She looked at me. "Don't they?"

"Yes," I said.

She seemed to consider this a moment. Then she said, "I wonder how it happens."

I said, "You ought to get some rest." Or something equally pointless and admonitory.

As she moved away from me, I had an image of Charles standing on the station platform in Charlottesville that summer, the straw boater set at its cocky angle. It was an image I would see most of the rest of that night, and on many another night since.

I CAN almost hear your voice as you point out that once again I've managed to dwell too long on the memory of something that's past and gone. The difference is that I'm not grieving over the past now. I'm merely reporting a memory, so that you might understand what I'm about to say to you.

The fact is, we aren't the people we were even then, just a year ago. I know that. As I know things have been slowly eroding between us for a very long time; we are a little tired of each other, and there are annoyances and old scars that won't be obliterated with a letter—even a long one written in the middle of the night in desperate sincerity, under the influence, admittedly, of a considerable portion of bourbon whiskey, but nevertheless with the best intention and hope: that you may know how, over the course of this night, I came to the end of needing an explanation for our difficulty. We have reached this—place. Everything we say seems rather aggravatingly mindless and automatic, like something one stranger might say to another in any of the thousand circumstances where strangers are thrown together for a time and the silence begins to grow heavy on their minds and someone has to say something. Darling, we go so long these days without having anything at all to do with each other, and the children are arriving tomorrow, and once more we'll be in the position of making all the gestures that give them back their parents as they think their parents are, and what I wanted to say to you, what came to me as I thought about Louise and Charles on that day so long ago, when they were young and so obviously glad of each other, and I looked at them and knew it and was happy—what came to me was that even the harsh things that happened to them, even the years of anger and silence, even the disappointment and the bitterness and the wanting not to be in the same room anymore, even all that must have been worth it for such loveliness. At least I am here, at seventy years old, hoping so. Tonight, I went back to our room again and stood gazing at you asleep, dreaming whatever you were dreaming, and I had a moment of thinking how we were always friends, too. And what I wanted finally to say was that I remember well our own sweet times, our own old loveliness. I would like to think that even if at the very beginning of our lives together I had somehow been shown that we would end up here, with this longing to be away from each other, this feeling of being trapped together, of being tied to each other in a way that makes us wish for other times, some other place, I would have known enough to accept it all freely for the chance at that love. And if I could, I would do it all again, Marie. All of it, even the sorrow. My sweet, my dear adversary. For everything that I remember.

—Richard Bausch

With thirty children dying every minute, Buddy Harris wonders how he could ever have thought of leaving his own kids behind. So he tucks a .22 pistol inside his belt, tosses clothes, food, fishing gear, and whatever else from the apartment he can fit into the station wagon, and drives over to his mother-in-law's to get them. Buddy is twenty-seven, and before he hurt his back he could carry a ninety-four-pound bag of cement under one arm, but the lawyer who just called tried to treat him like a kid. "You should be ashamed, the way you've upset Melanie," the lawyer said.

Buddy felt as if he'd been slapped across both cheeks. "Did my wife tell the whole story?"

The lawyer said that Melanie was fed up. She wanted a separation. He said, "You go anywhere near her again, my friend, and you'll end up in jail."

Buddy tried to tell his side. The reason he yanked the distributor cap out of Melanie's car—though he returned it later and reconnected the spark-plug wires—was that she and the kids kept driving over to her mother's for supper, which had to do with his not coming home one weekend, and that was related to her saying she would never have gotten married if she hadn't had to. . . . But the lawyer said, "Cut the crap," and hung up on him.

His first impulse was to take off by himself, without the kids. But the pamphlet had changed his mind. Stuck inside his door by Jehovah's Witnesses a day or two before, it said that thirty of the world's children were dying every minute. Last night, dead children had filled his dreams.

Bev, his mother-in-law, lives on Keeler Road in a white farmhouse with green shutters. Instead of going up the hill past the elementary school, Buddy drives the other way around, over a plank bridge with a faded metal plaque welded onto one of its girders.

He parks in the sand pit, a distance from the house, and when he gets out he's careful not to slam the door. Bev owns the pit, but the orange-and-black "No Trespassing" signs make him feel jittery, as if he were poaching on some stranger's property. Steep sand dunes rise sharply away from him. He could be in the desert or in the crater of a volcano. He and Cliff, Bev's second husband, sighted their rifles here every deer season. Some of the soda cans they used are still lying around, riddled with bullets.

Buddy climbs up the sliding sand to where knotgrass and blueberry bushes bend over to meet him. Though it's early June, he's sweating already. Part of it is the excitement, because his mother-in-law doesn't want him around. With Cliff dead, he doesn't have anyone to stick up for him anymore. Leaning over to empty sand from his sneakers, he feels the butt of the pistol poke into his stomach. He takes off his denim jacket and ties it around his waist. Then he cuts through a pine grove toward where he figures the house will be. Not long before he died of emphysema, Cliff told him the name of the red-barked pines here. Farmers used their wood as floors for stables when Cliff was a kid. Red pine? Yellow pine? Not remembering feels like a betrayal.

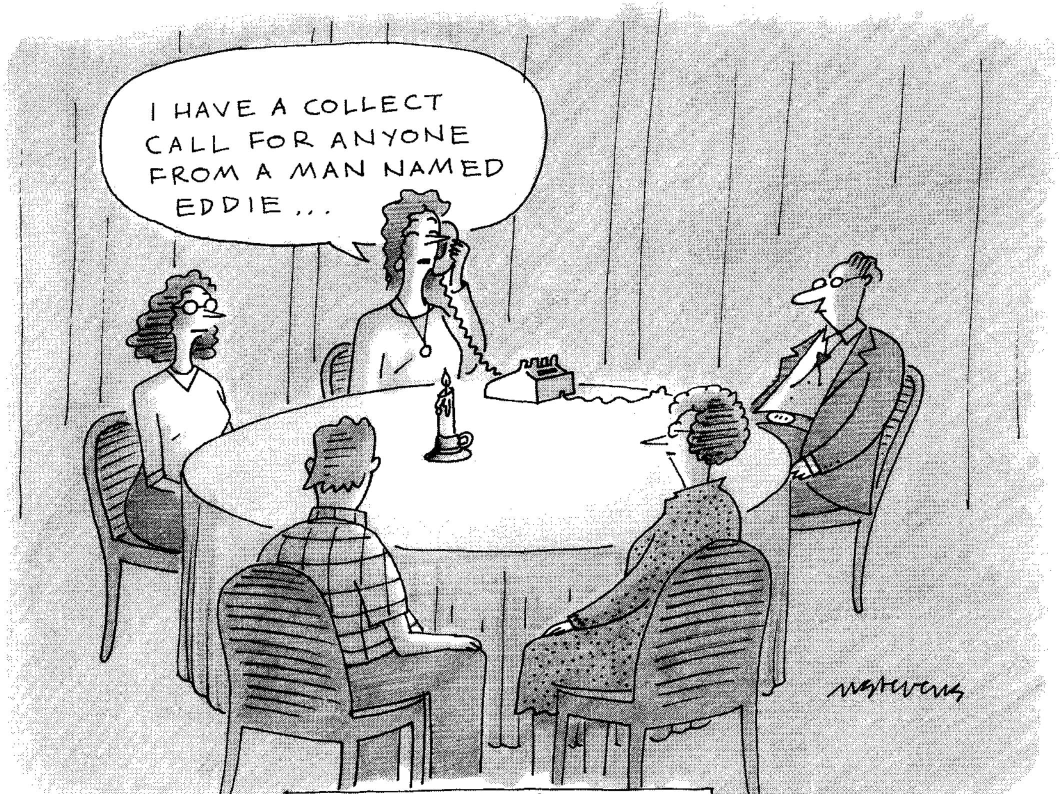
He recalls Cliff telling him, "Remember, Buddy—a woman on her back can stare up at you a lot longer than you can stare down at her."

"What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Staying power—that's what it means. I'm not just talking sex. I'm talking about enough patience to bury you sooner or later. You wait and see."

He likes the way Cliff stood up for him, even when Bev tried to drive in the wedge. "There's always two sides to a friggin' argument," Cliff would say. "That's why I don't want to hear either side—Buddy's or Melanie's." One time he told Bev, "What do you want me to do, for Chrissake—spank him?" Buddy paced around the overheated kitchen, feeling the uneven wall cabinets shake from his heavy steps, and watched the air go out of Bev. After that, whenever he and Melanie had a little trouble, later on he'd laugh and say to Cliff, "What's Bev want, for you to spank me again?"

Cliff was only five and a half feet in his work boots and probably weighed seventy pounds less than Buddy. Win-


I HAVE A COLLECT CALL FOR ANYONE FROM A MAN NAMED EDDIE . . .

TELE-SÉANCE

ter or summer, he wore long underwear beneath his chinos and a blue or gray shirt with a circle patch near the front pocket that said “PROPANE GAS.” He would say, “Shit, Buddy, men and women *always* fight: that’s the way they’re made. But most men are like Bambi’s father. They’d rather run than fight.”

“What the hell you talking about, Cliff?”

“What I mean,” he said, “is that you’ll be around when you’re really needed. Like when a catastrophe hits. But most of the time you’d rather be up there in the mountains, like Bambi’s father, watching and waiting.” Then Cliff, eyes glistening like a poet’s, told him about the real ending of “Bambi.” “Not the Disney stuff,” Cliff said. He lifted his cap and wiped his bald head. “I’m talking about when the old stag tells Bambi, ‘Don’t follow me, boy, even though I love you a lot.’ ”

Cliff often said that if he had things to do over again he’d become a licensed guide: “Tourists go crazy over that stuff.” Buddy liked the idea of being paid to lead people around the Adirondacks. For a while he thought about getting his own license, then changed his mind, because he knew there wasn’t much money in it.

“Bambi’s father. It figures,” Melanie said, when Buddy told her about Cliff’s remark.

“What figures?” he asked.

“Cliff never did shit around the house after he married Bev. And all that time he saw himself looking down from the mountain ridges while she got stuck with dishes and vacuuming—that’s what you’re telling me.”

Later, pulling at her frosted hair, Melanie told him that Cliff had a son living just across the Canadian border and never once went over to visit. “I’ve seen pictures of the kid, curly hair and all. Now the guy is in his forties, and you think maybe Cliff has been up in the hardwoods pawing the ground and watching over the poor bastard?”

Buddy was sorry he had said anything; he knew Melanie would tell Bev and then they’d both have a good laugh at Cliff’s expense.

In those last days, when Cliff’s breathing got so bad he could barely tie his shoes, he lost most of his sense of humor. But even in the hospital he sometimes came out with a good one—like when Bev started going to Weight Watchers the week before Cliff died. Both men knew she was scouting a third husband, but Cliff told Buddy that another reason she was going was that her breasts had gotten too big. “Impossible to have sex when they get that big.”

When Buddy looked puzzled, Cliff raised himself from the hospital pillow, adjusted the oxygen tube clamped to his nose, and said, “Too big, goddammit—they keep pushing you out of the friggin’ bed.”

Cliff’s gray eyebrows always drooped, and he had these lines, the deepest lines Buddy ever saw on anybody’s face. They made him think of Comanche markings. Now Buddy wonders if some woman, maybe Bev, ever clamped onto Cliff’s face and pulled her nails across it.

FROM where he stands, at the edge of the woods spreading above the pit, Buddy can see the blue clunker—the ’69 Pontiac Melanie has bought with tips from Pizza Hut. He hears the voices of his children near the crescent driveway and figures luck is with him. Bent over, he crosses a narrow field. The kids are playing in the sandbox he and Cliff built out of slabwood. They see him, and the boy says, “Hi, Daddy.”

Buddy raises a finger. “Sh-h-h,” he says, wondering if they can sense his excitement. “Where’s Mommy and Grandma?”

“In the house,” Ashley, who is eight, says.

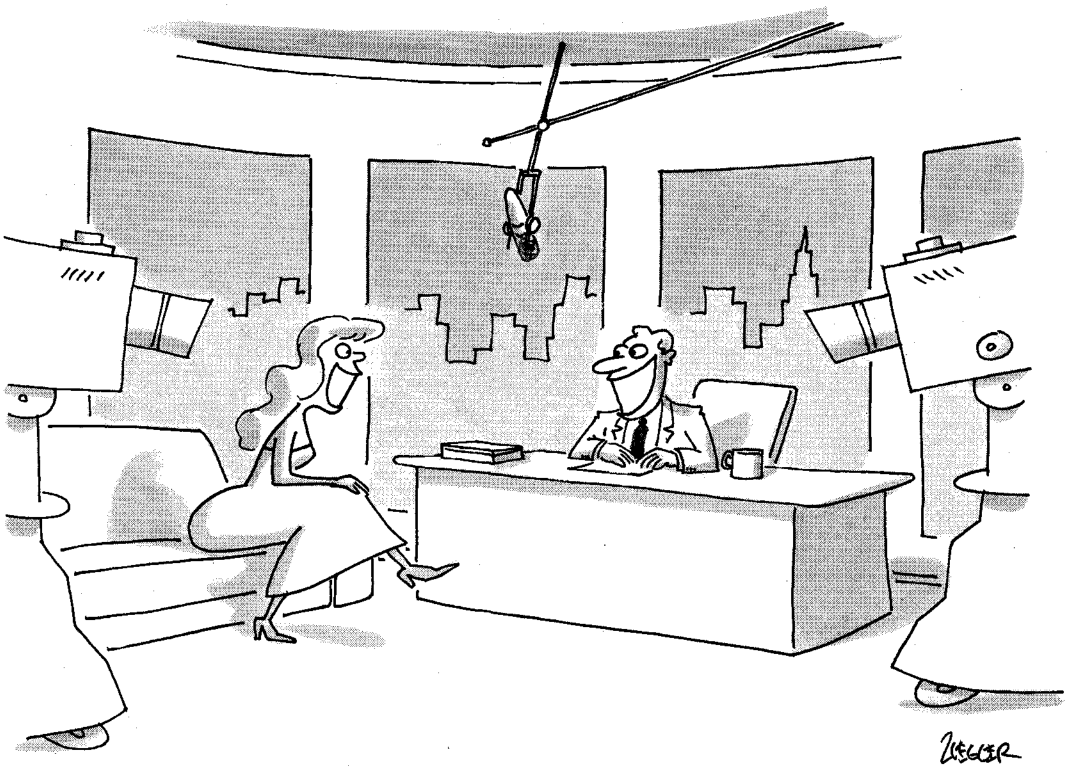
“Let’s go,” he whispers.

“Where?” she asks.

“Into the mountains,” he says; but because her hazel eyes look troubled he adds, “Fishing.”

Then he takes her by the arm, swoops the boy up, and runs back across the field, scattering grasshoppers. He hears the boy say “Oops,” then glances down to see a brown shoe coming off. In the woods he stops, lets the kids fall into the pine needles, and tries not to breathe so hard. He looks back at the house. He wonders why everything has been so easy.

He turns to the kids and says, “Where’s your mother? Taking a nap?” Although it has made things simpler, he resents Melanie’s carelessness. How long was she going to leave them outside without checking? He pictures him-



“But enough about my *teeth. Let’s talk about* your *teeth.”*

self in a courtroom saying, "I really can't say how good a mother she was." Then a screen door complains, and there they are, Bev and Melanie, traipsing past the dusty-looking lilac bushes. They call the children. Then Melanie, who is wearing jeans and a wine-colored Shetland sweater, steps over the split-rail fence and in seconds is leaning into the bent grass. When she straightens up, Bobby's shoe is in her hand; it dangles from a shoelace between the two women.

"O.K.," he says to the kids, and they start toward the car. But Melanie's voice follows after them. "Is that you, Buddy?" she yells. She is close to crying, he can tell, and he wants to scream back, "It's your fault for getting a lawyer on my ass."

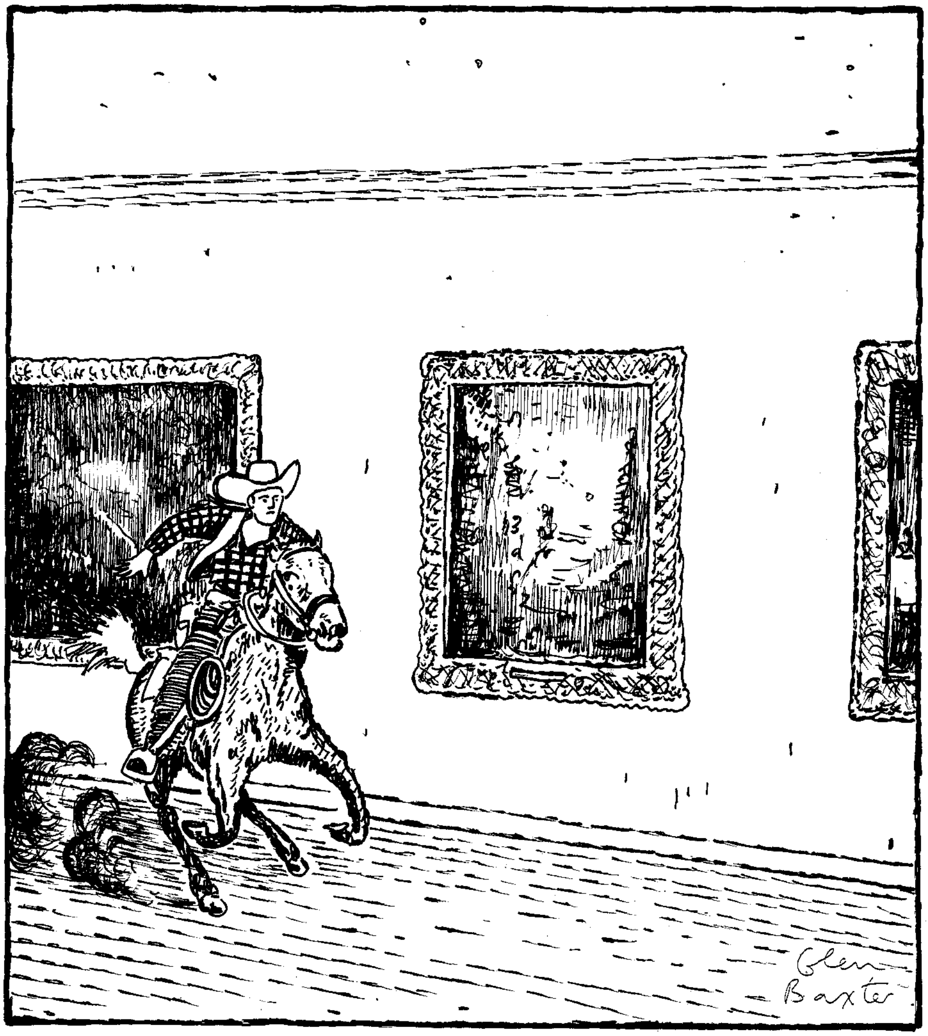
He hears Bev promising to call the state troopers. "If you hurt those kids," she says above a fit of coughing, "I'll pull the electrocution switch myself."

By now he is through the pines and at the top of the sand pit. This part looks steep and risky; front-end loaders have undercut the bank by a good six feet. "Jump," he says, as the kids hesitate, and then they jump and he can feel his teeth clamp onto his tongue as he lands and begins the slide down with the kids rolling beside him. Ashley is crying. Her chin is cut. Bobby's eyes are closed tight against the sand, and Buddy's tongue feels too big. He is trying to spit.

He stands the kids on their feet, brushes them off a little, and points toward the car. The keys are already out of his pocket. "Get in," he says. "Quick."

In seconds he spins out of the pit and back to the road. He turns right and the tires squeal on the warm tarmac. In the rearview mirror he sees the women on the road shoulder near the mailbox. They are pointing at him. Melanie has taken off her sweater and swings it over her head. Bev is hitting her fists against her thighs.

As he shifts into third, the Plymouth nearly veers off the road. He hears his heart thumping blood up through his neck and figures this must be what it feels like to rob a bank.



HANK'S TOUR OF THE LOUVRE USUALLY LASTED ABOUT EIGHTEEN MINUTES.

• •

"YOU aren't going to hurt us, are you?" the girl asks later. She leans her head against the car window and looks at him with a distrust he has seen plenty of times in Melanie's face. An orange barrette lies buried in her short brown hair. The boy, the six-year-old, sits between them; sand fills the creases of his blue corduroys.

"Lock your door," he tells her. Then he leans over and does it himself. "You shouldn't even be asking that," he says. "That's not a question to ask your father." After another mile, he says, "Who said I'd hurt you? Your mother?"

"She said you got a bad temper."

"Sometimes I do. I admit that. But not now."

"Why are we running away, then?" she says.

Buddy is considering the reasons. He hates lawyers. He wants to give Melanie and Bev a scare. He's tired of his job at Georgia-Pacific. He doesn't like living near people. And, last night, he dreamed about dead children who weren't quite dead. He'd been drinking beer and watching television and glancing through the Jehovah's Witness pamphlet. Thirty children a minute: enough to fill stadiums—entire cities even—in two or three days. In the dream he was walking through fields of children wrapped in bright gauze. Their dark, opened eyes and flushed faces made them seem alive, and they moved now and then, listlessly. But Buddy somehow knew they had been embalmed and that there was no way to bring them back to life. Though it hurt him, he had to ignore them, because to encourage them to think they were still alive would just prolong their agony.

Now, before anything ever happens to his own children, he wants to show them the most beautiful place he has ever seen.

As they drive, Buddy watches the road's broken lines reflect off the car hood. Wind flicks the torn windshield wiper, and the tattered piece of rubber flaps like a small black wing.

The boy says, "I'm hungry."

"We can eat on the way to the beaver ponds," Buddy says.

"I want my shoe."

"I brought plenty of shoes."

The back of the station wagon is heaped with clothing, canned goods, a Coleman stove, guns, fishing rods. He wonders what Melanie will think when she calls the apartment and nobody answers. And when she and Bev drive over and see the stuff gone—what will she do then? He imagines the lawyer falling in love with Melanie, then getting into old clothes and trying to track him down. "It's just you and me, Harris."

"That suits me fine," Buddy says, and the kids glance up at him. He finds some candy bars and tosses them into their laps.

They are driving west, into the mountains. Buddy figures they'll arrive at the beaver-dam trail in an hour, leaving plenty of daylight for the five-mile walk. The first time Cliff showed him the dams, he felt like a pilgrim arriving at a shrine. After all that walking through dense woods, the ground steadily rising, he was convinced that no dams could exist beyond the thick wall of hemlock and cedar. First he began to see openings in the trees, heard water dropping over stones. Then he saw the dam, the peeled sticks crisscrossing one another, the water and dead trees and swale grass stretching for half a mile, and he wanted to spend the rest of his life there in the middle of the mountains.

Through the plastic strip of tinting he and Cliff stuck on the upper part of the windshield last year, the sky turns ink-bottle blue. He likes the effect. But when he looks below the strip everything fades fast, as if sunglasses had been pulled from his eyes. The sky loses its color and the clouds seem terribly distant, and Buddy feels as though his heart wants to break.

SAILS

Some evenings, scarlet like Phoenician sails,
soaked up light and air; suddenly I was
almost gasping for breath, blinded by the slant rays
of the somnolent sun. This is how epochs end, I thought,
how overburdened ships go down, how the eyelids
of old theatres droop, and what remains is dust and smoke,
sharp gravel underfoot, and fear resembling
joy, and the end, which is tranquillity.

But soon enough it turns out to be just one more
dress rehearsal, one more frantic improvisation:
the extras go home, swallows fall asleep
in their perilous nests, the provincial
moon slips timidly into place,
robbers abscond with wigs, a priest writes to his mother.

How patiently you prepare and accustom us,
what time you lavish on us,
what a professor of history you are, O Earth!

—ADAM ZAGAJEWSKI

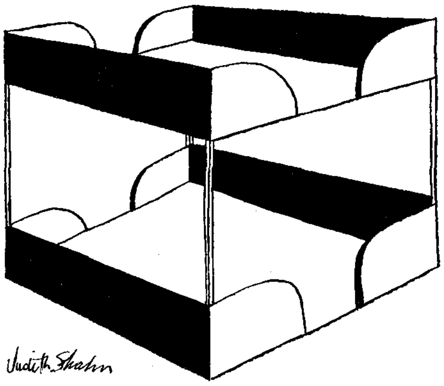
(*Translated, from the Polish, by Renata Gorczynski and Benjamin Ivry.*)

• •

AS they step over the chain hanging across the plank bridge, the kids wrinkle their noses at the heavy scent of creosote; the six-by-six timbers are soaked with the stuff. They can see the river between spaces in the wood, and Buddy says, "Come on—you won't fall through."

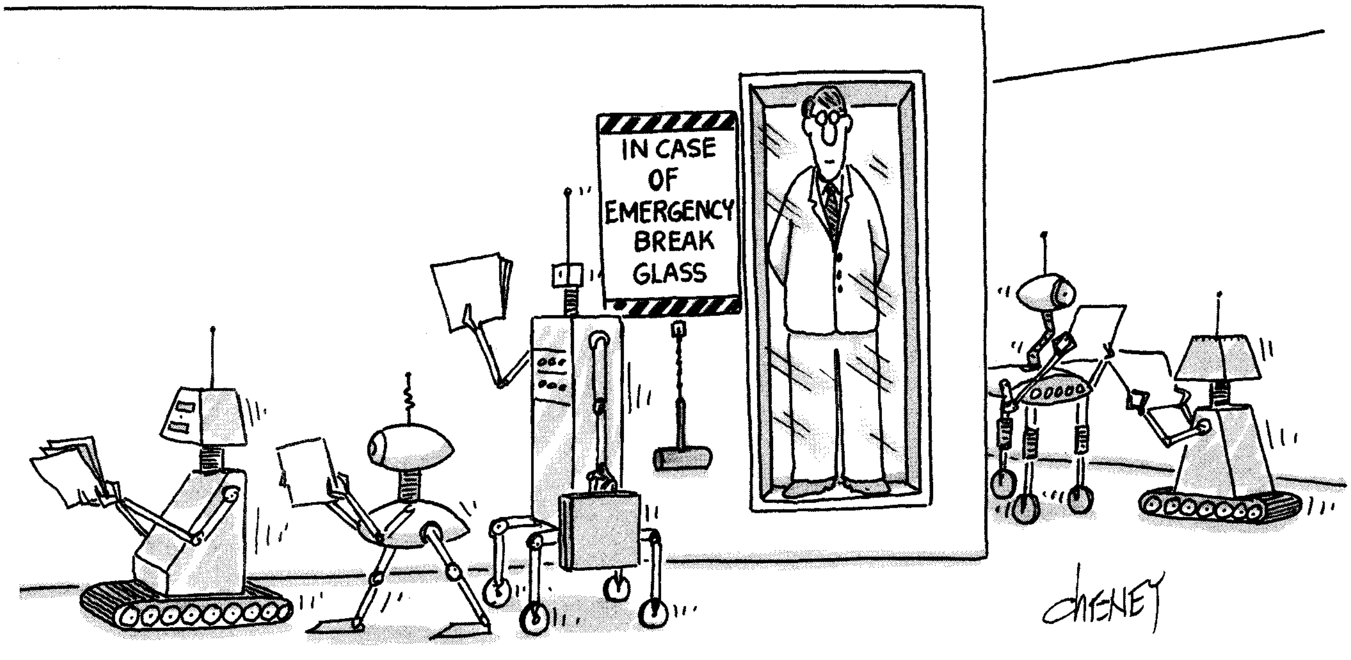
Off the dirt road behind them and hidden among bright-green poplars, the car is well out of sight. Buddy is disappointed by the little they can carry: knapsacks, sleeping bags, a few groceries, the fishing tackle. But he can always return to the car later in the night after the kids have fallen asleep.

The logging road they follow splits in two. They go left and walk for half an hour before the road turns into a steep washout. The girl barely needs help, but even holding Buddy's hand the boy stumbles on loose rocks. He complains about the old sneakers he's wearing. Buddy finally has to carry him. When he turns the child in the air, he is surprised to see the sun shining through the boy's ears. They are so delicate and translucent that they seem breakable, like porcelain.



On the way he promises the kids fish. Every time you cast. Just skim the worm across the water and watch them jump—beautiful speckled trout with bellies as red as cherry candy. "It's not that they're stupid," he says. "But they've never seen human beings before and don't know how to be scared."

They take a trail branching away from the logging road. Hardwood appears—oak, beech, maple—rising into low sky and striped sunlight. "Watch for deer," Buddy tells the kids, and they grow hushed and prepare their eyes for astonishment. In one place, the ground dips into tamarack and giant ferns; springs make the walking soggy. They see an animal in a dead birch, and the boy starts to cry. "Don't be a baby," Buddy says. "It's only a porcupine." Then he says, "Here," and pulls the pistol out and fires six slow shots. Three hit with the sound of someone's feet pulling away from mud, but the porcupine won't fall. It touches the spot where each bullet enters, then gazes down at Buddy. It's a crazy thing, and Buddy turns to explain that he hasn't seen this happen before. But



the kids have dropped what they were carrying and are running away.

THE children stay ahead of him. Sometimes they look back; usually they are out of sight. But sooner or later they'll be grateful that he's nearby. His arms ache from the extra supplies he has to carry. He could have left things where they fell—let the kids do without—but that didn't seem right. Buddy remembers *his* father making him walk back and forth along a river, searching for a tackle box he had left behind. He walked, dog-tired, with his father for hours in the deep grass until night settled in. They never found the tackle box and Buddy still loses things, so now he wonders about his father's wisdom. He also wonders if his father—who died when he was ten—and Cliff might be looking down at him from someplace like Heaven, and, if so, whether it's doing him any good.

Buddy never dreams about his father; he barely remembers the man. But he's already had one dream about Cliff. Buddy is fishing in a green rowboat and suddenly Cliff comes out of the water, grabs the side of the boat, and tries to get in. "No," Buddy tells him, "you'll tip me over." But Cliff wants to see how many fish Buddy has caught, and when he pulls himself up the side of the boat Buddy has to beat him away with an oar. Astonishment deepens the lines on Cliff's face, and before he sinks back into the water his body turns as black as charcoal.

Ker-plunk: that was the last word Cliff said to him in the hospital. Buddy, knowing it was a lie, had told Cliff he'd be strong enough by the weekend to fish for salmon. And Cliff, that tough old bastard, found enough breath in his diseased lungs to say, "Ker-plunk." He died later that evening, tilted upright on a respirator that made him seem to be still alive. Buddy would like to stop thinking about the dead. He doesn't want Cliff, dead or alive, in any more dreams, just as he doesn't want the world's dying children haunting his sleep again.

HIS own children are on the trail somewhere in front of him, and he tries to keep up under the weight of the extra gear. He is afraid he may have lost them. He wonders if they somehow got off the trail or deliberately circled back toward the car. He whistles a few times. He considers firing the pistol to let them know where he is, but the noise might drive them even farther away. He can hear a steady hiss among the trees, and after a few seconds realizes it is the sound of rain. He drops some of the gear and walks faster, ducking to avoid bent-over saplings. If the kids are lost, Melanie and Bev will say that he has murdered them. He will have to live in the mountains the rest of his life, hoping he'll never stumble upon his children. He wishes he could will Cliff back from the dead, just for a moment, to get some advice. He looks at the sky. It is raining harder now; a cold wind cuts along the trail. With his knuckles Buddy tries to squeeze water from his eyes. He drops more gear and starts to run. The woods are opening up, and he knows this means the beaver dams are close by. He hears the brook flowing out. Over the next rise he thinks he sees the blurred dams, nestled in flat land and circled by mountains.

Rain drips from his face. He squints to adjust his vision and spots his children near the first dam. They stand in the heavy downpour wondering what he has brought them to.

Buddy says, "Come on," and leads them to the shelter of a hemlock. They are shivering. Except for the fishing rod and canvas bag Buddy carries, much of the gear is still in the car; the rest is strewn along the trail. He looks around and finds a narrow strip of plastic someone left behind. He has the kids hold it over their heads. "The beaver dams are out there," he says, pointing beyond the shaggy hemlock branches into the mist. "When it clears, you'll be able to see them."

But a little later, when it stops raining, they discover that the ponds have dried up. Buddy can't say why: maybe it's nature's way, or someone has destroyed them with dynamite. All that remains is the slow-moving brook flowing through the mud and the swale grass and the dead gray trees.

"We can still catch trout," Buddy promises, and so they follow the brook upstream. There's always a chance of finding new dams. They take turns with the fishing rod. But all they catch in the brook are horned dace and a few small trout with heads too big for their bodies.

"It wasn't this way before," Buddy says.

"What happened to the beavers?" Ashley asks. She is wearing a wet flannel shirt with no buttons on the cuffs.

"I don't know," Buddy says.

He tries to explain what the beaver houses looked like rising out of the blue water, how the drowned trees resembled ships' masts before the dams were broken and the water withdrew. He remembers sleek trout. He remembers Cliff complaining about how much his shoulders ached from hauling in fish.

But the kids have become sullen. They are tired and hungry; their lips are tight lines drawn across their faces. They have struggled through foul-smelling mud and fallen into stagnant water. The rain has created more bugs: black flies crowd their shoulders and the bug spray is wearing off. They want to go home.

Buddy tries to coax them farther upstream. He has promised them the peace of mountain solitude and trout with bright-red bellies. "How can I keep my promise if we don't keep going?" he pleads.

They won't move. The refusal on their faces approaches heroism. Recognizing this, Buddy is almost won over, but he says, "Do what you want. Stay here if you want."

"What about you?" the girl asks. Her eyes are swollen from bites.

He hesitates. Then he says, "I'm going upstream."

The boy is hitting him on the leg, as if knocking at a door. "I want to go home," he says. His jacket with the blue sailboat on back is soaked with mud.

"Home," Buddy says. He feels as though his bones have turned to lead. It seems too great an effort even to bother lifting his feet. He looks around. The sky, spread like gauze above the mountains, will be turning dark soon. It doesn't make sense to take another step. He feels rooted in the soft earth. In the silence, with his eyes closed, he can feel the planet turning.

The kids are still shivering; the boy is starting to moan.

Buddy sniffs the air, and with the scent of damp evergreen strong in his nostrils, he plucks his children from the wetness and the mud. They make their way toward higher ground, to a circle of scorched stones where someone once had a campfire.

"O.K.," Buddy says. "Sit down and gather your strength." He wishes he could build a fire for them, but that's impossible. Everything is either wet or lost. Has he brought his children all this distance just to prove he can't take care of them? "Go ahead," he says, "let's sit for a while on these stones here."

In the half hour that passes, he talks about Melanie and Bev and Cliff and about the world's children and the tough time they're going through. He doesn't understand everything he's saying, but he knows the kids are listening, trying to understand. He speaks of getting married too soon, of arguments when you forget why you're arguing. Of loneliness and death. He tells them about money and a college education. Sometimes he hears himself repeating the important words.

Frogs have started in the swamps, bringing the night down with their chirping. His children slump against stones. Their faces are in shadow, but Buddy senses they are watching him. Their eyes are dark and round, like pennies.

Most of all, he wants them to be happy, and he tells them so as he gets them ready for the trip back. He wipes their faces, pulls caked mud off their clothing. They have fallen asleep by the time he undoes their shoes to let the water drip out. The liquid is dark and discolored, and forms a thick string. He watches without thinking, then looks more closely: the water is mixed with blood. He would like to run. He wants to be somewhere else. Saying nothing, he raises each of their pant legs and removes dark, swollen leeches from their flesh.

"Happiness," he whispers, and decides to let them sleep a while longer.

In the darkness on the way down from the mountains, they walk in starlight. Buddy retrieves whatever he can: a flashlight, some food, a backpack. Near where he shot the porcupine he wonders if the animal is dead or still in the tree trying to determine the source of its wounds. If he had it to do over again, he wouldn't have fired those shots. Maybe he wouldn't have taken Melanie's distributor cap or gotten married in the first place. But what can he do now?

The kids are so quiet and pale that Buddy needs to touch their faces now and then. His muddy porcelain children. What will he do after leaving them off? Where will he go? He can't see returning to the silence of deserted beaver dams. And he hasn't brought children into the world only to lose sight of them completely. Wherever he goes, he plans to keep track. His mother is an assistant supervisor in a furniture factory down in North Carolina. He might find work there. But even if he goes that far south, he won't lose track.

IN the middle of the night, Buddy watches the children stumble out of their sleepiness toward his mother-in-law's unlighted house. Locust blossoms have fallen like snow onto the road.

"Goodbye," he says from the car window. He would like to say more, but he has told them all he knows.

He waits for them to reach the screen door, and then he beeps the car horn until lights appear on the front porch. Someone—Melanie, maybe, but he can't tell for certain—lets the kids in without a word.

Buddy remembers Melanie saying that, sooner or later, he will force her to leave him. "You won't have the guts to walk out yourself," she said.

He doesn't turn his headlights on until he's past the "Low Shoulder" sign that used to make Melanie giggle when she was in eighth grade. By now she and her mother have the kids sitting beside the kitchen sink, asking how they got so dirty. Washcloths are out and flying. Buddy can picture this as clearly as if he were in the kitchen plunked down in a maple chair near Bev's collection of two hundred and thirty-seven pairs of salt and pepper shakers. He sees the staying power, the determination Cliff spoke of, on the women's faces—as if they were intent on watching a story reach its anticipated ending. They remove the damp shoes from the kids' feet. Then they raise the shoes over the sink and watch the children's blood hang in the air.

"Doesn't that son of a bitch ever do anything right?" Bev will say.

—Peter Corodimas

PROFILES

STEALING A MARCH ON THE WORLD—I

Passport photo, c. 1938

WHENEVER I think of Henri Cartier-Bresson, I see him sitting at the dinner table with a tube of North African red-pepper paste in one hand and a pocketknife in the other; these are two things that he loves. The tube of red pepper is stamped with a picture of a lighthouse and the legend "Phare de Cap Bon"; the pocketknife has a pearl handle and several wicked curves. He puts the red pepper on most of what he eats, while the knife is for spearing and cutting and spreading—and for flourishing. It's a tool, but it's also a weapon, and there is always a chance he'll use it that way. I've heard a lot of stories: for instance, about how a certain photographer once tried to take his picture on the sly, and he spotted the maneuver right off, and his knife flashed; or about how he went into a museum, and the coat-check girl asked him to check his camera, which is like asking anyone else to check his hand, and he said no, and she said yes, and that's when he whipped out his knife.

This sort of behavior might seem a trifle insincere in one who never actually harms anybody. And it has abated of late—Cartier-Bresson may feel that there is some lack of decorum in an eighty-one-year-old's brandishing a dagger. But he often draws an oratorical blade, his eyes flashing as his voice rises to some shocking pronouncement: a blanket condemnation of the advertising business, say, or the Ministry of Industry, or the people of Marseilles, or, worst of all, the belief in one God—not since Caligula has anyone railed so at the spectre of monotheism. He makes these remarks with a serious expression, but most of his friends let them pass. One is not obliged to answer an agent provocateur.

"In one way, I am like a cop or a whore," he says. "I do not want to be photographed." It is the professional aversion of the street photographer, the need to pass unremarked. Wishing to be always the person seeing, never the person seen, he has preserved his incognito so well that he is perhaps best described as the fellow holding the paper in front of his face (as he did when he received an honorary degree from Oxford), or the fellow skulking out of the dining hall (as he did at a gala dinner given by the International Center of Photography), or the fellow who recently appeared on French television as a pair of hands holding a camera. Ideally, he would be a man without physical qualities—"the color of a wall," as he puts it. Time, in fact, has conspired with his wishes, for his hair belongs mostly to the past, and his thick-lensed wire-rimmed spectacles shield his eyes from inquisitive stares—yet distinguishing features remain. His cheeks are still "the color of shrimp" (as the Mexicans told him in 1934), and his eyes are still forget-me-not blue, and when he puts on his walking shoes and his knapsack and strides through the Tuileries he looks just like a Scandinavian socialist schoolmaster en route to a May Day parade. The half-loping gait, the vulnerable eyes, the boyish satchel—all contribute to the impression of a man in the last blush of youth.

Cartier-Bresson shares more with the East than a fondness for red pepper. Long sojourns in India, China, and Southeast Asia reinforced a vaguely Buddhist world view acquired in the nineteen-thirties. He doubts the existence of death, of life, of the past, and of the future—which makes it hard to persuade him to form any plans or to talk about what he has done. At the outset of the war, he destroyed a large number of his early negatives, and if you ask him why, he will tell you it was like trimming his nails or going to the barbershop. He will tell you he hates accumulations: why are you badgering him about these figments of an antecedent world? Only in odd moments, as when his mind veers home to Charlotte Corday, does he reveal how clearly aware he is of the past and of his own place in it. "What a wonderful figure, what an admirable character!"—his eyes brighten and his hands fly up as he recalls this revered ancestress. His connection to the illustrious knife wielder runs back through his Norman mother, and in at least one respect he himself suggests the stereotypical Norman—the coyly equivocating rustic of popular mythology—and that is in his endless vacillations. It is always an experience to fix a rendezvous with him, to listen as he dithers on the phone: "Shall we meet? Why not. . . . What time? Whenever you prefer. . . . Where? Wherever you like. . . . At the wine bar down the street? Yes, we could do that, or we could meet somewhere else, somewhere nearer you, but the bar is all right—though actually I would prefer somewhere else. But really, it's O.K., I guess, unless perhaps you'd consider the public gardens." In the end, the appointment probably hangs fire, until the phone rings a week later

"Everything O.K., sir?"

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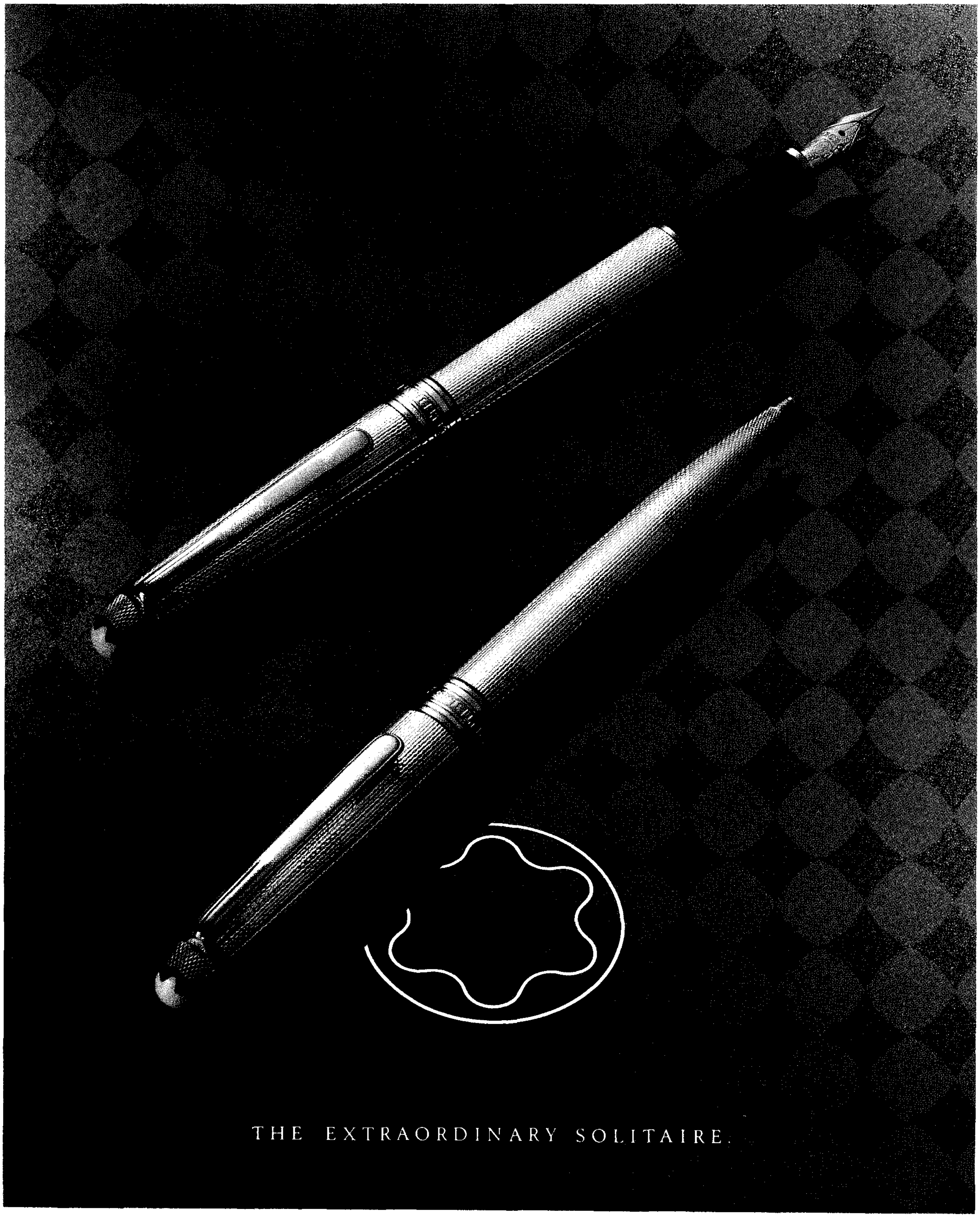
and he informs you without preamble that the wine bar will do beautifully, really, it's a perfectly acceptable idea. Fine—but you begin to wonder how this perpetual waffling fits in with the decisiveness you see in the photographs.

When I first met Cartier-Bresson, about five years ago, I was struck by his nervousness, his darting glances, his use of oral sound effects to illustrate his speech. When something excited him, he made a sound like "*Vrrrh*," and he sniffed twice—nose up, nostrils flared—to illustrate his aroused curiosity. His expression was chilly, perhaps somewhat shy, but often he broke into a radiant smile, and when he was really amused his voice hit coloratura territory, as if he were trying to smother a giggle. He wore an elegant gray wool suit, and he spoke slowly and articulately, for the most part shunning slang, and conveying in many small ways his interest in his listener's opinions. If anything he said was unclear, he was only too happy to explain it—if necessary, several times.

His demeanor seemed the expression of natural manners, but there was something else as well. I came away with the feeling of having encountered a social thoroughbred, and this was surprising, because upper-class Parisian boys of the nineteen-twenties simply did not become photographers, much less photojournalists, "journalism" being a dirty word in the fashionable arrondissements. Nor did his photographs say anything about his social origins, though the absence of outlandish camera angles did suggest a dignified reluctance to engage in public contortions. Some days later, I mentioned my perplexity to a French friend, and he gave me the pitying look that people generally reserve for the last person to find something out. Didn't I know that Henri was one of the scions of the great Cartier-Bresson textile firm? Didn't I know that the Cartier-Bresson logo could once be found in every French sewing basket? Why, the very name spelled magic to countless older Europeans, who had grown up with memories of Mother at her sewing machine working wonders with the help of Cartier-Bresson thread. It was no secret that Henri had been reared in a cavernous apartment on the Rue de Lisbonne, a street lined by very substantial palazzi built in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

But Cartier-Bresson is a deeply contradictory person, and he happens to be intensely averse to the bourgeois society whose child he is. He has never lost his attachment to the classics of Surrealist rebellion: among the books he will readily pull off his shelves for you are André Breton's "Mad Love" and René Crevel's "The Harpsichord of Diderot." As a teen-ager, he used to go to the Café Cyrano, in the Place Blanche, and sit at the "Surrealist table," where, back to back with off-duty clowns from the Cirque Médrano, Breton would hold forth to the faithful. The lion-maned Breton was the pope of the movement, a master of encyclicals and excommunications; the spectacularly handsome Crevel was (until his suicide, in 1935) Breton's trusted cardinal and intellectual goon. Cartier-Bresson still swears by Breton's and Crevel's social and artistic ideas, yet a note of circumspection creeps into his reminiscences of the Café Cyrano. "The trouble was, I never got close enough to the center of the table," he told me once, "so I missed a lot of what Breton was saying."

Cartier-Bresson never actually joined the Surrealist movement, and, despite a certain prewar sympathy with the Communist Party (the Surrealists allied themselves with the Communists between 1930 and 1935), he never joined it, either. If you ask him what he has kept of his original "revolutionary" Surrealism, he will tell you that it is primarily a respect for human creativity and an attitude of revolt against the bourgeois social order. This suggests a rather one-sided reading of Surrealism, and it also implies some need to wrench himself away from his rich family. The implication is misleading, however, for he was fond of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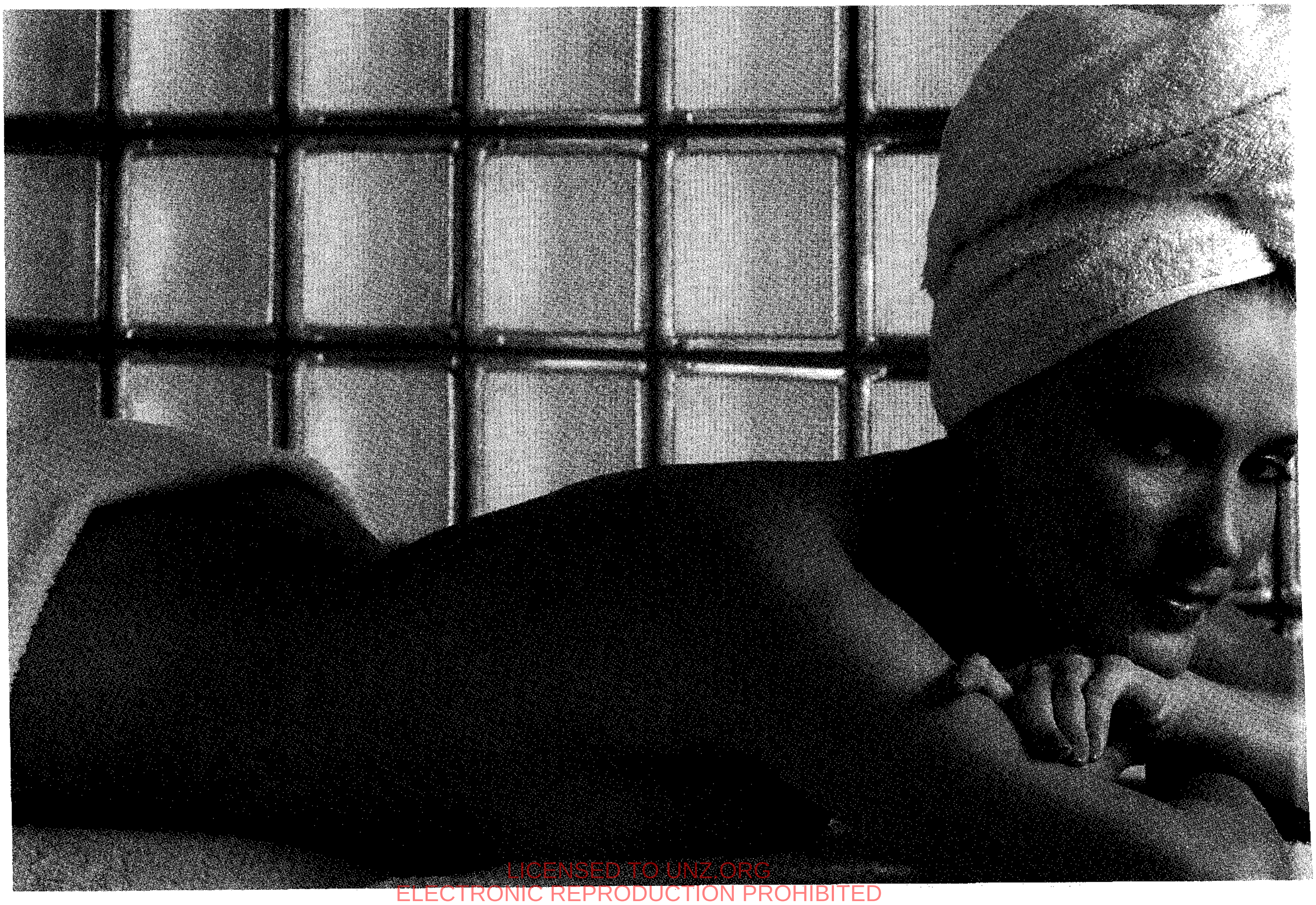
his family, and as a married adult he lived for some years in the apartment on the Rue de Lisbonne. In a sense, his cultural attitudes are not personal to him but representative of the whole generation of French artists and writers who came of age around 1930.

THE world has so few novel beings, so few genuine originators, that one is always startled to recall that Cartier-Bresson bears the same relation to itinerant small-format photography that Euclid bore to geometry: he is a founder and an ancient of his art. It is by now an old story: how, at age twenty-four, while recovering from a severe case of malaria contracted in the Ivory Coast, he bought and almost instantly mastered a remarkable little camera that had just come on the market. The camera was the first Leica, a hand-held machine with a viewfinder mounted on the body: it was light, quiet, easy to focus, and equipped with an excellent lens. It seemed to have been invented with him in mind, and if you ask him today how long it took him to grasp the technique of 35-mm. photography he will crisply respond, "Three days." He will tell you that he studied the Leica manual, made a few trial exposures, and that was it: he would never alter his basic working method. Flash units, tripods, umbrellas, reflectors—none of these were for him. One lens—the "normal," or 50-mm.—suited him perfectly (though he would occasionally resort to a 90-mm.), and, despite a few brave tries, he never really took to color film.

His technique was simplicity itself, and so it has remained. When he spies a likely subject, he begins at once to position himself, and at just the instant when he feels that gestural expression, background, and lighting coincide to form a forceful composition, he snaps. He does not develop or print his pictures himself but leaves his rolls of film with a trusted printer, on the invariable understanding that only whole negatives will be used—that no image will ever be cropped. If you examine his proofs, you discover that he rarely shoots a subject more than half a dozen times; indeed, he cautions against overshooting, if only because it weakens concentration. A sort of blank awareness of the target, as in Zen archery, is all the technique he really possesses. He is fond of saying that he cannot take a photograph, the photograph has to take him.

Cartier-Bresson's first mature pictures—the ones dating from his convalescence in 1932—were soon followed by a host of others, taken in the course of trips to Spain and Italy and during a yearlong stay in Mexico. In those days, Cartier-Bresson knew almost no photographers; most of his friends were writers or painters—people like André Pieyre de Mandiargues, Léonor Fini, and Christian Bérard—and his work reflected his passionate absorption in Parisian avant-garde culture. In 1934, he was invited to Mexico City as the photographer for a surveying expedition, which almost instantly collapsed. Stranded and broke in the poorest part of town, he fell in with a group of creative people (among them was Manuel Alvarez Bravo, who became his first photographer friend) and started selling snapshots to local newspapers; eventually, an exhibition was organized at the Palacio de Bellas Artes. This Mexican phase offered him a foretaste of what became, in the



late nineteen-forties, his standard operating procedure: he roamed the city and mixed with its inhabitants, adopting their customs as freely as he could; all the while, he photographed them in a way that combined his Surrealism with a distinct sympathy for the downtrodden.

The Mexico City photographs confirm the power and consistency of the young man's vision. One of the most exemplary is a market scene in which the viewer looks down on three weary people resting in the shadow of a canvas umbrella. They appear to be sitting on crates by a stall—a workman in overalls studying a newspaper, and a woman with a grown girl sprawled in her lap. All traces of social context are caught with the utmost deftness—the man reads with a magnifying glass, the girl wears a dirty apron with a comb at the ready in its pocket—so one's attention never wanders from the gorgeous, Pietà-like pose of the woman and the girl. The shadow of the umbrella adds a touchingly protective, and characteristically Surreal, note to the picture.

By the end of 1934, Cartier-Bresson had shown his work publicly in New York and Madrid as well as in Mexico City, but the following year he largely abandoned photography in order to study moviemaking. Returning to Paris, he signed up with Jean Renoir as an assistant director; he would work on "A Day in the Country" and "Rules of the Game," and he would also make a film of his own—a documentary about Loyalist military hospitals in Spain. At the outbreak of the Second World War, he was mobilized into the French Army, and in June of 1940 his unit was captured in the Vosges. After three years of forced labor in Germany, he escaped and returned to Paris, where he became involved in photojournalism—first for the Resistance, then for the picture press. In 1947, he helped found Magnum Photos, the first photoreporters' agency with real clout in the marketplace; the agency forthwith dispatched him to Asia, where over several years he created a body of work that is widely regarded as one of the glories of postwar photojournalism.

As a professional, Cartier-Bresson began to spend a lot of time with other camera reporters. In Magnum itself, there was Robert Capa, the daring war photographer, whose character and judgment he deeply admired, and also David Seymour—known as Chim—who became one of his dearest friends. Within Magnum, Cartier-Bresson figured as a sort of specialist in decolonization: the Western empires were rapidly losing their Asian possessions, and he felt called to bear witness to this rift. He was in India just after the close of the Raj, in China at the triumph of the Communist Party, and in Indonesia for the first months of independence from the Dutch. During the next three decades, he would often return to the East, and he would also photograph both the Soviet Union and the United States.

In 1952, his friend Tériade, the Greek-born publisher who had earlier created the art review *Verve*, brought out the first comprehensive book of Cartier-Bresson photographs. Called "Images à la Sauvette"—the idiom is suggestive of speed and furtiveness—it appeared in the United States as "The Decisive Moment," and this title, which soon became a catchphrase, did much to confuse the American public about Cartier-Bresson's intentions. It

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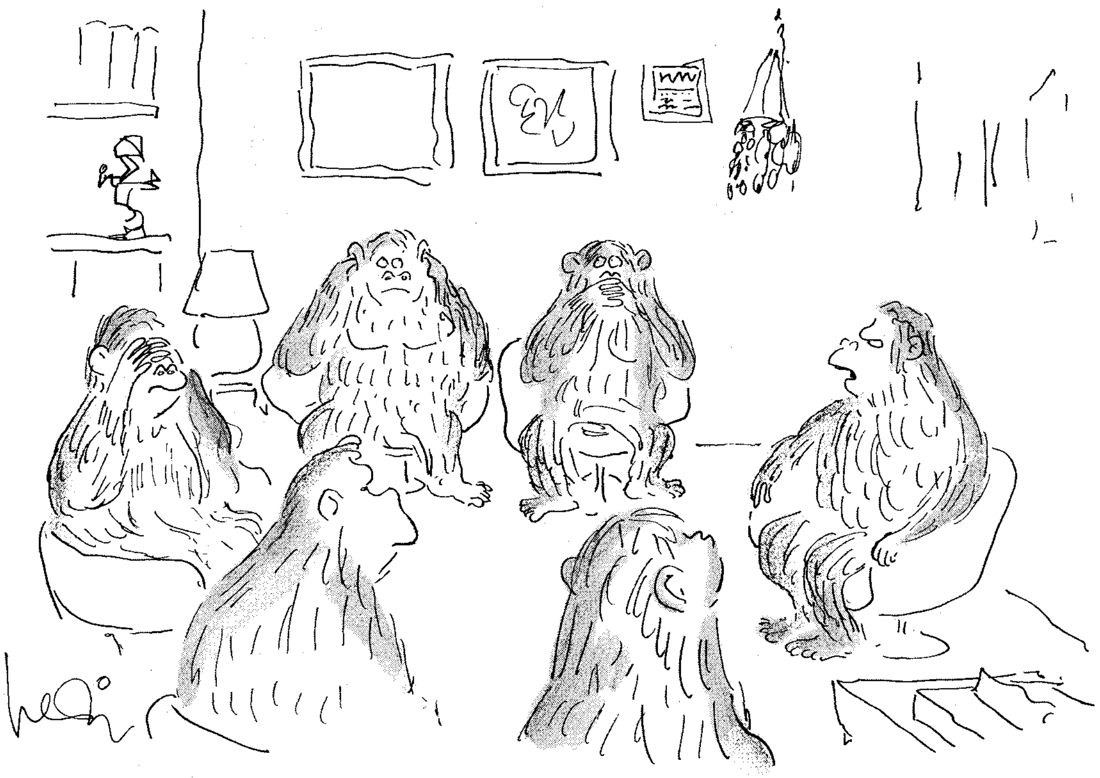

"Well, I feel some of you in this group are heavily into denial."

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implied that as a photographer he had some preternatural grasp of the unfolding of events, that he was able to discern those objective instants when people's gestures supposedly betray the moral nature of their actions. The truth was otherwise, for Cartier-Bresson had little feel for storytelling and never excelled at composing photo essays or catching historic moments; in fact, one of his maxims is "The anecdote is the enemy of photography." Not long ago, Inge Morath, who worked as his assistant before becoming a photographer in her own right, talked to me about her apprenticeship; one of the things she told me was that Cartier-Bresson had counselled her to look always for composition, for visual order, and let drama take care of itself. He persuaded her to try a viewfinder that inverted and reversed the image, and she found that by working in this "abstract" way she actually enhanced the social content of her shots. The lesson was that "the decisive moment" did not inhere in the story but was an expression of the beholder's form-sense.

Cartier-Bresson's photographs of the late forties held less mystery, tension, and spatial compression than his youthful work of the thirties. He was more interested in crowds and chaos now—he had to be, it was part of his job—and a certain compassion rose more readily to the surface of his pictures. His range of concerns grew broader, too, as he warmed to his role as a witness. Testimony, he felt, could be a form of expression; indeed, it was doubtful whether anyone would heed it if it were *not* a form of expression.

In conversation, Cartier-Bresson calls his camera "a tool for quick drawing," and refers to his photographs as "a visual chronicle" or simply as "my journal." Year after year, this journal's finest leaves have exhibited a geometrical patterning so subtly irregular as to seem a kind of organic growth, a rehearsal of some principle of natural creation. Yet what surprises you in his pictures is not this quality by itself but, rather, its coöperation with another quality—the sense of a fleeting moment seized. In your amazement at a picture, you do not usually ask "How can this be so?" but "How can *this* be so while *that* is also so?" Time seems to contrive puns with space, as in the famous image of the puddle jumper, whose leap is echoed by a dancer in a billboard ad, or the portrait of Alberto Giacometti duplicating the silhouette of one of his statues. In this game, Cartier-Bresson has shown a consistent eye for the subtlest of conjunctures, and has routinely captured the complex and revelatory interplay of large casts of characters. In India, for example, he once snapped a naked ascetic who unconsciously mimics the configuration of a nearby tree while several devotees peer out from between its branches; farther off, an indifferent goatherd surveys his flock. A picture like this has ambiguous meanings, and though it may not tell you much about Indians, it tells you a lot about people, and even more about the questioning nature of sight itself.

There is something hobgoblinish about Cartier-Bresson's visual alertness: his glance cuts through the Paris streets like an advance guard for his body. "Beautiful ironwork up there; good light on that old lady's face"—where the glance goes, he will usually follow, threading his way through the crowd to some apt post of observation. Despite his age, he still ranges rapidly through the city, and though he doesn't usually take his camera with him these days, he still often points with his index finger (a typical photographer's habit) at objects or actions that interest him. Even when he sees only what others see, the sight seems to tickle him more. Once, as I entered his living room, I saw him standing outside on the balcony, laughing softly; when I asked him what he was laughing at, he pointed to the southwest. A black, eel-shaped cloud had balanced itself with protractorlike accuracy on the tip of the Eiffel Tower, and he watched it as raptly as a child. The cloud was certainly a buffoon among clouds, and anyone might well have noticed it, but probably no one else in the world would have been so delighted by its prank.

Cartier-Bresson's friends often liken him to a cat or a bird—the enmity of these two animals suggesting the ten-

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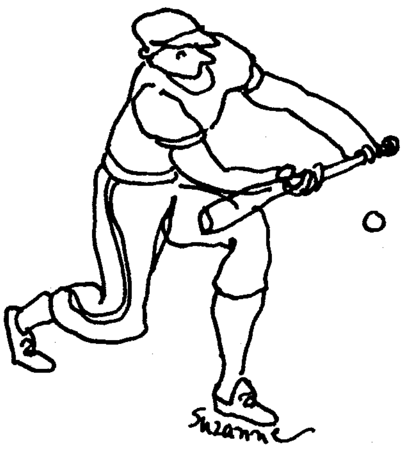
sions in his makeup—so a balcony seems a natural place for him. He lives, with his family, on the fifth floor of a porticoed and pedimented building overlooking the Tuileries (a favorite subject). For nineteen years, he has been married to Martine Franck, herself a brilliant photographer, and they have a seventeen-year-old daughter, named Mélanie. Martine is a tall, attractive woman of fifty-one, who moves with swanlike grace; she has that Iberian litheness and depth of color one finds sometimes among the Flemish. Born to an old Antwerp family (her paternal grandfather was a friend of Ensor, and several piquant Ensor sketches hang in the Cartier-Bressons' living room), she grew up in London, where her father was for many years the president of Samuel Montagu & Company, a merchant bank in the City; like her husband, she is a child of the high bourgeoisie. My earliest memories of Martine are of someone listening and listening to what other people are saying; she does not hold a silence so much as inhabit it, and in the end its sheer intensity dominates the conversation. Along with an impressive eye, she has extraordinary powers of sympathy, and in her work one strongly senses the photojournalist's chief moral dilemma: how to reconcile natural modesty with the professional habit of trespass.

When I try to imagine life with Cartier-Bresson, several images jump to mind. There is the H.C.-B. of the tear in the eye and the catch in the throat—the exponent (as a friend of his put it to me) of "old-fashioned tenderness." There is the H.C.-B. of the sidelong look, of the glance tracking over toward some momentary, peripheral action so visually exquisite that the mere remembrance of it brightens your day. And then there is the H.C.-B. of the unpredictable towering rage. Such outbursts rapidly blow themselves out, and few people take them amiss; you might say that they are merely his way of entrusting you with a parcel of his grumpiness. He himself confesses that he is "milk on the fire," but it is not, one suspects, his grousing or his adventurous opinions that tax his intimates so much as his pouncing impatience. This impatience—this compulsion to steal a march on the world—surely contributes to the quality of his photographs, but it also tries his family and friends. His wife is calm in the midst of it all, as if annealed by his heat, but even she sometimes sighs at his fretting, his waffling, his fits of temper.

Because he seems to be living in a different time frame from those around him, Cartier-Bresson can remind you of a wildly dissenting clock in a clock shop. His minutes are not other people's minutes. He burns to do five things in the time it would take to do one, and when he finds he cannot he wastes precious moments trying to choose among the five. Then, there is the matter of his memory, with its selective lapses: though he expressly forgets large tracts of his past, he often resumes very old conversations, or even conversations that never took place. This has nothing to do with his age; it's his nature. Once, he greeted me at his front door by informing me, "She is here! Anna is here!"

Knowing no Anna, I stared and ransacked my memory.

"It is Anna today, not Kim!" he insisted. "And she came at two, not three!"



I accepted the implied correction, then inquired who these people might be.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, and explained that they were his models.

There is often a model expected at Cartier-Bresson's these days. For the last fifteen years, he has done a lot more drawing than photography, and in a way this practice is another of his resumed conversations, because for a time in the late twenties he was an art student in the school of André Lhote, an influential prewar painter and teacher. He still speaks almost reverently of Lhote's teaching; it was Lhote who succeeded in sensitizing him to the prime concerns of modern picture-making. One of the things Lhote talked about was "screens"—how space in a painting could be treated as a succession of planes cut out against other planes—and such screens, often in the form of grilles and perforated walls and doors, have always played a major role in Cartier-Bresson's images. Cartier-Bresson also came to share the serious modern artist's distrust of grand themes and stagy figure compositions. "What I am after," he told me, "is geometry. I once played a silly game with Alberto Giacometti in which each of us had to pick his three favorite painters. In common we chose van Eyck and Cézanne, and then one of us chose Paolo Uccello and the other chose Piero della Francesca. This is my taste—I have no feeling for the theatrical in art. I have no feeling for

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We've found neither love nor money for a good

eight years. The paper on fire in the gutter was
not money. I don't know where we are; it is not like

jail. For a moment, let's try to sit inside
the garden; no, nothing is for us behind those bars.

The pavement runs house to house, is hard
to walk on. It sparkles with glass, mica, and no

spare change. The unlined pockets are the ones with holes
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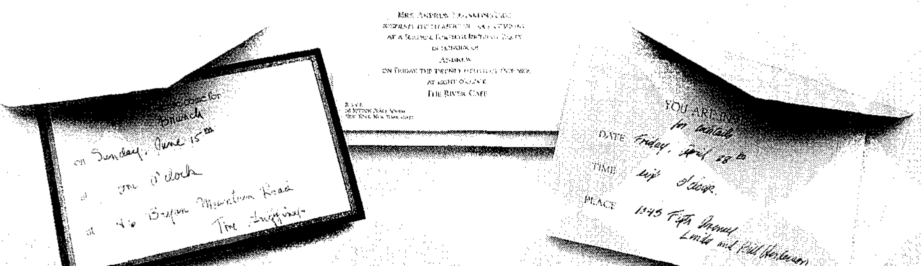
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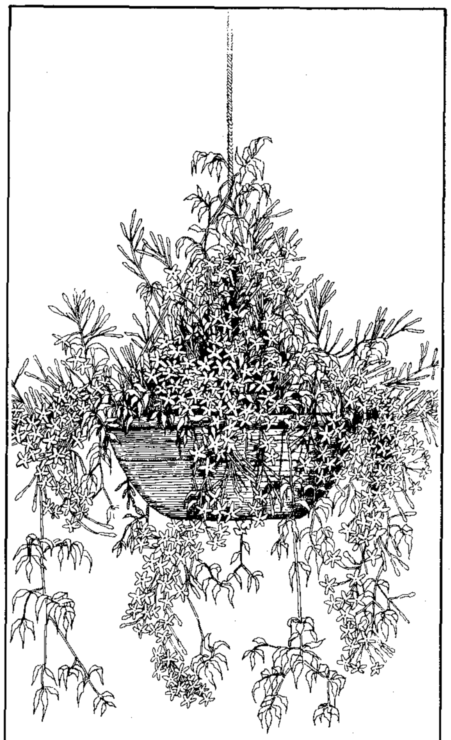

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Caravaggio. Poussin and Cézanne hated Caravaggio. And I do not really care for Tintoretto. I was in Venice once with Léonor Fini, the painter and set designer, and I told her that I did not care for those vast Tintorettos in the Doge's Palace and that other palace. And she came at me with her long nails and tried to push me out of our gondola, all because I did not care for the Tintorettos."

Cartier-Bresson has a long litany of objections to contemporary tastes and public policies. These objections came together for him one day when he was looking at the Sistine ceiling and saw it suddenly as "a prophecy, in comic-strip form," of the end of life on our planet. He objects to the mutilation of the earth, to the vulgarity of consumer society, to the crushing of native cultures, to the swamping of regional customs. He hates all self-consciousness in dress, food, and furniture, and he believes that people think too much and perceive too little, and that nothing worth learning can be taught—at least, nothing about photography. Often he has a public letter out or in the works—another practice he picked up from the Surrealists—and he commands every trick of this grotesque literary subgenre, including the insulting joke and the willfully tasteless pun. He is appalled by the hordes of shutterbugs who barge through those places in the Third World where once he prowled with his little Leica and his stock of black-and-white film.

He also insists that he does not believe in morality, and is prepared, with all his moral nervature showing, to hotly defend this point. I remember one evening when he got involved in a curious dispute with a friend of his, a famous poet, who had come to see him. The poet seemed a difficult man to argue with: his hair was patriarchally white, his face impassive; he was distant, weathered, dour, and (I came to suspect) most often right. But none of this daunted Cartier-Bresson, who initiated the discussion with a ringing assertion of the utter fatuousness of the idea of right and wrong. The whole notion of culpability, he announced, had been invented by the Hebrews and passed on to the Christians, and now we were all saddled with it. The Orient, he claimed, had no such preoccupation with guilt—the Orient was guilt-free.

During this harangue, the poet studied his left shoe. At length, he avowed that he was not convinced of the truth of what Cartier-Bresson was saying. Mustn't we all accept some responsibility for our actions, he suggested, whether we live in the East or the West? Look at the insurance companies; they were based on a concept of accountability, yet he had never noticed anything particularly Christian about them. Had Cartier-Bresson?

Cartier-Bresson pouted and blushed—he is a great blusher—and gamely discharged some conversational ballast. He was willing to admit that he did approve of some things in the Christian religion. He had quite liked the saying of the Latin Mass, the dignity of the old melodies and chants.

"But of course," said the poet. "That goes without saying. You don't believe in God, Henri, and the less anyone believes in God the more he insists that the Mass be said in Latin."

I looked over at Cartier-Bresson and saw, to my surprise, that he was glowing: far from feeling trumped, he obviously relished this rejoinder. Why, then, had he started this discussion? To ventilate his mind? To spur the poet's wit? He began to argue his point again, and though his words yielded no hint of burlesque exaggeration, somewhere in his eyes the tiniest point of humor glimmered and dissolved.

ONE summer not long ago, I visited Cartier-Bresson and his wife and daughter at their second home, which is near the town of Forcalquier, in the part of Haute-Provence called the Luberon. This region is an hour to the east of Alphonse Daudet country, and if, like me, you arrive with no more knowledge of Provence than what you gleaned as a schoolchild from Daudet's "Letters from My Windmill," you will lose your bearings there. It is much steeper territory than Daudet's, much more eccentric and mysteriously compartmentalized, and is devoted very largely—or was, until recently—to the herding of sheep. The houses are fortresses of thick, irregular stone masonry, surmounted by terra-cotta tiles, and often shaded by a full-crowned evergreen oak tree (the "ilex" of the poets). They are called *campagnes* or *bergeries* by the people of the Luberon, and usually contain a huge granary—now rarely used as such

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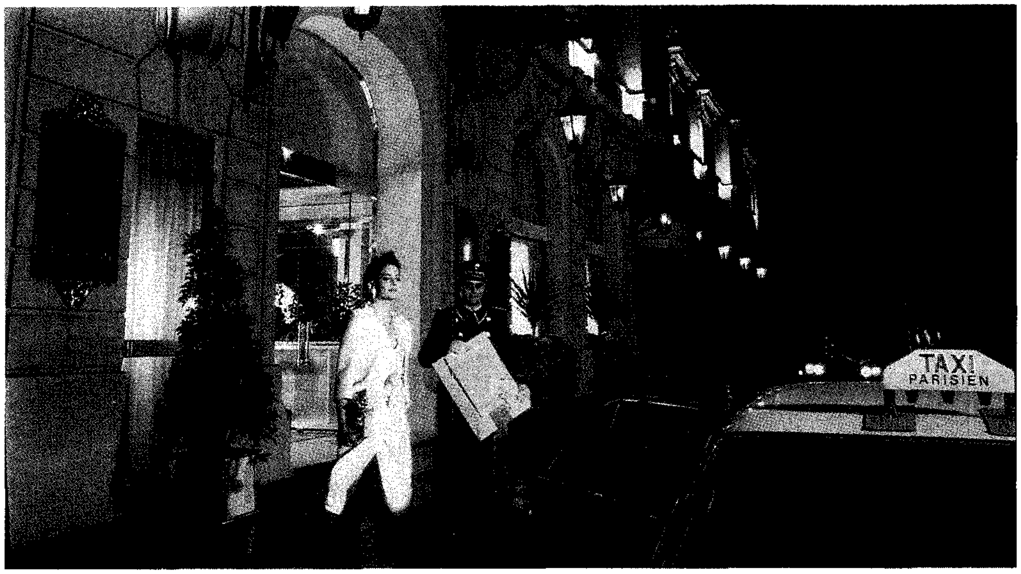

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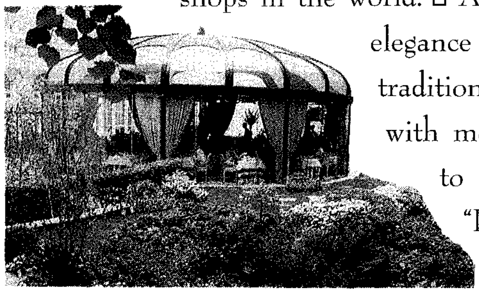

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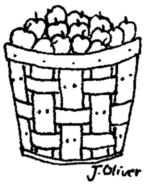
—in the midst of the living quarters.

The Cartier-Bressons' house rests on a broad shelf in the vast northern declivity of the Montagne du Luberon. Though they have planted a few trees and shrubs, generally they have done as little as possible to alter the appearance of the old *bergerie*. The adjacent fields are worked by a neighboring farmer, and the surrounding banks of lavender and rosemary, which in summer emit a heavy scent, are indistinguishable from those that flank the dwellings of the native countrymen. At the rear of the house sprawl a bed of petunias and another of impatiens, enclosed by a stone retaining wall; beyond this wall stretches an overgrown meadow dotted with a few fruit trees, and beyond that rises a very steep knoll, whose ancient terraces are choked by a tangle of aromatic bushes and vines.



The interior is a matter of deep embrasures and hand-hewn beams, of tawny or varicolored terra-cotta tiles, of "country" furniture, dowelled and pegged, and of rustic pottery and rush-bottomed chairs—all local things, or things that could pass for local. The only object that looks surprised to find itself there is a statue of the Buddha, which stands by the rear entrance to the largest room, a former granary with walls of undressed stone.

Some months before my arrival, Cartier-Bresson had undergone an operation to replace a knee prosthesis, and since he was still unsure of his right leg it fell to me to chauffeur him around. The roads were poor, the gradients steep, and I often felt as if I were zigzagging through an immense storeroom of stage flats and backdrops. Piled up pell-mell, in the oddest relations of plane to plane, were tilled fields, pastures, escarpments, defiles, canyons, copses, and alleys of stately trees; here and there rose clusters of those soft hillocks of farmland which the French call *mamelons*. Winding its way through this shifting terrain, the road would climb by degrees to higher ground, perhaps to the severe geometrical stonework of a hill town; more likely than not, we would soon be caught in a series of hairpin turns, with one shoulder of the road plunging giddily down into what appeared, from my place behind the wheel, to be sheer vacancy.

Often, Cartier-Bresson had errands to run in the morning, and we would nose warily off from the house in his Volkswagen Golf through an alley of parasol pines and down a steep, unpaved road through a forest of scrub oak and Aleppo pine. At regular intervals, the Golf would jounce over a culvert made of stone bars: difficulty of access clearly belonged to Cartier-Bresson's concept of a rural retreat. At the bottom of the hill, where we entered a network of byways, funny things started to happen. "Get way up on the right shoulder," he would command, as a gully opened up under the car. "Honk here—beep-beep!—there's a road merging from behind. Keep wide of that hummock there, now swing to the left. Stop! Anyone coming from your side?" At this point, a Citroën would very likely shoot by, eliciting an "*Oh là! Salaud de Marseillais!*" and a shake of the head from my passenger. "Watch out for these No. 13 license plates," he would say, and he would go on to list every fault in the Marseillais manner of driving. The one license plate he fraternally saluted was the 04, which betokened the local man or woman. There was a certain presumption in this—after all, Cartier-Bresson is basically a summer person in Provence—but also a certain naturalness. His liking for the Provençal character is relatively new, for until 1970 or so he had a country house in Touraine, whose soft light he adored. But deeper than any particular affiliation lies his innate tendency to blend into the landscape, to find out about local traditions, to grant that the natives around him—whether Provençal or Indian or Chinese—know more about many things than he does. "Look at these houses, their perfect proportions," he would say as we drove along. "People simply cannot make these beautiful things today, and don't tell me it's a matter of expense. They've lost the sense of geometry."

Three mornings a week, Cartier-Bresson went to train his weakened leg under a physiotherapist's supervision at her office in a nearby village. She would first massage the leg, then attach weights to it for him to pump. He always chatted companionably with her, but once outside he would fall into a petulant mood, appalled at the chunks of time his knee problem was costing him. All this wearisome husbanding of

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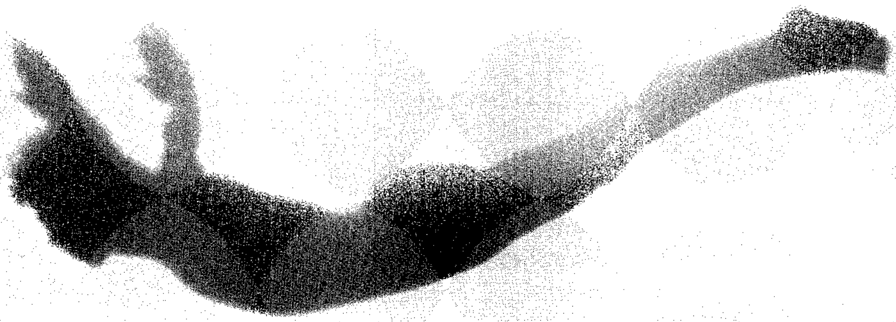

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energy was not the sort of life he was used to.

"I like to say that a photographer must be something of an acrobat, because he is always running, balancing, about to tip over," he told me once as we left the physiotherapist's office. "Do you know what it takes to be a photographer? It takes one finger, one eye, and *two legs*. I used to run or walk thirty to forty kilometres a day, and because of this I've kept fit my whole life, without ever engaging in sports. As a matter of fact, I hate sports. Sports always involve these *round* things—as in soccer, cricket, basketball. Why must they be round? It's so boring. The shape of the rugby ball is such a relief after all this *roundness*."

"But didn't you like sports as a child?" I asked.

"As an adolescent, I liked to paint," he said, "and on Sundays and Thursdays—our days off from school—I often did paint. My father liked art, and drew well himself, and on Sundays he might talk to me about painting, or take me to look at antique furniture and old bindings."

"So you come from a visual family?" I said.

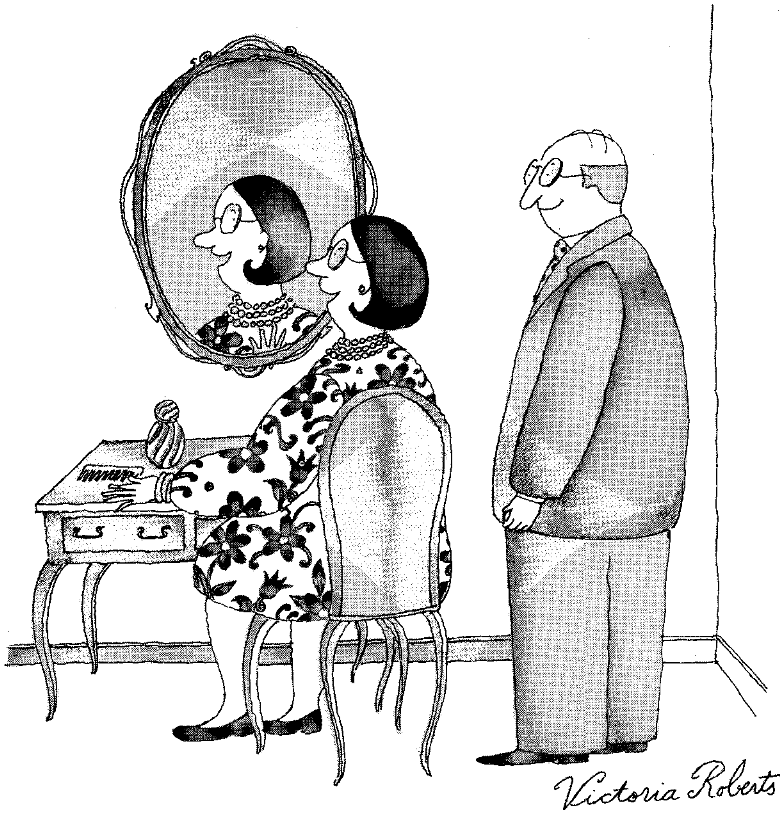
"Well, my great-grandfather was an artist—I'll show you a fine album of his drawings the next time we're in Paris together—and my uncle Louis Cartier-Bresson was a talented painter. He studied under Cormon at the Beaux-Arts—like Soutine—and he won the Prix de Rome in 1910. He was killed at the start of the First World War."

We settled into the car and headed out of the village. "As a child, I was not aware of how well-off we were," he went on. "We didn't take vacations—holidays meant visits to my grandparents. And the food was, well . . . " He gave a disparaging smile. "We were very frugal. Everyone was mending stockings, and one year my grandfather halved the expense of my Christmas present, because times, in his opinion, were so hard. My family, who were Catholics, but republican Catholics, were ashamed of their wealth—they never gave money to their young children—and later, when I was old enough to realize that we were not at all poor, I, too, began to feel ill at ease. I began to feel a certain guilt toward the working class."

I asked him to tell me more about his family.

"My father's people were farmers, from about twenty miles north of Roissy-en-France and also from the northern part of Burgundy, near Avallon," he said. "My mother's family had been living in northern Normandy since always. Both families were in the textile business, but their peasant background never seemed far away. Those were the early years of industrialization, when young adolescents worked in the textile mills, and the ethic of paternalism was still in force among the grand bourgeoisie. Work hard! No cheating! No talking about money! Build a church to justify the money you've made! But, at the same time, there weren't any taxes to be paid. Eventually, this ethic led into left-wing Catholicism and—in my own generation—to the guilt complex I have mentioned.

"My father was stern and quiet, and looked very much like an English gentleman. He was always in his study writing—he gave me a distaste for business, except when he had samples of threads of different colors. Then I'd enjoy helping him judge one blue swatch against another blue swatch. Then we were chums! My mother was extraordinarily beautiful, right up to old age. She was highly sensitive, nervous, always wondering whether she was right or wrong, and she had a passion for psychology and philosophy, and for music. My brother and my two sisters were all much younger than I was. One of my sisters died before the war, of an illness. I spent my childhood summers very largely in Normandy, and I still dearly love that province. As a boy, I explored all the quays of Rouen, where my maternal grandparents lived—I was nourished by wharves, by boats bound for Africa, by taverns where sailors drank. My Norman grandfather was a Dreyfusard, something rare in his Catholic milieu—but personally he was very strict. I remember that at the age of eighteen I was carrying a book around, and he saw it and asked me, 'What have you got there?' I showed it to him—it was 'Strait Is the Gate,' by Gide—and he said, 'Step into my study, Henri.' He looked very serious. He said, 'Listen, Henri, don't you know that the woman this Gide fellow married is our own cousin Madeleine Rondeaux? He may be a fine writer, but he's a very wicked man.' My grandfather was terribly disappointed when I failed to earn my *bachot*—my high-school diploma. In those days, it was the custom to give a boy his first hunting rifle when he got his *bachot*, and I suppose he was looking forward to that moment. Later, when he heard



"And I'll thank you not to refer to these as my Barbara Bush pearls."

that I was going about with a camera, he asked someone if I had become a photographer. 'He has? Then he's a failure,' he said."

Nearly every day, Cartier-Bresson and I would drive in to the village to pick up the mail or a newspaper, and usually we would stop for a cup of coffee at the principal village café. This place was run by a neighbor of Cartier-Bresson's, a farmer driven to café-tending by the increasing unprofitability of agriculture in the Luberon. We would drink our coffee, stories would be exchanged, and a verbal skirmish would erupt as we took our leave—Cartier-Bresson emphatically trying to pay, the café-keeper adamantly refusing payment. Then we would head out of the village and up into the hills. Away from the Marseillais and the monotheists on holiday, beside a quiet winding road, is where Cartier-Bresson likes to stop and draw; often he returns to some favorite lookout that commands a number of views. The Luberon, with its many brusque shifts of vista and mood, seems divided into a collection of miniature provinces, corresponding not to any actual holdings but to some system of supernatural domain; here and there, you feel that you are invading the personal arena of some storybook deity. What binds Cartier-Bresson to this landscape, and what gives it the look of externalized thought, is simply the fact that it was made by man. You sense this in the shapes of the copses, which often resemble scraps from a tailor's cutting table, and you see it in those *mamelons*, which swell like puffed-up patchwork squares out of a network of artificial depressions, and which form a recurrent feature of his drawings.

"I could never draw the American West," Cartier-Bresson once told me as he began to sketch such a landscape, "because it was not made by man. Your Grand Canyon, for instance—I could never draw it. It reminds me of the entrails of animals." He was working with a lead pencil, and as his hand skittered over the paper it conjured up not only the motif in view but also some quality I remembered from his photographs. He had sometimes puzzled me by calling himself "a stingy Norman," but at that moment I sensed how his photographs and drawings embodied the ancient, secretive thrift of the French countryside—not the meanness of Balzac's provincials (that was a different, though perhaps related, matter) but simply the provident peasant's instinct for the deployment of resources. Like the plots of land unfolding before us, Cartier-Bresson's little rectangles of light and shade abhorred all waste and excess.

Sometimes on our way home from a drawing session, I would induce him to tell me a little more about his early life. He would talk about his days at the Lycée Condorcet, and how he had lost interest in earning his diploma; about his immersion in Schopenhauer and Proust; about his passion for Rimbaud; about a school friend who had taken him to meet Élie Faure, the famous art historian and anarchist; about another friend, who became a banker and a sculptor and whose three daughters had modelled for Balthus; and about Max Jacob, the poet, who had pulled his leg constantly but had also encouraged his artistic interests.

"I used to visit Max a lot, and at his place I met Pierre Colle, the art dealer. Pierre's mother knew how to tell fortunes with a tarot deck, and one day I asked her to tell mine. I told her I wanted to sail to the Far East. 'No,' she said, 'maybe later. Now you go to the other side of the world. There you'll be robbed, but you won't care. Somebody will die, and you'll be very sad. Later, you'll marry somebody from the East, though not from India and not from China, and not white. The marriage will be difficult. You'll make a name for yourself in your profession. When you are old, you'll marry someone much younger than yourself, and you'll be very happy, and you'll have one or two children.' Then she gave a hint about the way I would die. And, so far, everything has come about as she foretold. I went, as you know, to Mexico, where I signed a blank check made out to the head of our expedition, and he cashed it. I didn't give a damn—I had only a little money, which my family had given to me in case of illness. Then an uncle died, in an accident—it was he who had given me my first copy of Proust. Later, in 1937, I married Ratna, my first wife, who was Javanese. At every turn, my life has been marked by coincidence, and I am often reminded of what André Breton used to call Objective Chance. Breton felt that coincidence was everywhere, like a hidden pattern, and one ought to look out for it. He liked to say that one had to put oneself in a state of grace with Chance."

CARTIER-BRESSON'S first great adventure, his trip to West Africa in 1931, offered him a personal confirmation of the fact that fortune could be wooed. By going to Africa and getting extremely sick there, he fell in behind Rimbaud, who had done the same thing in the eighteen-seventies. Lots of remarkable Frenchmen were wandering around Africa in the twenties and thirties—Gide, Céline, Cendrars, and Michel Leiris among them. The experience was a sort of baptism into the world of left-wing and bohemian anti-colonialism. What first awakened Cartier-Bresson's longing for Africa was a photograph by Martin Munkacsi of three black boys leaping into the surf of Lake Tanganyika—an image of freedom, and proof that the most spontaneous of human actions could be recorded on paper.

At that point in his life, Cartier-Bresson told me, he was deeply involved with a married woman ten years older than he was. Yet despite the joy of their attachment, and despite all his gratitude to her, he longed to get away from Europe. Since he had always had a yearning for adventure (what he likes to call "*mon petit côté Viking*"), he decided to ship out, and with the help of his grandfather he found a freighter in Rouen bound for Douala, in Cameroon. As soon as he arrived in Africa, he got work on a steamer that delivered goods and mail to the towns along the coast. He was entrusted with the ship's manifest, and at each port of call, with this document in hand, he would ride a landing craft piled with cargo to the shore. It was "great fun," he told me

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—the roiling surf, the bobbing boat—until the day the little craft capsized in shark-infested shallows and he had to swim ashore. It was then that he observed that no measures had been taken to protect the black crews; their lives were hazarded with utter indifference, and they were paid mostly in bananas and cheap rum.

Sometime later, in the Ivory Coast, he fell in with a timber merchant. He had just made up his mind to work for him when the fellow took ill from sunstroke and began to show signs of derangement. Abandoning this plan, Cartier-Bresson plunged into the bush to work for a planter, who operated an antiquated palm-oil harvester. The planter lived about fifty miles from the coast, in a corrugated-tin hut, with his beautiful Sudanese common-law wife. In addition to helping him out with his work, Cartier-Bresson sold candles and various trinkets in a nearby bazaar. He also met an Austrian hunter, who taught him how to hunt the local game. As a boy, Cartier-Bresson had occasionally hunted with his father in Normandy or in the Île-de-France, and now he stalked boar and antelope and swamp deer with the Austrian; hunting only at night, wearing a metal helmet fitted with an acetylene lamp, he learned to direct a beam of light at his prey and identify it by the color of its eyes.

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After a while, wishing to make more money, he moved south to the port of Tabou, on Cape Palmas, near the Liberian border. Five or six French civil servants lived there with their families, as did a similar number of French families engaged in trade; the two groups despised each other and avoided all contact with each other. As Cartier-Bresson described it, Tabou bore a striking resemblance to Louis-Ferdinand Céline's imaginary colony of Bambola-Bragamance in "Journey to the End of the Night." When he read Céline's novel, several years later, he was impressed by its brutal characterization of French West Africa, and especially of the moral self-destruction of the European settlers, who, "like scorpions" (in Céline's phrase), were slowly poisoning themselves with their hatred of their black underlings and of themselves.

Appalled by this manner of life, Cartier-Bresson decided to head into the wilderness again, away from the white world. With his treasured copies of Rimbaud's poems, Lautréamont's "Les Chants de Maldoror," and Joyce's "Ulysses," he walked up the Cavally River, accompanied by five or so porters, until he came upon an abandoned coffee plantation with a native village beside it. There he made friends with a black man named Doua, and together they crossed the river into Liberia to buy cartridges and white rum. He began to hunt again, and to sell the meat through runners heading downriver. After several months of this primitive existence, he contracted blackwater fever, a highly lethal, little-studied complication of malaria whose principal symptoms are blackish urine and bouts of violent trembling. There were rumors abroad in the village that Doua had once murdered an abusive white woman; nevertheless, he nursed Cartier-Bresson with surprising expertise. A runner was sent to Tabou for help, and eventually a pirogue arrived; the young Frenchman was carried aboard, but his terror and despair were so great that after several miles he begged to be returned to Doua's care. "I believe that Doua saved my life," Cartier-Bresson told me. "He seemed to know a great deal about medicinal herbs. Perhaps he had even studied sorcery." At one point, Cartier-Bresson felt that he was very near death and wrote a letter to his grandfather asking to be buried in Normandy, beside the forest of Eawy, to the strains of Debussy's String Quartet. "Your grandfather deems that too expensive," an uncle wrote back. "It would be preferable that you come home first."

He made it home, of course, and though he apparently didn't have much in his bag—his three books, a few mildewed snapshots he had taken with a box camera, and a pair of tribal statues, which he later learned were endowed with supernatural powers—his life had begun to acquire a metaphorical texture. It was no accident that he had resorted to hunting to support himself, or that he had been saved from death by a mysterious remedy from the nonwhite world.

One afternoon, he casually mentioned to me that as Jean Renoir's assistant during the shooting of "Rules of the Game" he had been put in charge of the rabbit-hunting scene. I

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realized that—as if to confirm the cliché about the predatory nature of photographers—he had often appeared in the guise of a hunter. Having observed his alertness on the Luberon roads, I suggested to him that his sense of beauty was perhaps the same as his sense of danger, but seen from an altered angle: he had hunted—and, later, been hunted, by the Germans during the war—and his fine nose for the chase had concentrated his mind.

"But of course the cliché is apt," he said. "I am a natural hunter. Even as a boy, I was a very good shot. De Gaulle once told me that a photographer was like a gunner—he had to aim well, fire fast, and cut out. But I must tell you that something about shooting those animals in the Ivory Coast rubbed me the wrong way, and after my return to France I never hunted again. What I like, you see, is the stalking; I have no use for the meat. After I became a photojournalist, I used to send in negatives without showing much interest in the printed stories, and that exasperated people—they couldn't understand it. To them it was like a man shooting a pheasant and then not bothering to eat it—something profoundly taboo. But I am like that. To push the shutter release—*ping!*—that is a great joy. But looking at photos is something else. I don't particularly like to look at photos. Have you seen any photos on my walls?"

FOR Cartier-Bresson, Provence is not only a source of motifs but also a vast social spectacle. I began to realize this one day at the tail end of a little lunch party the Cartier-Bressons were holding on the terrace. Helen Wright, Cartier-Bresson's elegant and very knowledgeable agent, was there, as were several friends who lived in the area.

The main course was over; we were all dabbing our lips and patting our stomachs and leaning contentedly back from the table. All, that is, but Cartier-Bresson, who sat ramrod-straight, with his pearl-handled pocketknife in one hand and his Phare de Cap Bon in the other, contemplating a half-finished platter of stuffed tomatoes.

"Who would like another tomato?" he asked. "Martine? Can I tempt you?"

"No, thanks," said Martine.

"Split it?" he suggested.

"No, thanks," said Martine.

He speared the tomato with his pocketknife and put it on his plate.

I was sitting across from him, where I could look out at the hills on the far side of the valley, and I made some remark about the layered aspect of the landscape—how the fields and vineyards gave way, as they mounted, to straggling scrub forests, and the forests to those gorse-studded slopes the botanists call "garigues."

"I might add," said Cartier-Bresson, who is interested in landscape primarily as it reflects mankind, "that there are also three levels of society here. There are the locals—the people of Haute-Provence—who have thinned out considerably since the war. There are the summer people, mostly Parisians and Marseillais, with their ostentatious houses and cars. And then there is the Mob, which is composed largely of burglars and the antique dealers who fence for them. Yes indeed, some of the dealers are very thick with the burglars!"

One of the guests, a bearded Provençal, emphatically confirmed this opinion. "Stripping a summer house bare during the winter is a specialty of the burglars of the Midi," he said. "And many are in league with the dealers."

"Some of those burglars tried it right here," said Cartier-Bresson. "Of course, they didn't take much, because they couldn't get their truck up here fast enough, and since then we have removed the entire contents of the house at the end of each summer. But, all the same, it was an unnerving incident. The first thing the police asked me after the burglary was if I had received a visit from the parish priest of Saint-Michel l'Observatoire. It seems that a thief was making the rounds of the neighborhood disguised as a curate on a charitable mission, his real aim being to case people's houses and belongings. He had an accomplice, a Spaniard, who did the actual boosting for him, but he hadn't figured out what sort of person this Spaniard was, and he wound up being robbed and tortured and murdered by the man. This happened about four years ago."

Cartier-Bresson helped himself to a piece of guinea fowl and coated it with red pepper. "Maybe I should point out that I'm not sure I'm opposed to stealing," he continued. "After all, it puts property back into circulation. I am a convinced anarchist, and I think Rousseau had a point when he suggested that the first real thief was the man who put an enclosure around a field and called it his own. The problem is that these robbers have the habit of smashing things during their break-ins, and that is dreadful, really dreadful. Thieving should be done with elegance! A good pickpocket is an artist!"

Almost imperceptibly, Cartier-Bresson had begun one of his verbal crescendos, and his hortatory tone triggered his wife's skepticism. "Oh, Henri," she said, "I don't think you'd have such a great regard for thievery if your pocket had just been picked."

"But, *chérie*, I myself have been a pickpocket," he replied, putting down his knife and his Phare de Cap Bon. "Of course, it was only for a minute. It was at a gallery opening. Tériade had come in, and when we embraced I felt his wallet pressing up against me, and then it just sort of—well, slipped into my hand, and a few minutes later I began to parade it around the gallery, calling, 'Fine Greek wallet, any takers?' Was he furious! He was a dear fellow, but I must say that he was very close with his money."

Smiling helplessly, Martine stood up. "There's still cheese, fruit, yogurt, and pastry," she said.

"Excellent, we'll have all those things," said Cartier-Bresson triumphantly.

The day after this speech, I got a chance to watch Cartier-Bresson spying on the local population. He and Martine and Helen Wright and I had driven to L'Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, a pretty town east of Avignon, to look over the shops and the markets there. For a while, we wandered about the tree-lined boulevards by the River Sorgue and picked our way through stalls laden with earthenware, faïence, and écru lace; then, when our hunger had ripened, we strolled over to a café-restaurant, where Cartier-Bresson had made reservations. The restaurant was near a quay, and seemed to partake of the dancing light of the river. We entered through a suite of salons, whose mirrors caught scraps of blue-and-white sky, and then emerged into a courtyard furnished with tables and chairs; in the midst of the tables was a hexagonal stone fountain studded with frowning masks. As we sat down, a busboy threw a flowered cloth over our table. All around us, elderly ladies in sprigged frocks were sitting over other flowered tablecloths, while off to one side some people had started a game of *pétanque*, the Midi form of outdoor bowling.

Three huge plane trees formed a vault over the court, and as Cartier-Bresson surveyed the sun-dappled crowd he stretched discreetly and waggled his head, like a sparrow taking a dust bath. A mysterious transformation had come over him: he radiated a strangely mischievous serenity, and all the weight of his gnarled impatience seemed to roll off his back. He asked if Martine cared to pass him her camera. With a faint clandestine smile, she handed it to him in the shadow of the table.

He leaned over toward me. "The local bourgeoisie is very conservative," he said, in an undertone. "These people all have the same sort of face. Look at that pair of ladies by the fountain, the light on their heads—it's perfect."

I glanced over at the two ladies: they wore quiet floral dresses and leaned together like a pair of pleached fruit trees.

"Don't stare so," he said. But he kept right on talking about them, di-

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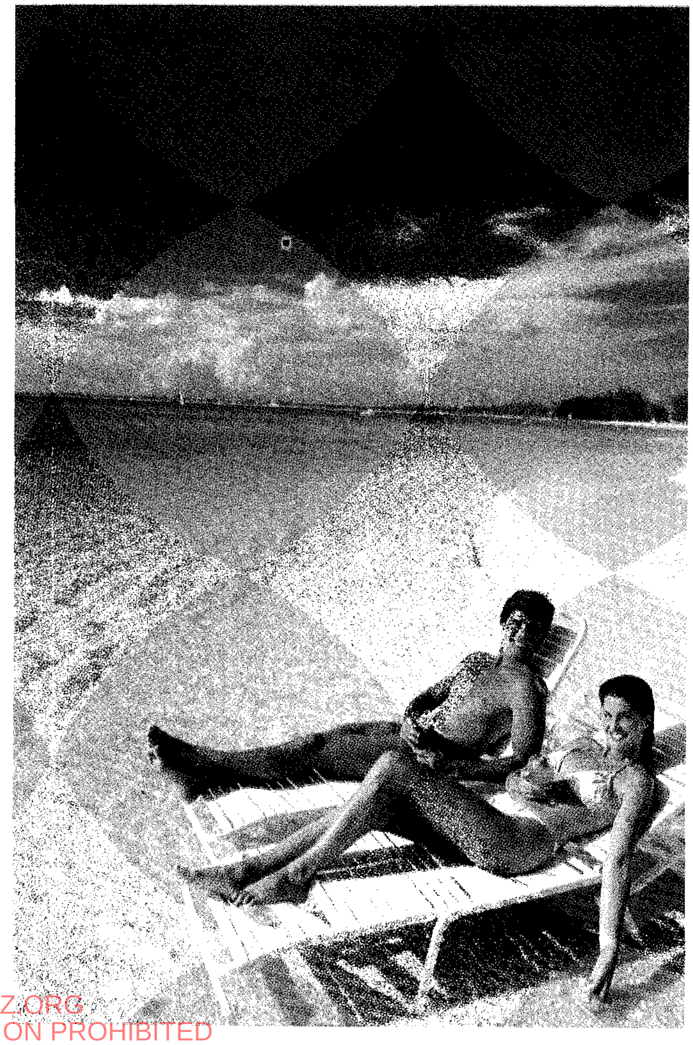

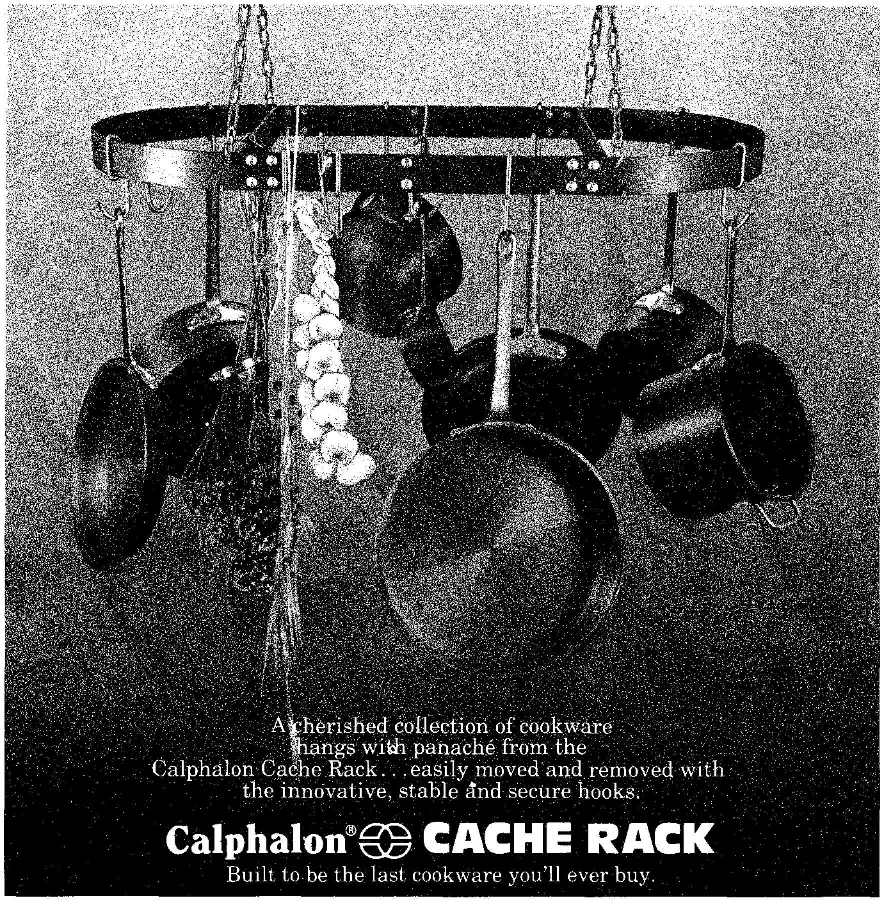

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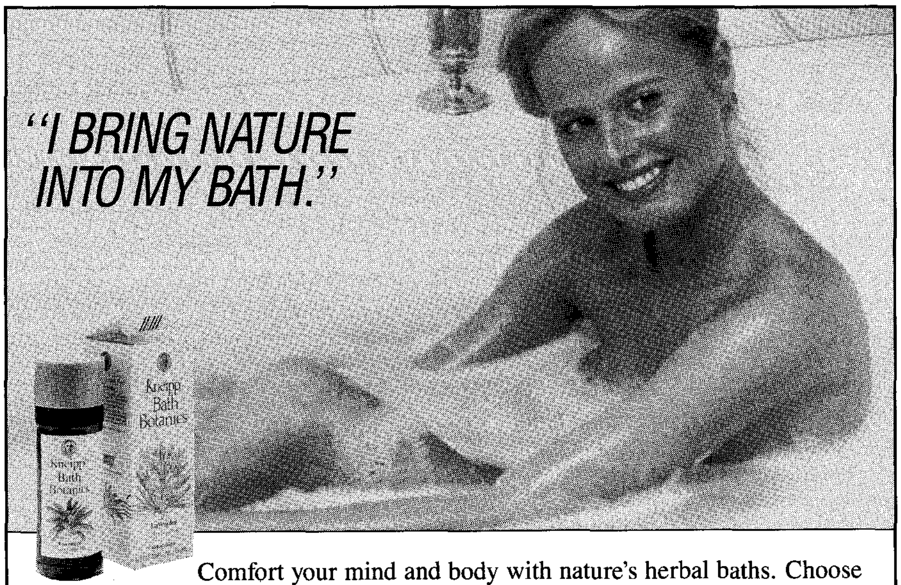

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vining the roles they played in the social life of the province, and though he seemed aware of their every gesture, he wasn't actually looking at them; there might have been a prism in his head. His gaze wandered, resting on one or another festive group—this flashing wine bucket, those raised glasses—till at length it lit on the enclosing backdrop of ivy-covered walls and plane-tree boughs. "That background is the problem," he said, and I saw what he meant. It was too busy: sun-spotted leaves rustled behind the heads of the luncheon crowd, creating a figured-chintz effect.

"Now look at those people coming in," he said. "That one, he's a doctor—no, excuse me, a psychiatrist." The man was tall and fat, and wore wire-rimmed glasses and expensive lightweight-wool trousers. "And those people over there, they are completely different. They are difficult, very difficult, I don't know. . . . Aha, now look at those! *They* are antique dealers, maybe fences—just the sort I was talking about at lunch yesterday." Three squat people—a woman, a man, and a lumpy adolescent, who appeared to be their son—were just walking into the courtyard. They looked like anyone else to me.

As Cartier-Bresson gave up the idea of taking pictures, his pickpocket air vanished, and he peered about more frankly. A lot of people had come in by now, and there were bits of action everywhere. At the other side of the dining area, several small tables had been drawn together to make a big one, and between the two rows of smiling faces a little drama was taking place: with exaggerated care, a waiter set down a huge package, of the sort that florists concoct. It had an electric-blue wrapper. "That blue is *not* good," said Cartier-Bresson, with a kind of stage manager's dismay. "That blue is not good at all." Just then the headwaiter veered by our party, and Cartier-Bresson caught his elbow. "If you please," he whispered, nodding toward the giant blue package, "why the flowers?"

Of course, this was a piece of out-and-out nosiness, and the headwaiter shrugged in feigned ignorance. It wasn't a very convincing gesture, but Cartier-Bresson paid it no heed; he was too engrossed now in the amazing package, and I noticed that he had once again lifted Martine's camera off his lap, up level with the tabletop. Over at the other table, the huge package was being eagerly opened; several hands were snatching off the electric-blue wrapper, and what they revealed, when the paper was cleared away, was not flowers at all but a cone made of monstrously garish fabric.

"Look, it's a lampshade," whispered Cartier-Bresson. "Some lucky fellow has actually been presented with that extraordinary lampshade." In a trice, the camera flew to his eye, and then sank down again. "Bad background," he muttered.

There had been no click.

Later, when we had finished our meal and were standing outside by the river, I thought over the scene that I had just witnessed. At lunch, Cartier-Bresson had taken his time in sizing up a potential subject, and I had been able to observe him for perhaps two minutes. Now I rehearsed his behavior, trying to see how it differed from the approach of other, less celebrated photographers I knew. But there was no real difference, and as I tried to assess what I had learned I soon saw that I had learned nothing. I saw that though some artists may pass through a mental terrain, leaving characteristic tracks, Cartier-Bresson does not. With him, everything that is genuinely original happens in the twinkling of an eye. That twinkling is for him a burst of light, but for anyone else it is darkness.

Presently, Martine and Helen left us to go look at an antiquarian's stall farther along the river, and since Cartier-Bresson's bad leg was paining him a bit we sat down on the embankment beside a little stone bridge. It occurred to me to ask him what plays he had seen that year; he seemed the ideal playgoer, and he had, after all, worked for some years in the Paris film world. But it turned out that he had no interest whatever in the stage. He confessed that he had never gone to the Comédie-Française and had no desire to do so; instead, he went fairly often to cafés—for him the café was theatre. "Except," he added brusquely, "for Saint-Germain-des-Prés. I do not like Saint-Germain-des-Prés. I can never figure out who is what there. Anyone could be anything."

For a moment, he absently massaged his right thigh.

"You must understand that I have no imagination," he said suddenly.

"No imagination?"

"I mean imagination for plays, for

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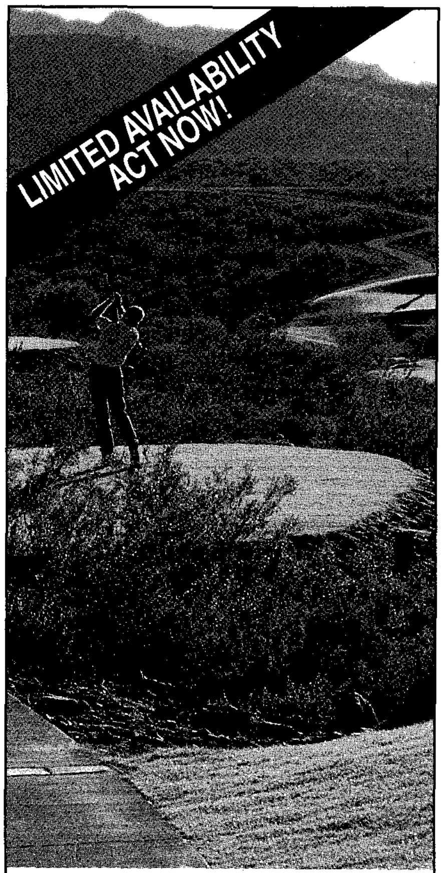

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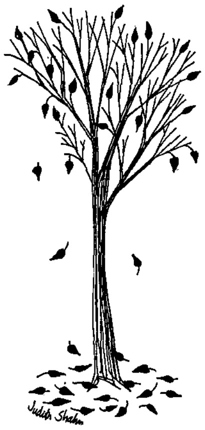
stories—theatrical or narrative ability. And Jean knew it."

Apparently, he meant Jean Renoir.

"May I ask how you got to know him?" I said.

"Oh, I just went to see him," he replied. "I had wanted to make films for a long time. I had even applied to work with Pabst and Buñuel, both of whom I admired, but they didn't need anyone, so I made up a collection of my photos and showed it to Jean. He liked it, and made me his second assistant. As a film director's assistant in France at that time, one did everything except the shooting and the editing. I never looked at a single frame. But I chose the château for 'Rules of the Game,' and I worked on the scripts—on dialogue—and this I enjoyed very much. I also met some interesting people. Luchino Visconti came to visit when we were shooting 'A Day in the Country,' and then there was Jacques Becker, that charming and intelligent man, who was Jean's first assistant. Jacques liked to tell stories that rambled on and on, and I thought, How will he ever make a film of his own? When I started to see his movies after the war, I was stunned. What movies—*vrrrh, vrrrh!* Jacques had a Model T, and I remember that the evening before we were mobilized for the war we made the rounds of all the best places in Paris—the Ritz, the Plaza-Athénée, the Meurice, the Continental. Usually, we would only have made the rounds of the brothels. Anyway, it was a tremendous privilege to work for Jean. He was like a great river of warmth and simplicity. But sometimes he became discouraged too easily. He wasn't enough of a fighter, perhaps. But when his energy was flowing, what generosity, what humanity! But Jean knew very well that I would never make a feature film. He saw that I had no imagination."



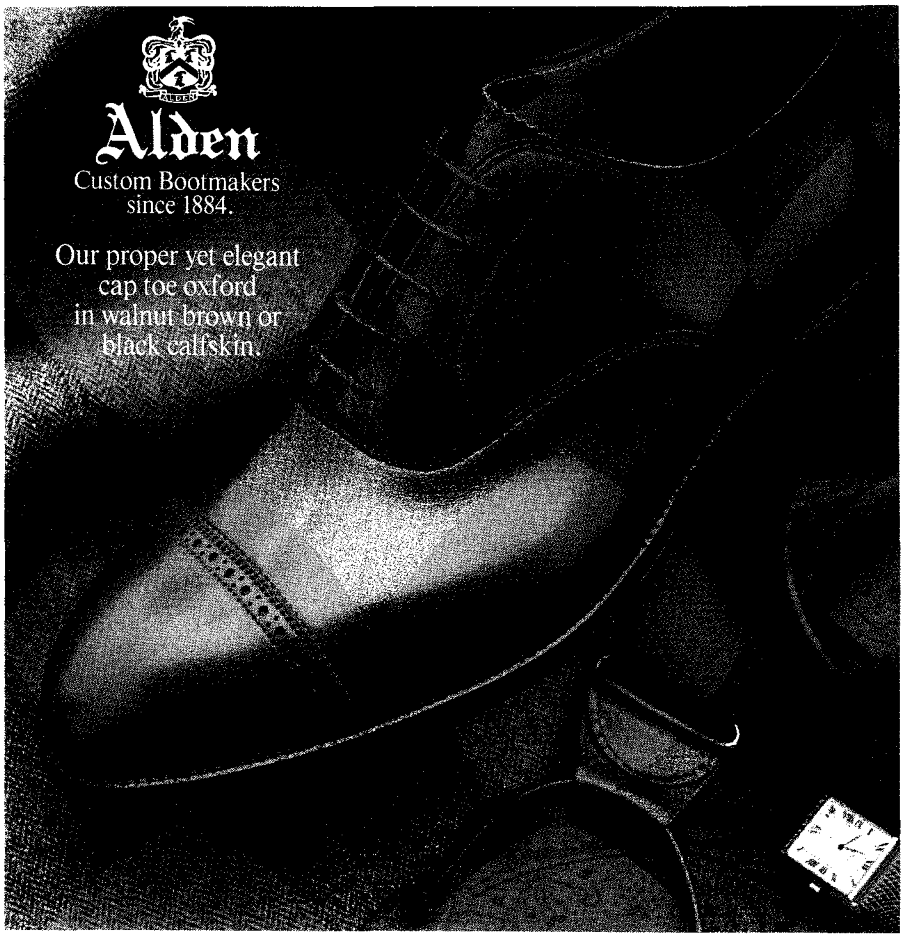
For a while, Cartier-Bresson reminisced about the late thirties, and about the war. We were still sitting at the edge of the Sorgue, watching the cloud-shadows chase along the river, when he started to tell me about his three years as a prisoner in Nazi Germany.

"We soldiers were deeply disappointed by the cowardly behavior of the Daladier government," he said. "A comrade of mine inscribed on his belt the words 'Betrayed—Sold—Delivered.' When we arrived in Germany, they put me on various labor details, and I did thirty-five different types of manual labor in my three years of captivity—gathering hay, shovelling manure, working in quarries, railroads, farms, factories. We always knew very well which of the Germans were Nazis. For example, a guard would pass us half a loaf of bread and say something like '*Krieg nicht gut.*' That sounded fine, but then he would go on: 'Hitler didn't want war. It's the fault of the Judeo-Marxists and the filthy British. Why don't you join us—you are Frenchmen, civilized, intelligent, not like these Italians we're allied with.' He would say this right in front of the Italian labor conscripts. I sensed that some of the Germans weren't Nazis, but I must say that I never detected the slightest evidence of a German anti-Nazi underground. Secretly, we tried to seek one out, but we soon saw that we were alone, and we learned not to shout protests in the typical French way, because that would only have invited German brutality. We learned to use humor or irony. I remember particularly one sentence in German: *Mit Vergnügen, sobald sich die Gelegenheit dazu bietet*—'With pleasure, as soon as the occasion presents itself.' I would say this, with a click of the heels, whenever they asked me to clean the latrines or something of that sort.

"I escaped three times. The first time was in May. My comrade and I walked toward the Swiss border at night and slept in the bushes during the day, but it started to snow, so we couldn't make much headway, and we were picked up after a few days. We were given twenty-one days of solitary confinement and two months of hard labor before being returned to ordinary compulsory labor. The second time, I escaped from a factory in Karlsruhe that was making crates for bombs, but I was captured within twenty-four hours. Just before the bridge on the Rhine, at two o'clock in the morning, I was stopped by one of the *Schutzpolizei*, who began to question me. I said to him, 'I look more German than you do,' and he answered, 'Maybe so, but, you know, you forgot to do "Heil Hitler!" ' The third time, I actually made it, but it doesn't matter how. There was no great risk in trying to escape. If they caught you, it was just solitary again and more hard labor."

I did not yet know, when I heard this story, that Cartier-Bresson had got out of Germany on a train, together with an aspiring clothes designer named Claude Lefranc—they had disguised themselves as foreign laborers. At first, I thought he disdained to recount the exploit; I thought he was showing the characteristic modesty of the former stalag escapee or Maquisard, who has seen others display far greater bravery than his own. But gradually I realized that the experience no longer interested him. It had lapsed into dead antecedence, like the old negatives he had offhandedly destroyed. What held his attention now was the little bridge by our side, the shallow curve of its arch spanning the water; the boy biking lazily across it; the sliding clouds overhead; a certain shadow bisecting the wall behind us, which he turned occasionally to scrutinize. All were present to his mind at once—filling it, doubtless, with notions of pictures—and it came almost as a surprise to me when he resumed his story.

"To live in captivity is so terrible that we tried all sorts of things to divert our minds from the sheer anguish of it," he said. "I made little paintings and drawings, and I recall another fellow who used to make pictures, too, though of a different sort. He was by trade a pastry chef, and as a prisoner he spent a lot of his spare time designing cakes and tarts on small pieces of paper. Whenever he wanted to show what some part of a confection would be made of, he would run a line from that part out to the margin and write a note there. So his drawings looked something like the drawings of the old landscape painters—the ones with lines leading out to scribbled color notations—only *his* notations read 'meringue,' or 'hazelnut cream,' or 'glazed peach slices.' I suppose the Pétain regime could have arranged to help us. We might perhaps have been replaced by other French workers and sent home, but we didn't want to be replaced. We were proud of the responsibility of being soldiers. We even



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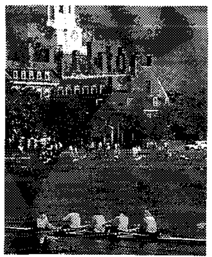

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thought of starting a strike, but instead we engaged in sabotage and work slowdowns—that way, the Germans had no excuse to shoot our leaders."

As the summer eased into the dog days of August, I was overcome by an agreeable torpor. I began to look forward to the drawing sessions, to our calls on the physiotherapist, to the regular arrival of amusing house guests. There was also the enjoyment of Martine's cooking, and of watching her husband wolf it down; and after lunch I liked to sit on the terrace in front of the house and imagine that the vast carrousel of pastoral and sylvan forms about us was actually a sort of vegetal battlefield, a diorama of tree regiments in rout and hot pursuit.

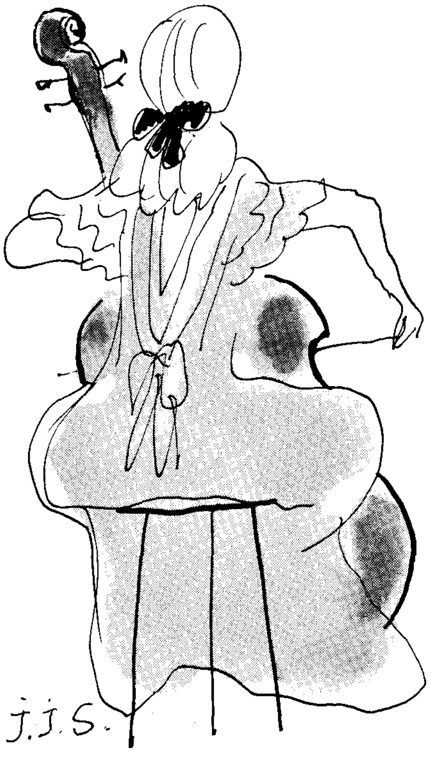
The old farmhouse would have seemed an impregnable retreat but for one unhappy breach in its defenses—the telephone. When it rang, and it rang often, Cartier-Bresson's face assumed a piteous, shattered-vase look. He would lift the receiver with trepidation.

"You what? You are doing a survey on what? . . . Do I like champagne? Ah, no, listen, that is a very personal question and one that I am not at liberty to answer. . . . A less intimate question, yes. You should have asked me when I last made love, for example. You should have asked me when I last made love and enjoyed it."

All extravagances were so sternly barred from the *bergerie's* interior that Cartier-Bresson's fulminations appeared a stylistic anomaly. It sometimes caught me off guard when he hung up the receiver while still venting his spleen. What I had thought was a private chat became, in one second, a harangue. "I detest all commemorations," he announced to me once as he strode away from the phone. "Some people want to organize a commemoration of the first forty years of Magnum, but what is that to me? Why should I wish to dwell on the last forty years, when it is only today that I care about? I suspect that they are after me on account of my *petite notoriété*," he added darkly. "But I am just a photographer like any other—only better!"

Despite his sudden rages, which often seemed projected at the ceiling, Cartier-Bresson displayed an old-style courtliness, and to Martine he was unfailingly gallant. As time went on, I saw that beneath his conversational pyromania there resided a nearly unimpeachable sense of good form: his very refusal to hang his own pictures on his walls suggested the gentleman's reluctance to parade an advantage. He always begged pardon before contradicting me, yet when he agreed with me there was often something imperious in his manner of concurrence. I noted, too, that he had the English gentleman's horror of elaborate food, and love of comfortable old clothes; in fact, he had that easy familiarity with Anglo-Saxon customs which so often marks the upper-class Frenchman. It was not so much despite his patrician background as because of it, I began to feel, that he had acquired the common touch. If he had often sympathized with "the people," and at times had even imagined that he was of this class, it was surely because his secure social position permitted a deep, disinterested savoring of the ways of simple folk.

In line with his upper-crusty egalitarianism, he insisted that everyone address him as *tu*, though doing so sometimes had the unintended effect of making him seem more remote. It pointed up his gruff, almost glacial reserve, which was really an expression of a shyness; in time, I came to suspect that this shyness was bred in the bone. Just as his quick temper had nothing to do with anger at the world but was merely the product of a tightly coiled nervous system, so his emotional reticence was the product of his social milieu. Some months after I left Provence, I discovered, from an old friend of his, that the butler at the Rue de Lisbonne had worn white gloves to serve dinner, and that Henri and his siblings had, even as adults, waited to be addressed by their parents before venturing to speak up. At table, they had called their parents *vous*.



Cartier-Bresson's knee had been rapidly improving, and one evening he took a friend of his and me out for a spin and did all the things he had told me not to do. He tooled about single-lane roads and veered hard around death-trap turns, and at one point he nosed the Golf off the road altogether and down a steep stubble field, until the whole Luberon Valley tilted up at us and his friend made a remark about tank warfare in the Vosges. We got safely back to the house, but there Cartier-Bresson discovered that he couldn't fit his car where it belonged. Some visitors' cars were parked in the driveway; this in itself would not have been troublesome, except for an ill-positioned tree.

"It's ridiculous, that tree!" Cartier-Bresson exclaimed. He was red in the face with frustration. "All the trees I planted here I put in the wrong place! I'm utterly incapable of visualizing what things will look like in ten years' time."

Early one afternoon, as I was returning alone from the village, driving the Golf up the access road to the house, I saw a white-haired man resting under an evergreen oak by the side of the road. He wore jeans and espadrilles and a blue cotton shirt, and he lay with his head propped up on one arm and chewed on a blade of grass. I supposed him to be a newcomer, and when I reached the house I asked Cartier-Bresson who he was.

"His name is Claude Roy," Cartier-Bresson replied, "and he has come down from Paris to spend a few days in Provence."

The name rang a bell—I recalled reading a book of stylish, lightly written literary appreciations by Claude Roy—but I couldn't say that I knew much about the body of his work. Cartier-Bresson was glad to fill me in, for it seemed that he had known

Claude Roy forever. He had followed him through most of his many shifts of social and artistic orientation, and he believed that Roy had arrived at old age with a great reserve of serenity. He told me that Roy had recently survived a dangerous operation for an even more dangerous illness and was filled now with the convalescent's zest for life.

A little later that afternoon, after the siesta hour, I found Roy sitting on the front terrace chatting with Cartier-Bresson. He looked as frail as a reed, yet his downturned, beaglelike eyes radiated subdued merriment. A Ping-Pong game was going on inside the house—Mélanie had been challenged by one of her friends—and at each sound of volleying Roy's blue eyes lit up, intensifying the color in his florid face. "I love the sound of Ping-Pong," he said during one volley. "It's so light. It's the Mozart of sports."

There were tea things on the table, and also a plate of biscuits and one of chocolates. Cartier-Bresson sipped his tea steadily while he sampled the biscuits. The air was heavy and still, and haze clogged the Luberon basin so densely that nothing but dim shapes could be seen beyond the line of poplars marking the highroad. A change in the weather was due.

From the conversation, I gathered that Claude Roy had met Cartier-Bresson during the Occupation, when both worked in the National Movement for Prisoners of War; in fact, Roy had written the text for a documentary movie, called "The Return," that Cartier-Bresson made at the end of the war. As I listened to Roy, I got an inkling of what the French mean by the expression "*beau parleur*." He listened keenly to what his friend had to say; he drew irony out of his friend's turns of speech; he refrained from wounding his friend with that irony but made it seem like his friend's invention; and, thus improvising his own tune with Cartier-Bresson's notes, he would double back on certain ritornello-like motifs until they suggested a theme for the whole conversation. This time, the theme was old friendships, and as Roy spoke of various people—Paul Éluard and Louis Aragon came up—Cartier-Bresson would smile and nod, or perhaps interject a word of disagreement. Roy seemed to exert a palliative effect on Cartier-Bresson's innate restlessness, and he

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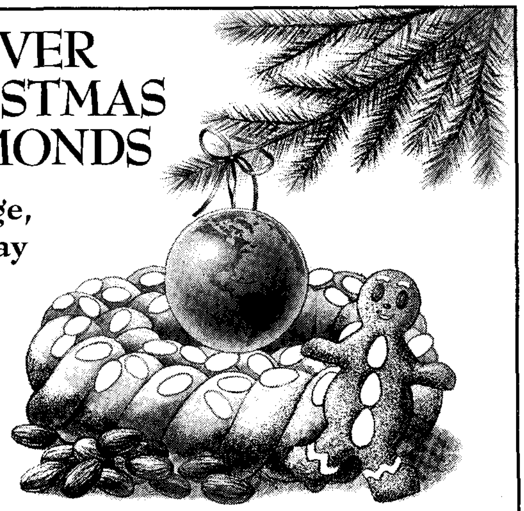

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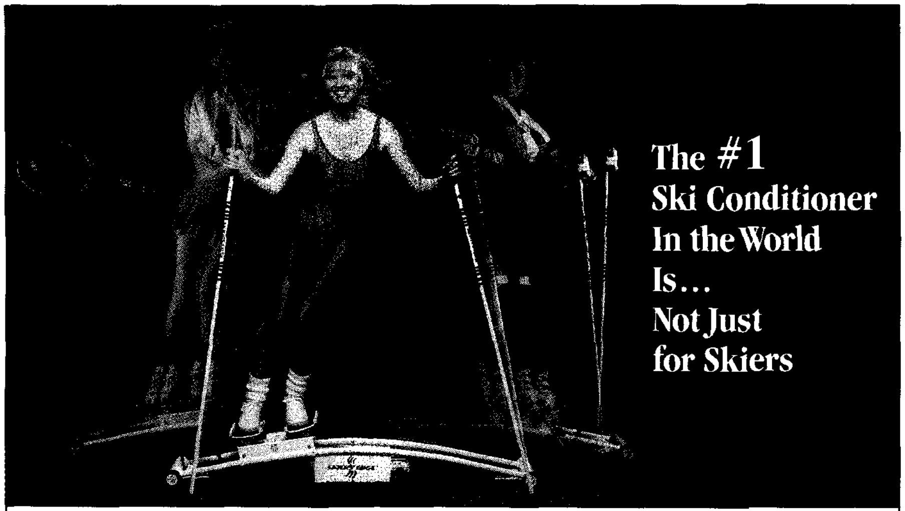

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had a knack for prodding Cartier-Bresson's memory, which again seemed quite capacious, hardly resembling the blank tablet he had often claimed it to be.

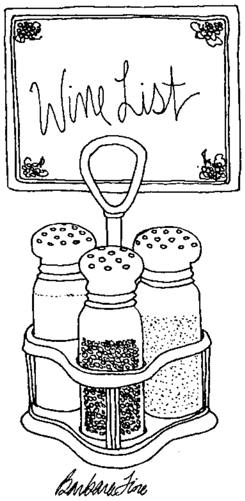
"Do you remember when you and I were both living under the Queensboro Bridge?" Roy asked at one point.

"That must have been shortly after the war," said Cartier-Bresson.

"You had invited me to stay at an apartment that wasn't even yours, as I found out when I rang at the door. It was a *very* crowded apartment, as I recall."

"I had been invited to stay there by a man named Jimmy Dugan," said Cartier-Bresson, "but it wasn't Jimmy's apartment, either. I had met Jimmy at Éluard's, in Paris—he was still a G.I. then, working for *Stars and Stripes*, I think—and we went together to cover the La Rochelle front, which was one of the last major battlefields inside France. Through Jimmy, I later contacted some friends who had arranged an exhibition for me at the Museum of Modern Art—Lincoln Kirstein was one of them—and they invited me to come to America. It was initially planned as a posthumous show, since they thought I had been killed in the war, and I must say it was kind of them not to have your obedient servant assassinated when they found out he was still alive. By this time, Jimmy had moved into that apartment under the Queensboro Bridge, and he asked me to come there and stay with him. So Ratna and I took an empty Victory ship to Philadelphia—I remember we were tossed by a very rough sea—and when we got to New York we rang the bell at Jimmy's address, and a lady I had never seen before opened the door. 'Is this the house of Jimmy Dugan?' I asked. 'Well, he's staying here,' she said. 'Why don't you come in?' It was a railroad flat, and Jimmy walked down the long hall in his underwear to greet us, not at all embarrassed, and told us there would be no problem with our living there, so Ratna and I went to Bloomingdale's and bought bunk beds and moved in. Jimmy stayed in his underwear all day long, pounding at his typewriter and drinking, and lots of people turned up, for a short or a long stay. My sister, Nicole, showed up en route to California—she had just won the Prix Valéry for poetry, and Darius Milhaud had invited her to Mills College, where he was teaching. Then you came, Claude, and then the whole Indonesian delegation to the U.N.—at least six people—and we were all packed into that little railroad flat. Ratna gave a recital of Javanese dance at Hunter, and I recall that Carson McCullers was there—I adored Carson—and it was all quite marvellous. New York after the war was marvellous."

"But you have to admit that you gave us a turn or two with your carryings on," said Claude Roy. "I remember that we went once to a black Baptist revival meeting in Harlem, and there was all this splendid singing, and then a huge lady stood up to witness, in a state of absolute exaltation. All of a sudden, I saw you coming right up under her nose with your blasted camera, and I thought, This is it, we've had it, they're going to kill us. I was totally terrified. But nothing happened—nobody was at all offended—because nobody except me had even noticed you." Roy shook his head and turned to me. "He can make himself invisible, this Henri of ours—it's magic."



"It's not magic, it's the métier," said Cartier-Bresson. "Quick—*vrrrh!* —you take it, and nobody's seen you. They forget you, because you've forgotten yourself. When I first read 'Zen in the Art of Archery,' I felt like that monsieur in Molière who'd been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. I realized that the intuitive photography I'd been practicing had always had a Buddhist quality to it. Life changes every minute, the world is born and dies every minute—that is what Buddhism teaches."

"Which Buddhist sect are you referring to?" said Roy, knitting his brow.

"Well, I'm not a student of religion," Cartier-Bresson said, "but I suppose I feel closest to Zen Buddhism. I don't know—Martine says that I belong to the sect of the Agitated Buddhists. Anyway, I am attracted by the idea of anatta, the Non-Self, though what I suppose is not so terribly Buddhist in my character is my attitude of revolt, which comes from Surrealism. I asked some Buddhist friends about this—Tibetan lamas—and they told me that revolt was actually quite compatible with Buddhism, on one condition: that it remain constructive and compassionate. It must never become bitter—bitterness only falls back on your head."

"Maybe I'm just being contrary," said Roy, "but I don't think you're any more of a Buddhist than I am, Henri. There are quite a few Westerners who are much better Buddhists than either of us."

"That may be so," said Cartier-Bresson, "but I do think that I have a sort of Buddhist direction in life."

"Fine, if you want to believe it," said Roy. "But think about the statues of Buddha, Henri. Their eyes are almost always closed, while yours are almost always open."

This was a grand slam, and Cartier-Bresson threw up his hands. "O.K., so I'm not a Buddhist! But I *am* an anarchist—you can't deprive me of that."

"But what is anarchism, anyway?" Roy pressed on, unrelenting. "It had one extraordinary moment, during the initial phase of the Spanish War, and even then there was this weird business of people saying 'Be free!' while pointing a gun at your head. In a way, it wasn't so different from the Cultural Revolution, when Mao was saying, 'Obey me: disobey!' "

"Let us say, then, that I am a libertarian. The word has a more elegant ring."

"Ah, a libertarian. Now, that is grand," said Roy.

Cartier-Bresson was looking with dawning interest at the plate of chocolates, and Roy pushed it toward him. "For me, your photography is a sort of journal, Henri—a diary that is at once intimate and public," he said. "I mean that one reads your feelings there, and at the same time it's an image of history."

"Actually, most people's photography is a sort of journal," said Cartier-Bresson. "Photography is a thermometer of mood—in that way, it's like painting. But for me it is primarily structure, geometry, the golden section. It's having everything in the right place, a matter of millimetres."

"But, my dear Henri, for you to go

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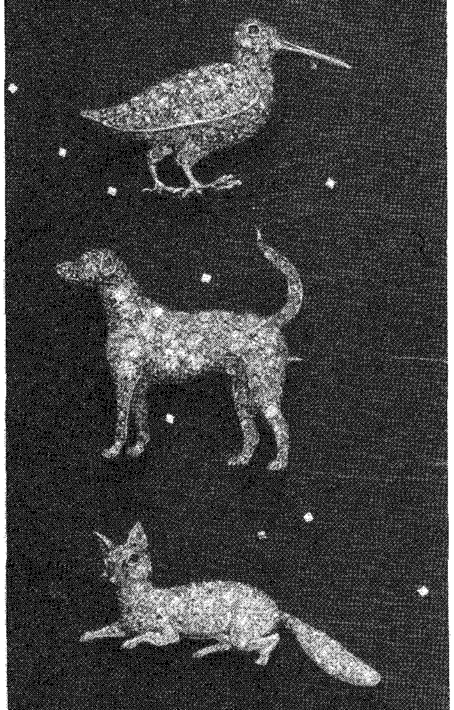

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about telling everyone that geometry is the spinal column of your photography is completely misleading. If anything, that spinal column is time itself—your wonderful feeling for the moment. Take that photo of Giacometti in the rain, when you ran ahead and turned to snap him with his coat over his head like a tent."

"Actually, I didn't have to run ahead for that one," said Cartier-Bresson. "I had already crossed to the other side of the street. But I did have to run to get that shot of Claudel."

"Ah, Claudel." Roy pulled a face. He looked unhappy with the memory of Claudel.

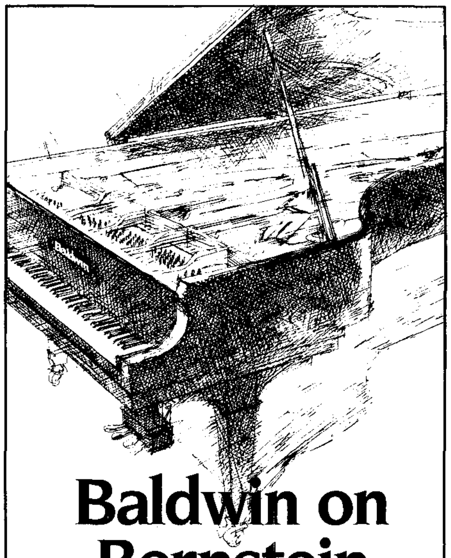
"I'm sure you know my story about Gandhi and that Claudel photo," said Cartier-Bresson. Roy nodded, but I said I hadn't heard it. "Well, I photographed Gandhi in 1948, and when I went to see him I showed him the catalogue of my 1947 show at the Museum of Modern Art. He looked at it slowly, page by page, saying nothing, but when he came to the photo of Claudel gazing at the hearse he asked, 'What is the meaning of this picture?' 'That's Paul Claudel,' I said, 'a Catholic poet very much concerned with the spiritual issues of life and death.' Gandhi thought for a moment, and then he said, very distinctly, 'Death—death—death.' I said goodbye to him at four-forty-five that afternoon, and fifteen minutes later I heard the cry in the streets, 'Gandhi's dead! Gandhi's been killed!' "

A longish silence followed. Then Roy observed that the Ping-Pong volleys had ceased. "I suppose they've stopped playing," he said wistfully.

"Or they're digging out the ball," said Cartier-Bresson. "It often gets into the woodpile. That woodpile is a *farci* of Ping-Pong balls."

"Well, anyway," said Roy, "there is for me a great difference between your photo of Claudel and your photo of Giacometti."

"Ah, yes—and in my feelings about the two of them," said Cartier-Bresson. "Alberto was my friend, whereas Claudel was remote—though actually Valéry was even more remote than Claudel. When I came to photograph Valéry, he held his head in a series of standard positions—full face, three-quarter face, profile, and so on. He thought he was helping me out." Cartier-Bresson's voice hit one of his odd, almost giggly top notes.



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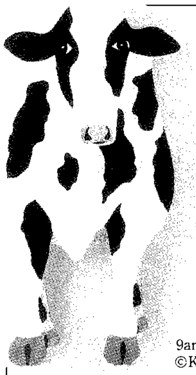

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"Tell me about your portrait of Matisse at Le Cannet," Roy said. "How did he take to being photographed?"

"He was quite kind, actually, and I decided to ask him about something that had been bothering me ever since I visited the church at Vence, a few days before. 'Monsieur Matisse,' I said to him, 'you have never shown any serious interest in religion, and you are all the time painting these odalisques, these beautiful girls. Why didn't you decorate, instead of this Christian church, a Temple of Voluptuous Delight? Wouldn't that have suited your temperament better?' He listened to me carefully, and his face grew very serious, and he said, 'You are right, of course. But the only institution that would ever commission a Temple of Voluptuous Delight is the French Republic, and no French government has ever made me the offer.' "

As I looked out over the valley, I saw that the weather had changed, as foretold. The declining sun raked the forests and the stubble fields, and a dry breeze had sprung up, wafting the aroma of lavender and rosemary. It was only a local breeze, nameless but friendly, and it blew all the haze from the air. Soon the file of poplars marking the highroad stood out like teeth before the vast jigsaw puzzle of copses clambering up the knolls behind them.

Claude Roy said, "Just think, Henri, here we sit talking about Matisse, Claudel, Surrealism, anarchism—it's prehistory. We must sound like a pair of dinosaurs."

"A pair of diplodoci," said Cartier-Bresson, without conviction.

"But we are *nice* diplodoci," said Roy.

There was a snapping sound, and I realized that Cartier-Bresson was crunching on a chocolate.

—Dan Hofstadter

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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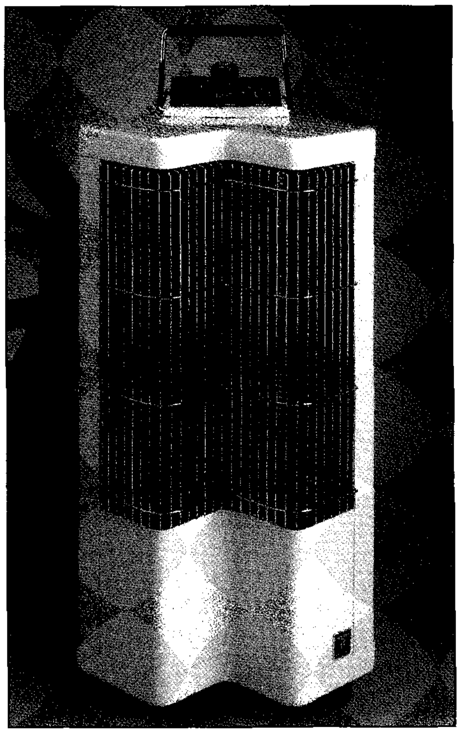

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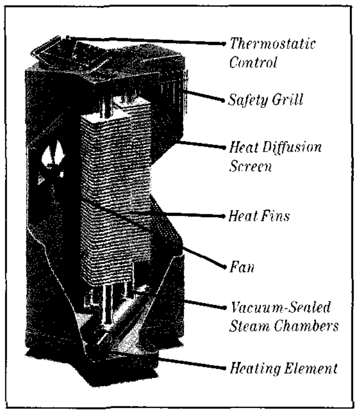

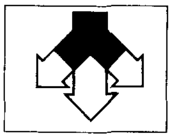

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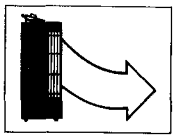

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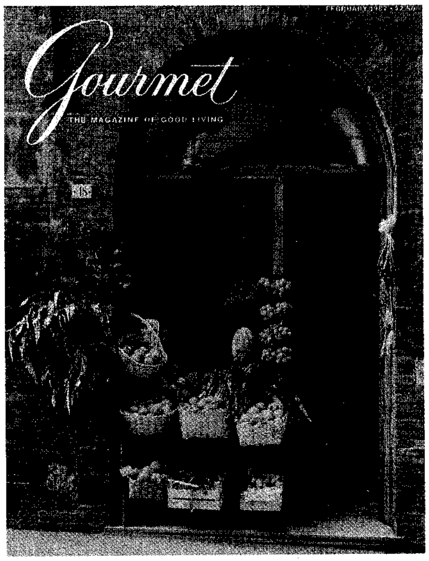


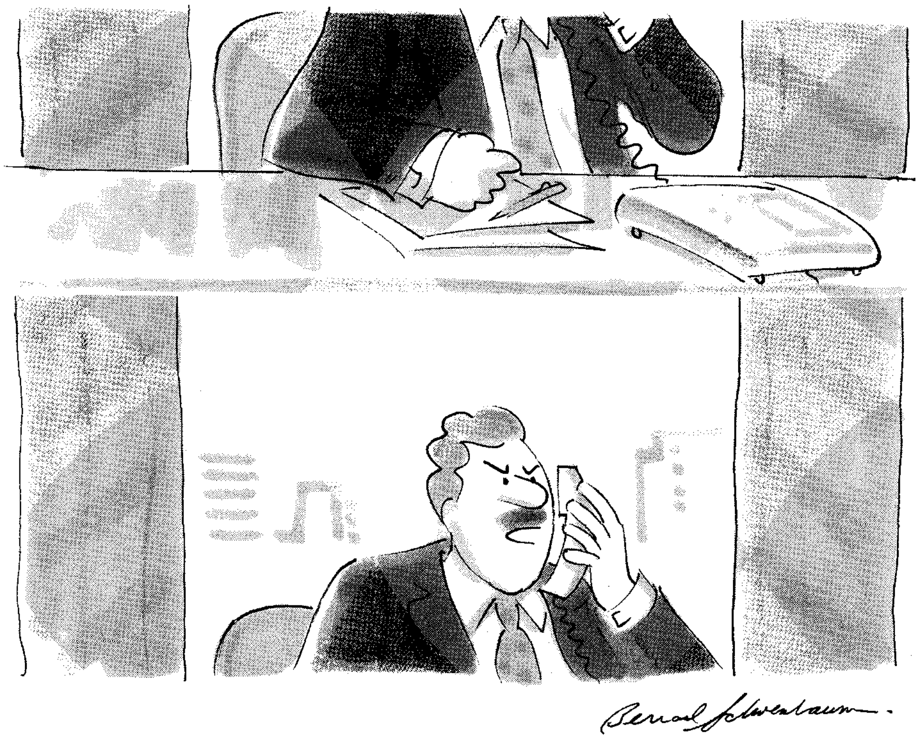
MUSICAL EVENTS

September Song

THE season began with song. Leonard Bernstein's latest composition, "Arias and Barcarolles," is a song cycle for soprano, baritone, and piano duet. The numbers are neither arias nor barcarolles: there is a note in the score about the title. In 1960, Bernstein took a Philharmonic contingent to the White House and played a Mozart piano concerto and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." President Eisenhower enjoyed the Gershwin: "It's got a theme. I like music with a *theme*, not all them arias and barcarolles." The cycle had a preliminary performance, at a Young Concert Artists benefit last year (Bernstein and Michael Tilson Thomas were the pianists), and it has been heard in Tel Aviv. What was billed as the United States première took place at Merkin Hall last month. The singers were Judy Kaye and William Sharp, the pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier. The performers have also recorded the piece, for release on Koch.

"Arias and Barcarolles" lasts about half an hour in its present form, but that may change. Brahms' advice to the young song composer George Henschel (who later became the conductor of the Boston Symphony, and who made some marvellous song records, to his own piano accompaniment) was "Let it rest, let it rest, and keep going back to it and working at it until it is completed as a finished work of art, until there is not a note too much or too little, not a bar you could improve upon." Bernstein often revises and refashions his compositions. "Arias and Barcarolles" as heard in Merkin contained eight numbers, without the "Telephonic Double-Duet" that is listed as in preparation in a thorough new Bernstein catalogue just published (Boosey & Hawkes). Therein, among other things, the maze of "Candide" in its various versions is tactfully threaded. A seven-page calendar of activities, year by year, leaves one breathless. A dozen books about Bernstein and sixteen dissertations are listed. Ned Rorem provides a graceful, perceptive tributary essay.

In "Arias and Barcarolles," six songs—a duet, four solos alternately soprano and baritone, and a second duet—are framed by a piano prelude, to which the voices add a unison "I love you" refrain, and a piano postlude, a Nachspiel, to which the singers hum a descant. In the first song, "Love Duet," a 10/8 melody goes purling on, developing, while the two singers question its meanings, its value, its possible future. It seems to be a musical image of a relationship—in some ways a smart New York counterpart of Britten's less troubled Canticle I, "My Beloved Is Mine" (whose first movement is an Andante alla barcarola, with musical imagery of the "two little bank-divided brooks"). The soprano's "Little Smary," which follows, is a bedtime story that Bernstein's mother used to tell him. The words are credited to Jennie Bernstein; the music is embellished with her son's Rachmaninoff-like overreaction to the terrors, tragedies, and happy ending of a tale about the loss and recovery of a "little wuddit." "The Love of My Life," for baritone, is a bittersweet extravaganza on a slightly fudged twelve-note theme; the singer fears that success—whether amatory or critical is left open—may have passed him by. "Greeting," for soprano, returns to certainties; it is a sentimental but honest greeting to the composer's son Alexander, written for his birth, thirty-four years ago, and revised for inclusion in the cycle. "Oif Mayn Khas'neh" ("At My Wedding"), for baritone, is the only song not to Bernstein words: Yankev Yitskhok Segal's poem, in Yiddish, tells of a far from Orthodox young fiddler—prepared to learn from Gentile music, to play at Gentile parties, to eat whatever food is set before him—who nevertheless captivated all the guests at the poet's wedding; his fiddle "kissed, tore, and bit, and went too far, and cut the taut heart-strings till they bled." Bernstein sets the poem in an expansive, jubilant Mahlerian vein. The second duet, "Mr. and Mrs. Webb Say Goodnight," the longest number in the cycle, is an entertaining, affectionate, unreticent (some may feel rather impertinent) imagining of bedtime conversation between Charles Webb, the dean of the Indiana University School of Music, in Bloomington, and his wife, Kenda. (Early in 1982, the composer was fellow-in-residence at Bloomington.) Prayers, domestic prattle, and amorous reminiscence are mingled. It becomes a quartet when the pianists take on the roles of the sparky Webb sons Malcolm and Kent. The Nachspiel, subtitled "In Memoriam . . . ," is a heart-on-sleeve adagio, a chromatic, emotionally charged *valse triste* that, the program note said, "has been



"Ms. Williams, would you kindly check the vertical hold?"

played at recent memorial services for friends of Mr. Bernstein's who have passed away."

I'm not quite sure what to make of it all. I look at the score and find so much musical deftness there, such quick, sure, striking inventions, that I am dazzled and gladdened by it yet irritated that the cycle has not been worked out a little more carefully and thoroughly. For there are a few slapdash moments such as one does not find in songs by Hugo Wolf, Mahler, or Britten. Brahms would frown. Bernstein is a prodigious musician. Does he—one cannot help asking—focus long enough and hard enough on his compositions, make them as good as they could be? Then comes the thought that touches of casualness in "Arias and Barcarolles" are perhaps an intended part of its character. Finally, there comes gratitude for music so skillful, so emotionally generous and uninhibited, so *musical*. What he does manage to set down—when not conducting, recording, teaching, talking, here, there, and everywhere—proves well worth hearing. For all its eclecticism of manner, the cycle does seem to hang together. Aspects of relationships—and of ways in which music can depict them—form a theme. Portraits of marriage might be a subtitle.

Miss Kaye is one of the few American singers able to bring a song to life. She was ideal. Mr. Sharp, a scrupulous artist, was impressive as he sailed into the climaxes of the Yiddish song with ample, well-supported tones, but he seems to have lost communicativeness since he won the Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition two years ago. His 1988 New World recital disk was already disappointing: despite an excellent program, with substantial groups of Virgil Thomson and Paul Bowles, and good songs by four younger composers, despite the carefully studied interpretations, careful vocalism, and clear words, a listener soon loses interest. Everything begins to sound much the same. There are few specific touches by which the utterance of the words brings the music to life, or vice versa.

Are people—singers and listeners alike—beginning to forget how songs should be sung? Listen to the late Jan DeGaetani's much praised Nonesuch recital "Songs of America," which appeared last year. Here is a delectable program: twenty-seven songs, most of them presenting the best American poets set by the best American composers—Robert Frost by Elliott Carter, Theodore Roethke by Ned Rorem, William Carlos Williams by Milton Babbitt, Emily Dickinson by Aaron Copland, Carl Sandburg by Ruth Crawford Seeger and Mario Davidovsky, E. E. Cummings by John Cage. Miss DeGaetani, who died last month, was a much loved musician, uncommonly intelligent and accurate, and the inspiratrice of many an American composition. She had a wide range, impeccable pitch, and a sure, subtle command of dynamics and durations. In the recorded recital, she plainly feels the sense of each song and invests it with character. She colors her tones; she phrases with delicacy and eloquence. But few of the words are intelligible, and so the songs are not fully realized. Of course, one can listen with text sheet in hand and thus appreciate the singer's artistry. That's not the same as responding directly to poetry turned into song.

Let anyone who wonders what I miss listen to Judy Kaye and to Joan Morris; and to the records of, for a start, Conchita Supervia, John McCormack, Claire Croiza, Povla Frijsh. In 1932, Supervia recorded John Alden Carpenter's setting of Tagore's "When I bring you coloured toys," and in 1941 Frijsh recorded Charles Naginski's setting of Frost's "The Pasture." Anyone who knows the disks will probably be able, without ever having seen the texts in print, to recite the poems: the composers and then their interpreters bring them to life. I challenge anyone to listen, without the texts, to the songs in Miss DeGaetani's recital, even three or four times over, and then recite the poems with any accuracy. Mr. Sharp's pronunciation, as I said, is cleaner, but he does not savor the sense and sound of words and make them tell. The recording does not help: on both disks the singer is somewhat recessed, and the piano—played by Mr. Blier for Mr. Sharp, by Gilbert Kalish for Miss DeGaetani—tends, while not exactly drowning the voice, to be obtrusive, to get in the way of what should be fine, forward verbal communication. The engineers have favored the contemporary preference for blended, comfortable sound rather than urgent individual utterance. Of neither singer could one write what Philip Miller, in American Grove, writes of Povla Frijsh:

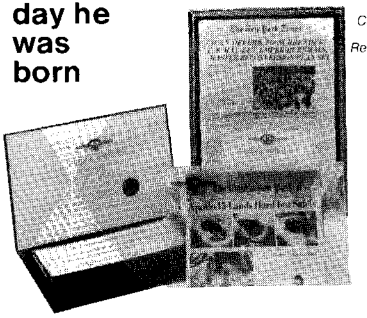
> Frijsh's voice had a distinctive quality, and she used it for expressive purposes rather than for sensuous beauty. Though she sang in opera only twice . . . her sense of drama was extraordinary: she made a hair-raising experience of Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," yet could sing César Cui's "La Fontaine de Csarskoë-Zelo" in the purest bel canto. [Both of those songs Frijsh recorded, and in the former her attack on the word "Ewigkeit!" is one of the unforgettable moments in recorded song.] Her programs were designed for contrasts, each song becoming a miniature drama in itself.

Song singing, of course, has not altogether died. There are still people eager—and temperamentally and technically equipped—to reach out to and stir audiences, to project words and tones excitingly combined. I have written recently with enthusiasm of Mitsuko Shirai, François Le Roux, Thomas Lander, Kevin McMillan. Olaf Bär, of whom good reports reach us, gives his first American recital this season; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau returns.

The Bernstein cycle was given in the opening concert of the series entitled, rather grandly, The New York Festival of Song. The enterprise, founded last year by Mr. Blier and Mr. Barrett, is now in its second season. It aims to do for New York what Graham Johnson and his Songmakers' Almanac have done for London: to bring song recitals back into the mainstream of metropolitan musical life and to explore neglected reaches of the repertory. Eight further recitals are billed—not in Merkin Hall but in the intimate, hundred-seat hall of the Greenwich House Music School, at 46 Barrow Street. The first of them, "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" settings by Mahler, Brahms, Strauss, and Schumann, is on October 22nd. Recitals of American songs, of Scandinavian songs, of Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" (given twice), of ballads German, British, and American, of Verlaine and Rimbaud settings, and of new American songs follow. I hope that Messrs. Barrett and Blier urge their singers to get the songs by heart. As Harry Plunket Greene says in "Interpretation in Song" (a 1912 treatise, now reprinted by Da Capo, that, not for the first time, I commend to both singers and listeners), "There will be no senses to spare for effect, or lilt, or magnetism, or illustration or anything else, if the eye is on the printed page." Miss Kaye's eyes were seldom on the printed page during "Arias and Barcarolles," but Mr. Sharp's eyes often were. And both singers had the printed page set up on music stands before them, with dulling effect.

"Arias and Barcarolles" was preceded by the first set of Brahms' "Liebeslieder" waltzes; the Goethe finale of the second set was added as an epilogue. The chain of eighteen waltzes—except when it accompanies Balanchine's ballet—seems apter for domestic than for concert use. The second set has more variety of mood. My favorite recording, made many years ago, captures the spirit of salon music-making—on a very high level. (The singers are Marie-Blanche de Polignac, Irène Kédroff, Hugues Cuénod, and Doda Conrad, the pianists Nadia Boulanger and Dinu Lipatti.) The Merkin singers—Carmen Pelton, Lucille Beer, Carl Halvorson, and Mr. Sharp—were fluent, not particularly well blended. They sang from scores. Miss Pelton was gleaming and tender in the central strophes, taken over from the tenor, of "Nicht wandle, mein Licht." The pianists played, buoyantly, on a Baldwin of agreeable, accommodating tone. I preferred the instrument to the hall's regular Hamburg Steinway, whose more assertive sound, booming and bossy in the bass, sometimes gets in the way of a voice and suggests an adversary rather than a supportive companion. There was an incidental emotional appropriateness: the Nachspiel of the Bernstein cycle initially bore the dedication "In memory of Jack Romann," who had been the head of Baldwin's concert-and-artists division.

IN September, Juliana Gondek, with Peter Grunberg as her pianist, gave two Merkin Hall recitals devoted to Polish song. I heard the first of them. A fascinating program began with "Corydon," a graceful pastoral by Józef Elsner, Chopin's teacher, and two well-turned songs—one elegantly romantic, one patriotic—by Prince Michał Kleofas Ogiński. The Eight Polish Songs that Poulenc arranged for the singer Maria Modrakowska (a Boulanger protégée) followed; then



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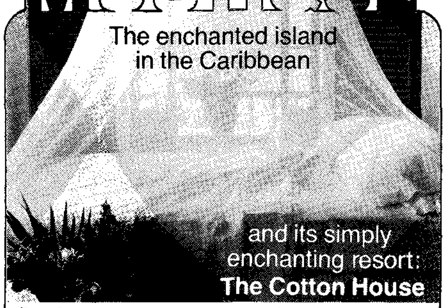

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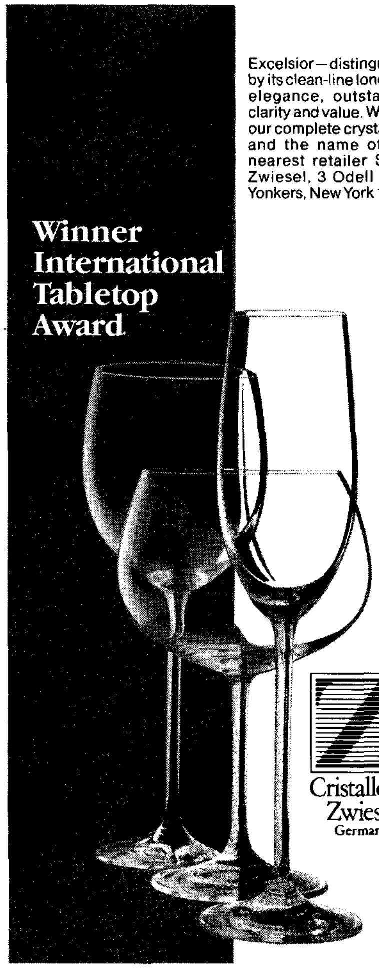

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Szymanowski's richly felt, richly harmonized, rather wonderful cycle "Songs of the Impassioned Muezzin." Miss Gondek's voice at its best is a lustrous and beautiful soprano. Szymanowski's lines were charged with colors, the sinuous Oriental coloratura spun and shone, and Mr. Grunberg played strongly. Tadeusz Baird's Five Songs for Children, which began the second half, showed that Miss Gondek is capable of intimacy; she sang them in her own English translation, which she made (she said in a program note) for singing to her daughter. There were songs by Panufnik, Jerzy Sapieyevski, and Szymon Laks, and, finally, a Chopin group.

Chopin's songs are too seldom heard. (Doda Conrad, Oda Slobodskaya, Teresa Zylis-Gara, and Elisabeth Söderström have been among their champions on disk.) The last song, "A Melody," contains (as Nicholas Temperley writes in New Grove) "some of his most poignantly emotional music." Zygmunt Krasiński's lines tell of ardent, vain aspiration: "They looked and saw in the distance the promised land. They saw the radiant, heavenly sky toward which all mankind was drawn. They will never taste freedom themselves, and perhaps may even be forgotten." (Chopin is said to have written *"nella miseria"* beneath his signature on a copy of the song in the album of Delfina Potocka, Krasiński's beloved.) Miss Gondek's performance of "A Melody" was full, operatic, and moving. Into the waltz "My Darling" she poured more tone, perhaps, than was needed. The mazurka "Handsome Lad"—a sort of Polish counterpart of William Thayer's Scotch-snapping "My Laddie," which Alma Gluck once recorded so vividly—was alert. She succeeded pretty well in scaling a voice usually deployed in opera to the needs of song; there were a few moments when reduced pressure brought some uneasinesses of pitch. This was an adventurous, intelligently planned, and pleasing recital.

UNDER the rubric "Voices of Change," Merkin Hall presented five September concerts and three public discussions devoted to "American music of protest, politics, and persuasion." The range was wide, from Odetta to Ursula Oppens, from the Hutchinson Family Singers to the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble. The Western Wind program contained a substantial selection from "Johnny Johnson," Kurt Weill's first American work. The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble played, and Rhonda Kess conducted. The numbers were linked by a narrative spoken by Larry Kert, as Johnny. "Johnny Johnson" is a good score. Whether it is a good work I do not know, for I have not seen it. In these pages Robert Benchley hailed the piece, after its 1936 première, as "something really big." But Paul Green's play makes mawkish reading. A 1956 recording, with Evelyn Lear, Lotte Lenya, Thomas Stewart, Burgess Meredith, contains just the musical numbers—some of them rather dimly performed—without context. (The disk, remastered, has been reissued on Polydor.) "Johnny Johnson" was revived with success in Los Angeles a few years ago, however, and so perhaps it does work. Weill musicals generally do. The Merkin concert performance left things in doubt. Mr. Kert, aided by a microphone, was fine, both in speech and in song, but the Western Wind sextet, singing from scores, showed small sense of how to put dramatic numbers across. It was good to hear Weill's instrumental lines clearly but absurd to hear them ringing out louder than what they should accompany.

A few days later, a "Johnny Johnson" sequence—the "Democracy" number, in the first scene—formed part of a Weill "retrospective" put on by the Singers Forum in its studio-theatre, on lower Fifth Avenue. The Forum's aim—to "teach the 'bel canto' method of vocal technique . . . where the voice is not pushed, but . . . the sound spins through the air to its listeners rather than being hurled or pushed at them"—is musically sound. Mandy Patinkin, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lee Remick, and Mary Tyler Moore are listed among Forum alumni. The performers in the Weill show had modest dramatic magnetism and modest voices, but, in the ninety-seat room, they did not force. They had their songs by heart, and they worked with the words. They did what they could. The accompaniment was a piano. The "Johnny Johnson" scene proved emotionally powerful, and throughout the evening the composer's keen inventions triumphed over indignities of arrangement, abridgment, and transposition. —Andrew Porter

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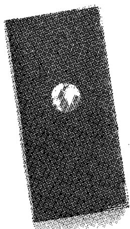

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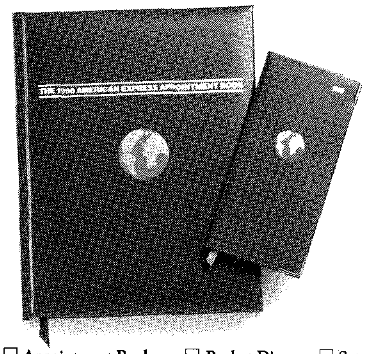

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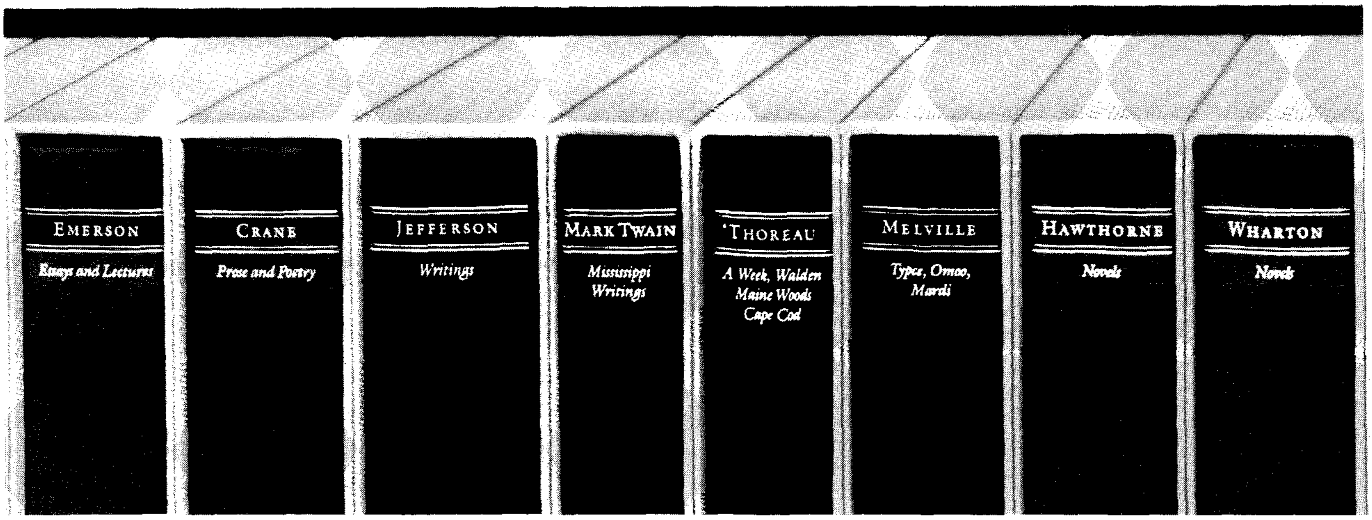

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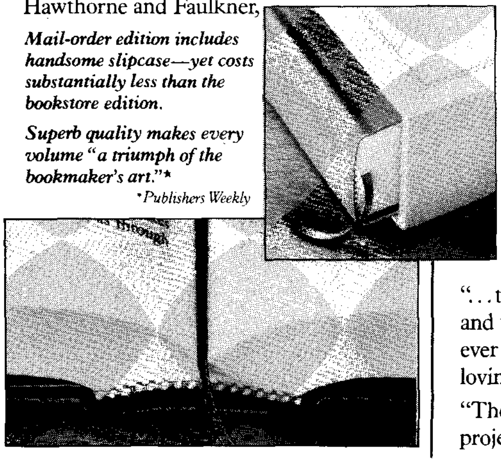

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THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

ETERNAL SEVERITIES

Europe's postwar order is crumbling so swiftly as to defy the comprehension even of the diplomats who are tracking it. The Cold War is well and truly over, and the West has won it; Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev and fellow-pragmatists within the so-called socialist bloc are adopting Western values and practices, or are trying to; and, aroused mainly by Gorbachev's hard-headed—hence radical—approach to his country's problems and by the universal acclaim that approach has received, nearly all of Europe is undergoing a so far benign but profound upheaval, more self-consciously in some places than in others. The disorderly retreat of Communism is only part of what is involved. The twelve members of the European Community are moving on schedule toward becoming a single market in 1992; with three hundred and twenty-five million consumers, the E.C. will be the industrial world's largest market, and there is a plan for monetary union. Many serious Europeans expect to toast the arrival of the year 2000 with champagne bought with a newly minted common currency issued by a common central-banking system.

For most East Europeans, the prosperity and the potential of their neighbors to the West amount to a supreme reality in which they must share; no one wants to be left out. Hungarians actually talk about applying for membership in the E.C. Whereas Washington used to worry about Moscow's being able to "Finlandize" Western Europe, a more plausible prospect now is an eventual "Finlandization" of much of Eastern Europe. And when Gorbachev talks about "the common European home," he is reflecting the concern that he and his advisers feel about being left isolated on the fringe of Asia while most European states are enriching themselves by huddling together. The obsessive Soviet fear of Western political and military power has given way to an equally single-minded but far more realistic preoccupation with Western Europe's affluence.

Societies on both sides of Europe's political divide are no longer willing to be spear carriers to the nuclear superpowers. Except for France and Britain, the European states don't have nuclear weapons, and are rapidly losing interest in them and the supposed role of such devices in the scheme of things. More traditional interests and hang-ups are now reclaiming the attention of these societies; Czechoslovaks and Hungarians, for example, worry more about each other's intentions than they do about anything the North Atlantic Treaty Organization might contrive.

"He's a bimbo."

Nowhere is the sense of change and the impatience with the status quo keener than in West Germany—as other governments, close observers of the situation there, are well aware. Among the eternal severities of diplomatic life in many capitals is the problem of a divided Germany. It has led to the creation of the E.C.; other governments, along with many of the West German leaders themselves, have been determined to anchor the society of West Germany to Western institutions that would become greater than the sum of their parts. Such has been the strength of the German economy that Western Europe has come to function largely as a Deutsche-mark zone. One day, however, the Germans were sure to throw off the baggage of the past and reject their assigned role—economic giant and political dwarf, as they have described it. The day seems to have arrived. For some time, diplomats have been reporting Germans' complaints about not feeling fully sovereign or in control of their destiny. Their country is carpeted like none other with nuclear weapons—American, mostly—which they do not control, and most of which, since their range is short, could kill only Germans. NATO training exercises are a provocation—especially the endless passes made by low-flying combat aircraft. With the Soviet threat little more than a memory, the tolerance of Germans for much of what is done on their terrain in the name of deterrence and readiness for war is fading fast. And, if Europe is a medley of change, at its heart lies West Germany—politically, strategically, economically, and historically. That much is clear. What is far from clear is whether the process of change will be stable because it is given direction by the capitals that matter most—Washington, Bonn, and Moscow—or whether it will be directionless, hence chaotic and destabilizing.

PEOPLE not directly involved, along with many who are, may presume to think that what is happening is cause for rejoicing. Still, it turns out, not surprisingly, that peaceful transition is more complicated than confrontation, success more intellectually challenging and difficult to cope with than a simple, straightforward threat from the East. Big bureaucracies are having an especially hard time. How far, they wonder, should change be allowed to go, or be pushed? For example, nobody wants to see the two Germanys fully reunited in one state. Also, a climate of trust between the nations of the East and the nations of the West doesn't develop overnight—not after four decades of tension, occasional confrontation, and a habit of distrust that has become deeply ingrained, partly because of the inability of either side to communicate with the other or to comprehend the other's motives. The process of unlearning the old ways moves more slowly in some places than in others; it will proceed in stages, and there may be interruptions.

President Bush and the incoming team of advisers strongly favored a cautious, reactive approach to Gorbachev's "new thinking." Brent Scowcroft, the national-security adviser-to-be, said shortly after the election last November that Bush's policy would be "mainstream—unimaginative, perhaps, but mainstream." Bush isn't drawn to conceptual thinking (or thinkers), and his approach to Europe's affairs in the early going was narrowly tactical, if not regressive. "It turns out it's harder to do a friendly takeover than a hostile one," a senior official was quoted in the *Times* as saying.

Ronald Reagan drew a picture of opportunity in Red Square in June of last year when he put his arm around Gorbachev and withdrew the "evil empire" label. The Cold War was shown to be ending, and a threshold to something new was materializing. But Bush demolished assumptions that he would pick up where Reagan had left off with Gorbachev; he wanted to be seen as an authentic, freestanding figure, not just a surrogate Ronald Reagan. Besides, he knew that Reagan had upset the hard right—his own natural constituency—by going as far as he did with Gorbachev; Bush intended to reassure this critical sector of his party, whose support, if not affection, he had been striving to secure over the past eight years. And Bush doubtless disapproved of the Reagan approach to nuclear issues. Reagan wasn't a Cold Warrior in the usual sense. He was a radical whose field of vision was limited to a choice of two equally impossible goals: creating a seamless defense against the other side's nuclear weapons (Star Wars) or ridding the world of such weapons altogether. Moreover, Bush had served as the director of the Central Intelligence Agency under Gerald Ford, and had then worked closely with Brent Scowcroft, a widely respected man for all seasons, who held the same job he has now. Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney was Ford's chief of staff, and Secretary of State James Baker was his national campaign manager. In short, Bush, Scow-

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croft, Cheney, and Baker worked together at a time when Ford was being besieged by the hard right and was listening to the hoofbeats of Ronald Reagan, who challenged him for the nomination in 1976 and nearly got it. Ford protected himself by turning away from a strategic-arms agreement with the Soviets that lay within his grasp and by publicly expunging the word "détente" from his vocabulary. Some diplomats are sure that this experience was a formative one for the Bush crew and helps to explain its reluctance to rock the boat or appear to be moving on a path marked out by Reagan and Gorbachev. Put differently, Bush, Baker, and Cheney may be as much victims as beneficiaries of their experience in the Ford Administration.

In briefing the press, one official summarized the outcome of a four-month policy review as "status quo plus." The embarrassing label stuck. Reinventing the wheel is an act that new people will perform as if on command. But to do nothing during this past winter and spring was conceding all of center stage to Gorbachev, that virtuoso performer; or, to change the metaphor, it was giving him an open game board on which to set Western allies against one another. His predecessors had tried and failed to intimidate West Germany, but the concern now is that Gorbachev, the well-disposed, might tempt Germans by encouraging them to play a larger role in Eastern Europe and by loosening the Soviet grip on its allies, notably East Germany. "We'll take care of our Germans, you take care of yours" was the implicit Soviet line during most of the Cold War, but now many in Washington worry that Gorbachev is changing *all* the old rules. They think that as he reads German polls attesting to his vast popularity he will be led to try weakening America's standing in Europe by maneuvering West Germany into a compromised position. His repeated reference to a common European home as his vision of the future was taken by many in Washington to mean that North America would be excluded from Europe's house.

Washington had lost its balance. Instead of finding satisfaction in Gorbachev's pell-mell retreat from the ways of the past, Bush et al. chafed at his universal appeal. They seemed concerned mainly with recapturing the public-relations laurels by neutralizing Europe's "Gorbymania." However impressive its individual résumés, Bush's foreign-policy team struck European diplomats as muddled, and certainly insensitive to Europe's concerns. Questions arose: Did this lot fully understand that in the East-West dialogue it is Gorbachev who is *demandeur*—that it is he who urgently needs to make deals, cut military spending, and create reliably good relations with his country's old enemies? "They are not ideological conservatives, and they are pragmatic," says an experienced American diplomat who is closely exposed to the new people. "But they do play to the right," he adds. "They are also very bright, but they don't yet know what they don't know." Obviously, a new Administration had to satisfy itself about Gorbachev and his motives by probing him diplomatically. But Baker and others spoke publicly about "testing" Gorbachev. Whatever he did wasn't enough. And it's not as if they had privileged information about him. Oddly, judgments reached about Gorbachev in Washington and elsewhere are based largely on information that is available to anyone, as distinct from the sensitive intelligence on which leaders used to rely for their appraisals.

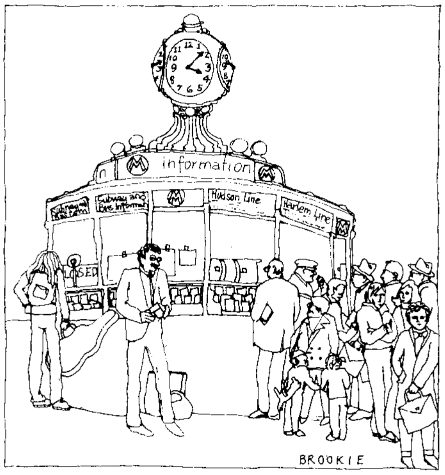
DIPLOMATS assumed from the start that Bush and his entourage would make foreign policy their highest priority. And why not? The obvious alternative—assaulting the bloated federal deficit—was as repellent to the new people as it had been to their prodigal predecessors, whose legacy in foreign policy, conversely, did offer an opportunity. Yet in Bush's first hundred days and more, what little was done in response to Gorbachev's exuberant diplomacy was generally derided, not unfairly, as pabulum, and tended to obscure some potentially useful moves in Latin America and the Middle East. Then, in May, events abruptly took control of statecraft, as they often do. With the leaders of NATO preparing to meet in Brussels on May 29th and 30th for the fortieth anniversary of history's most durable alliance of consenting states, the organization was edging toward a crisis that showed signs of becoming its worst ever. The issue was short-range nuclear weapons—whether to bargain all or most of them away in talks with Moscow or to create a new and vastly improved version of a short-range American system called Lance. Washington and London were resolved to push ahead with Lance and avoid negotiations, although many of their own diplomats could have told them that resistance to the system in West Germany, where it would be deployed, was far too deep to be overcome. Lance was—is—dead, but it nonetheless became the focus of a poisonous struggle between key allies, in which the American and British side forgot that the political cohesion of the alliance far exceeds the importance of any single weapon, even one that has a future.

For an American President, not to mention a new and unproved one, to be going to a NATO summit with no prior agreement on the outcome—no precooked communiqué to sign—was a prospect too awful for the Administration to contemplate seriously. Over the weekend of May 20th and 21st, Bush, Baker, Scowcroft, Cheney, and Admiral William J. Crowe, Jr., then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, met at Kennebunkport, Maine, where they honed and approved a hastily done-up proposal for reductions in the huge non-nuclear forces deployed by both blocs which could be unveiled at the summit. A few days later, a small team of senior people from State and the National Security Council staff travelled to Europe and privately briefed the allied leaders on what most of the leaders saw as a belated but nonetheless sensible, and even rather far-reaching, initiative by Bush. In Brussels, the conferees managed to arrive at an agreement based on the Bush package. All sides were relieved that crisis and debacle had been averted, and that NATO, in the talks on conventional arms that had begun in Vienna in March, now had a strong position from which to negotiate deep cuts. The Americans were elated: Bush left Brussels a credible leader of the alliance, and his proposal was seen to have volleyed the ball deep into Gorbachev's court—to have captured the initiative.

The NATO meeting in May papered over the deeper differences with Bonn. But these differences may be irreconcilable. They reflect a far more assertive and politically aroused West Germany and an Administration in Washington that enjoys success but is far from convinced that what most of us are seeing constitutes reality. Down the line, some of the new people have apparently made the intellectual adjustment. Up the line, they haven't. "German actions could easily create an American decision to withdraw forces," a senior Administration official told me a month after the summit. I asked what kind of actions. "Denying that a threat from the East exists. Continuing the pressure against us on the nuclear issue and on low-flying aircraft," he said. Germans like to point out that they deploy the region's largest army and continue to conscript their young men, but, they say, the society will accept these commitments only if it can see negotiations aimed at restricting both nuclear and conventional arms. Bush had a good summit, and a good visit to West Germany afterward. What is not clear is whether he and his advisers will have acquired what he might call the vision thing—what others would call a sense of direction.

RONALD REAGAN and the country got through his eight years without a foreign-policy crisis. Bush, who knows more than Reagan did, and arrived with much better people, began edging toward a crisis within a few weeks of taking command. And it was largely of his Administration's making. A foot-shooting exercise is how Georgia's Sam Nunn, the imposing chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, characterized the dispute that erupted over short-range nuclear missiles. Reagan, according to the Washington *Post's* Lou Cannon, who covered him most closely over the eight years, was saying privately during the spring that Bush had created "a needless crisis." But some others felt that Reagan himself, with a mighty assist from Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, had created the problem, and in a sense it did begin with a treaty signed by Reagan and Gorbachev at the Washington summit in December of 1987. The treaty committed the parties to abolish mid-range nuclear-missile systems. When the negotiations were first undertaken, the pact was supposed to cover weapons with ranges between six hundred and thirty-four hundred miles. But in the spring of 1987 Gorbachev proposed lowering the threshold to capture missiles with ranges of as little as three hundred miles. Reagan agreed. The British, the French, and the Germans all strongly disapproved of this change, which came to be called the second zero. They felt that NATO's strategy relied on having at least some mid-range missiles, to offset the heavy Soviet advantage in conventional forces, and they urged Reagan's people, who liked the second zero, to reject it. Then Mrs. Thatcher, after stiffening Chancellor Helmut Kohl's resistance to the second zero, stunned him and French Premier Jacques Chirac by abruptly breaking ranks and throwing her support behind it. She had scheduled a general election for June, and didn't want to be on the unpopular side of a nuclear issue. Secretary of State George Shultz had helped to turn her around. He and she then characterized the second zero as a "firebreak," beneath which NATO wouldn't go; that is, the alliance wouldn't reduce, let alone abolish, what the treaty left behind—eighty-eight American Lance missiles, with a range of just seventy miles. Kohl was outraged. He told the French, who were almost equally upset, that never again would he allow himself to be outflanked on a nuclear issue by the Americans and the British.

Kohl takes little interest in complex issues, mainly because he doesn't understand them. But he has an unfailing sense of their domestic political effects. He knew that the Lance, because of its short range, would be seen (possibly for the first time) by the public at home as capable of being fired only from and landing only on German soil. And he knew that that meant trouble. "Singularity," as Germans call it, is a condition they cannot abide, and no longer feel they have to abide. The term "firebreak" was notably ill advised. To the Germans, the word—*Brandmauer*—seemed to mean a firebreak built around their country. "The shorter the range, the deader the Germans" became a fashionable wheeze.



The second zero had to lead to a third—or so it seemed to most interested Germans, and there were a great many of them. In Bonn, the Foreign Ministry was told to devise a strategy for ridding both Germanys of all short-range missiles—the eighty-eight Lances and about sixteen hundred similar Soviet weapons, most of them deployed in East Germany. The first step was a letter from Kohl to Reagan requesting negotiations on short-range nuclear forces, or S.N.F. (He wrote a similar letter to Bush earlier this year.) Washington, with strong support from London, resisted the notion of a third zero, partly because of plans to "modernize" Lance by creating a variant with a range of two hundred and eighty miles. Since such a weapon would be able to travel four times as far as the existing Lance, not to mention its falling just short of the treaty's three-hundred-mile limit, the term "modernization" struck many observers as heavily euphemistic. Moreover, short-range missiles are not admired by many diplomats and military officers, because they are inherently unstable, hence dangerous. Their range leaves them extremely vulnerable to preëmptive attack; that is, they would have to be used as soon as possible in the event of hostilities. ("Use them or lose them" is jargon shorthand for the problem.)

Orthodox thinkers contend that NATO must deploy some nuclear weapons, not because they would necessarily ever be used but in order to make Soviet planners reckon with the possibility of their use. But most orthodox thinkers know that short-range missiles are not the best way, or even a good way, to meet the requirement. Strike aircraft and air-launched cruise missiles make more sense militarily, and politically they do not create a singularity problem for the Germans.

Kohl's Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher—the pivotal figure

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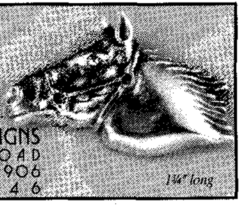

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in the continuing saga of the third zero—pushed hard for negotiations on S.N.F. and for saying no to Lance. A meeting of NATO foreign ministers at Reykjavík in June of 1987 produced a communiqué that, even by the standards of such affairs, was a model of ambiguity. Modernizing Lance was neither encouraged nor discouraged. On a third zero, the ministers were silent, while professing to welcome some cuts in S.N.F. Afterward, the Americans and the British refused to discuss the S.N.F. issue, contending that it was divisive.

Even before that meeting, a struggle for control of the nuclear issue had developed in Bonn; it pitted Genscher against Kohl's advisers in the Federal Chancellery, who were vulnerable to pressure from Washington and reckoned that Kohl could go only so far in opposing their country's great protector. It isn't unusual for Bonn to speak with two, or even three, voices. The regime is a three-party coalition, consisting of Kohl's Christian Democratic Union, the largest member; its Bavarian sibling, the Christian Social Union; and, third, the Free Democratic Party, or F.D.P., which at one time was the coalition partner of the Social Democratic Party, the other major party. Genscher is a leader of the F.D.P., and, while it is far smaller than the C.D.U., Kohl has never been able to dominate or manipulate him. Their views often diverge, and foreign diplomats must try to guess which will prevail.

Genscher and his party are survivors, though sometimes barely. Their share of the vote in federal elections usually hovers just above five per cent, the legal minimum required for parliamentary participation. At sixty-two, Genscher is in his sixteenth year as Foreign Minister, having first served with Helmut Schmidt and his Social Democrats and then, in 1982, having dramatically switched partners. Genscher has become Europe's senior statesperson, although for many American officials (and a few British) he is a chronic irritant, or worse. Some say that he cares only about surviving—a charge that, if true, would hardly set him apart from other luminaries. Others say that he has a private agenda, which reflects a visionary approach to opening Eastern Europe to his country and reunifying the divided fatherland. Genscher is immensely popular, probably more so than any other German political figure except the President, Richard von Weizsäcker, who has become something of an ally. And Genscher's popularity has risen along with that of Gorbachev, whom he seems to approve of unquestioningly. "Our motto can only be: If we are to take Gorbachev seriously, we have to take him at his word," Genscher said early in 1987. No other Western minister had said anything comparable. Since the dispute over Lance and S.N.F. became critical a few months ago, Genscher's popularity at home has grown further, and now appears to cover the political spectrum.

Genscher was born near Halle, in what is now East Germany, and he returns there frequently. He often refers to the preamble to the West German constitution, which mandates the government to pursue national unity. He is said by aides and admirers to see German obligations toward Eastern Europe in a special light, which reflects Germany's past. "It is an existential question here," one German diplomat says. "We have to do something over there, and we know that." Another says, "The French and British governments can survive without an Eastern policy. No German government can survive without one." Some of Genscher's rhetoric is cited by his American critics as evidence of darker purposes. In a speech in the Bundestag late last April, for example, he noted that the responsibility he had assumed with his oath of office "does not stop at the border cutting through Germany," and went on, "The responsibility for the nation established by the oath does not exclude my native region, the town where I was born, or the people in the German Democratic Republic."

Genscher's admirers, who include those who know him best, argue that his first priority is Germany's ties to the West; that only if the E.C. and NATO remain strong and reliable can West Germany afford to make serious moves in the East. He talks about not allowing the German question to go haywire, and says that his country has to prepare each and every step directed to the East with a deeper involvement in Western Europe. In a speech in Bologna in October of 1988, he said, "Germany's place in the community of European democracies makes impossible not only national solo acts but also . . . a policy of neutralism which would make us again a factor of instability in Europe and the object of rivalry between East and West." His record supports his rhetoric. No European minister has been more ardent than Genscher in pushing for West European unity, including monetary union. "He is a paradox—a very supranational West European and an apostle of openings to the East," says a senior French diplomat. "He says what he means and means what he says."

Even after sixteen years, Washington hasn't got used to Genscher, partly because he is unlike most German ministers. Whereas Kohl, for example, tends to be compliant, Genscher is seen as arrogant, and even as a rogue. At any high-level NATO meeting, the leader of the American delegation, whether the President, the Secretary of State, or the Secretary of Defense, tends to perform, rather understandably, as a kind of board chairman and majority stockholder. But Genscher doesn't treat him that way. And he is as ill at ease with American colleagues as they are with him. He values Germany's American connection as much as Kohl and others do, but German diplomats, most of whom admire him, say that he feels misunderstood—as doubtless he is—in Washington, and not well treated there. No American Secretary of State except Cyrus Vance, who served under Jimmy Carter, has got on especially well with Genscher. And among British Foreign Secretaries only Lord Carrington had warm relations with him. (He still does.)

Genscher is occasionally accused of sharp practices, such as leaving ministerial meetings ahead of the others to assure immediate press coverage of his version of what occurred. Genscher loyalists say that he is hardly alone in using such tactics, and that he must be seen as a determined man who knows that his popularity isn't transferrable to his vulnerable party and that he may be operating on borrowed time. In talking about him with German diplomats, one sometimes senses, not from what is said but from the way it is said, that he is viewed as a potentially tragic figure. A recent portrait of Genscher in the West German weekly *Die Zeit* described him as "a politician who wants to get his way, who, facing conflict,

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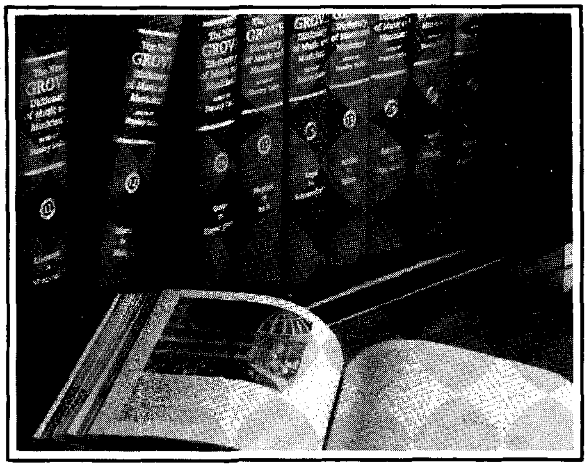

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ALL these qualities have been on display during the S.N.F. affair. From the start, Genscher warned Washington, London, and Paris of the German public's unwillingness to accept another short-range missile, even one advertised as a modernized version of an existing weapon. But Kohl's staff advisers privately told Washington and London not to worry about Genscher. He represented only his small party, they said. We are the majority, they said, and we will prevail. Briefly, Genscher was saying one thing, in what diplomats call the front channel, while Kohl's people were saying another, in the back channel. Kohl's people were not unaware of German sensitivities, which Genscher was stressing, and their aim was to dispose of the Lance issue long before it could harm the Chancellor's prospects in the federal elections to be held in December of 1990. One thing—and not the only thing—that Kohl's people failed to anticipate was that many of the stalwarts within the coalition, including the redoubtable Alfred Dregger, a deeply conservative Bavarian, who is the chairman of the Demo-Christian parliamentary group, would in the end back Genscher on the nuclear issue. By going against the grain politically, Kohl's people were inviting trouble.

Early last December, the E.C. heads of government met in Rhodes. "Kohl and Genscher sent out quite different signals," a British diplomat recalls. Kohl lobbied Mrs. Thatcher and others for a NATO summit meeting at which a decision to modernize Lance would be taken, and he wanted to have the meeting just as soon as it would suit the incoming Bush Administration. Apparently convinced by his advisers, Kohl had assumed that a decision on Lance, if it was made early enough, would allow him to gratify American preferences while doing no damage to his prospects for reëlection.

A few weeks later, however, Kohl's horizon began to darken. His C.D.U. was thrashed in elections in Berlin in January, and in Frankfurt in March. The big gainers were the Greens and, behind them, two fringe parties of the far right. Instantly, people in Bonn and elsewhere had to reckon with the possibility of a grand realignment of German politics—more precisely, with the possibility that an alliance of the left-of-center Social Democrats and the Greens, referred to as a Red-Green coalition, would be voted in next time. Kohl then began to see any decision to go forward with Lance, even if it was made quickly, in a different light. "He retreated at the first whiff of grapeshot," says a senior British official who is among his harshest critics.

German politicians had expected 1989 to be a dull and uneventful prelude to 1990—a year that they felt sure would create more political heat and intensity than the country had experienced in its forty years of existence, for the general election in December would be preceded by four state elections. With a Red-Green coalition perhaps lying ahead, the nuclear issue swam into focus; and since the Social Democrats and the Greens both take a Genscher line, the differences between him and Kohl acquired instant prominence. Kohl was out on a limb in an increasingly volatile environment; his approval rating in the polls had fallen off sharply, and by April it would reach its all-time low.

The Bush Administration had barely arrived when it began pushing for Lance modernization—a tactic that struck many people as unnecessary, since, according to specialists, a decision would not be required before 1992. In February, Secretary Baker made his inaugural tour of NATO, visiting fifteen countries in eight days. He was in Bonn long enough to see that Kohl was in trouble. "We let up on modernization then," an adviser who accompanied Baker recalls. But even before Baker's trip Genscher was again pushing publicly for immediate negotiations on S.N.F. And in Washington not all those around Bush were prepared to let Kohl off the hook on modernizing Lance.

In mid-April, Cheney made his NATO début, in a meeting in Brussels with other defense ministers. And he brought with him a gift for Kohl—Washington's assent to a deferral of the decision on Lance. The Administration was assuming that in return the Germans would stop talking about S.N.F. negotiations. They didn't stop. By then, Alfred Dregger had decided to support negotiations, and that meant that left and right were shoulder to shoulder on the issue, and Genscher, not Kohl, was making policy.

Washington and London were dug in. Although both abhorred the notion of a Red-Green German government, neither was disposed to prevent such a consummation by giving in on S.N.F. negotiations. But on the second day of Cheney's meeting in Brussels matters abruptly got out of hand. First, a few key figures within Bonn's ruling coalition, notably Genscher and Dregger, held a meeting—without aides, and often acrimonious—on the nu-

C. Barsotti

clear issues which began on April 20th and lasted most of the night. Kohl was not present. The conferees agreed informally on five points, the most important being a resolve to seek "speedy" negotiations on S.N.F.; they also stressed the fact that the decision on Lance would be deferred, and they went as far as to dissociate West Germany from any such future decision, which would become a strictly American affair. Later that morning, the group gathered in Dregger's office and, after a discussion lasting about twenty-five minutes, formally blessed the five-point paper. They also decided to leak their initiative (having previously agreed to communicate it to Washington privately). And they agreed that Kohl and Genscher would call Bush and Baker, respectively, that the Foreign Ministry would cable the five points to its Washington Embassy, and that the Embassy would put them before Bush and Baker prior to the phone calls.

The calls were placed at around 8 A.M., Washington time. Bush was fairly noncommittal, except that he urged Kohl to prevent the matter from being made public until a meeting could be arranged. Kohl then volunteered to dispatch Genscher and Gerhard Stoltenberg, the Minister of Defense, to Washington at once. Sending two such senior people, as opposed to a working-level team, was a serious mistake, mainly because they lacked what diplomats call wiggle room. Each of the three members of the ruling coalition had endorsed the new position, which was now public; walking any of it back was out of the question. "Kohl had typically failed to make clear to Bush the degree of commitment to what he was describing," a closely involved German diplomat says. The presence in Washington of Genscher and Stoltenberg, who arrived there on Monday, April 24th, gave the affair maximum visibility. They met for four hours at the State Department with Baker, Scowcroft, and Cheney; the discussion went badly, and the Germans left that night. "What we have here is grandstanding by a panic-stricken government," an American official told the *Times*. But Washington, too, was denying itself wiggle room, by ruling out negotiations, which the Germans saw as necessary for justifying their high levels of defense spending.

Kohl spelled out the new position in a Genscheresque speech to the Bundestag on April 27th; he spoke of the start of a new age, in which, for the first time since the Second World War, Europeans had the opportunity to "step out of the shadow of the East-West conflict." Washington's line was, in effect, that the Germans were reneging on an understanding reached at the recent Brussels meeting—that, not content with having won the concession on Lance modernization, they now wanted to empty NATO's arsenal of the shorter-range nuclear devices that were deployed in Germany to protect Germans from Soviet might. Yet American diplomats conceded, when they were pressed, that Genscher and the others weren't reneging on a deal, because none had been struck. "But we felt we had a commitment from them to work it out quietly," one of the Americans said.

Genscher, the Germans said, wasn't pushing for a third zero but, rather, for negotiated cuts in S.N.F., as provided in the Reykjavík communiqué of 1987. Washington and London worried, quite plausibly, that any negotiated outcome would be a zero outcome, given the small number of America's short-range weapons. And then the barely mentioned truth about Lance modernization—that it would never happen—also seemed to bear out the German heresy: the second zero would beget a third. Finally, zero would surely impress public opinion as a far better deal than mutually agreed-upon cuts, if only because of the huge Soviet advantage in this category of weapons.

The inevitable overreaction set in. Kohl and Genscher stood accused by Washington of taking steps that would cause a withdrawal of American troops from Germany, where they probably constitute the best return on the defense dollar: they defend vital American interests on other than American soil. Yet some congressmen reported that their best applause lines in district speeches followed pledges to work for troop withdrawals. "No Nukes, No Troops" became a popular admonition to Germans who were being judged as uppity. A Federal Chancellor was for the first time saying no to an American President on a major weapons system. Viewing the situation with alarm, various opinion molders of the Op-Ed pages reminded readers of the purpose

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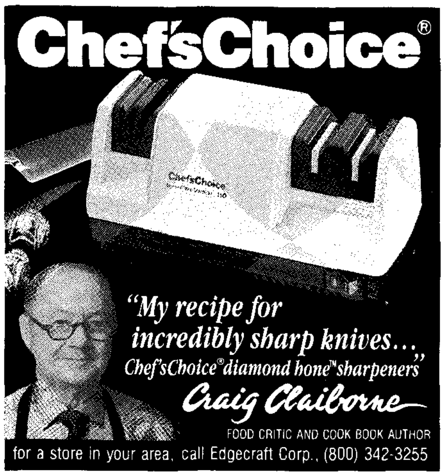

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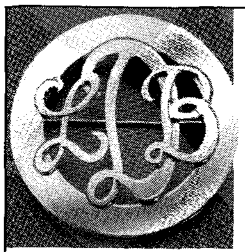

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of the alliance as it was seen by NATO's first Secretary General, Lord Ismay—to keep America in, the Soviet Union out, and Germany down—and of Clemenceau, who was supposed to have said that he loved Germany so much he wanted there always to be more than one, and of Goethe, who said that the Germans make everything difficult, for themselves and others.

On a more serious level, some American diplomats argued strongly that a third zero would lead to the denuclearization of Europe and thus "institutionalize Soviet hegemony over Western Europe," as one of them put it to me in late April, and that if the Germans couldn't see that, it was because they had inflated their so-called singularity and lost their nerve. German diplomats, for their part, ridiculed the notion of Soviet hegemony. "At a time when their empire is collapsing and the economy with it, and the regime is trying to stave off disaster by imitating us, the idea is laughable," said a German to whom I played back his American colleague's sombre forecast. Washington, I felt, had summoned a familiar dialectic: the tough-minded vigilant versus the trusting incautious.

Genscher aside, both the principals in Bonn and Washington were feeling serious pain. Kohl was having the worst of it. By aligning himself with Genscher and trying to keep in step with his critics, he had acquired the look of someone who would do anything to stay in power. He was losing favor within his own party and its political base—the large bloc of voters who are alarmed by any serious rift with the Americans. And the abruptness of his turnabout on S.N.F. actually worked against Kohl rather than for him with people who didn't mind the rift if it meant taking a stand against nuclear weapons. A leader who can be blown this way and that by the political winds is rarely seen as much of a leader.

Bush's position, though less serious, was awkward. Refusal to negotiate is not an easy position to sustain, as he was being reminded by senior members of Congress and several allied governments. And even as he was rejecting any suggestion of compromise, the silhouette of one had emerged, and it was centered on achieving cuts both in short-range missiles and in conventional arms. Variants of this idea were tried out by Senator Nunn and his counterpart on the House side, Representative Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, who was the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. From Bonn came hints of a willingness to defer S.N.F. negotiations until after Germany's general election, in December of 1990.

Talk of compromise enlarged the focus of debate to cover the talks on conventional forces in Europe in Vienna. These talks, which a Soviet expert has called "the most complicated diplomatic task since the end of the Second World War," were supposed to be the main business of the fortieth-anniversary summit meeting, at the end of May. Washington had intended to orchestrate what one diplomat described as a "flamboyant success" in Brussels, but the S.N.F. sideshow was in the way, and was also calling attention to heavy criticism of NATO's position in the Vienna talks. NATO sought considerably fewer reductions in troops and equipment than did a far-reaching proposal put forward by the Warsaw Pact. Les Aspin savaged the NATO proposal, warning that unless we fix it, "we look like a bunch of bean counters and Gorbachev looks like a guy who wants a different relationship in Europe." He went on, "Public opinion is just going to come down the mountain and rip the NATO position out from under us."

Intellectually, the Bush crowd seemed to be going in circles and getting nowhere with the issues that preoccupied the European allies and would in a few weeks have to be dealt with in Brussels. "Status quo plus," whatever that meant, wasn't moving the ball down the field. Sardonic but plainly worried, some European capitals asked, "Has America fallen off the planet?"

George Bush was a hazy presence. He hadn't said anything memorable, or even of much interest, since his speech accepting the Republican nomination last August. Finally, in mid-April, he gave the first of five speeches that were intended to outline his foreign policy and focus the world's attention on its most potent leader. Although the speeches fell far short of the latter purpose, they did amount to a small departure. In one of them Bush spoke of the "integration" of the Soviet Union into the world. He may have been encouraged by Baker, who was aware by then, even if Bush and others were not, that Lance was dead and what passed for American policy had become a liability, in Washington as well as in Europe.

Still, as Baker prepared for his first trip to Moscow a few days later, the policy was unchanged. The visit, on May 10th and 11th, was preceded by headlines announcing that it would "test" the seriousness of Gorbachev's "new thinking." But it was Gorbachev, perhaps bridling at the prospect of being tested, who made the headlines. He told Baker that he intended to cut the Soviet arsenal of short-range nuclear bombs and warheads in Europe by five hundred. Since the total Soviet inventory of such weapons is around ten thousand, the gesture was all but meaningless, yet its propaganda value in Western Europe was predictably huge, and added to the pressure on the Bush Administration. "KREMLIN SURPRISE UPSTAGES BAKER MISSION," one headline proclaimed. "GORBACHEV ROLLS BAKER," another said. Ironically, it was Baker who leaked the Soviet ploy; assuming that Moscow would go public with it as soon as he had left town, he told reporters on the plane about Gorbachev's disclosure. Actually, the Soviets hadn't gone public with it, but would doubtless have done so soon. With Baker himself en route to Brussels to brief NATO, and Bush scheduled to give his first East-West foreign-policy speech the following day, the timing of the story could not have been worse.

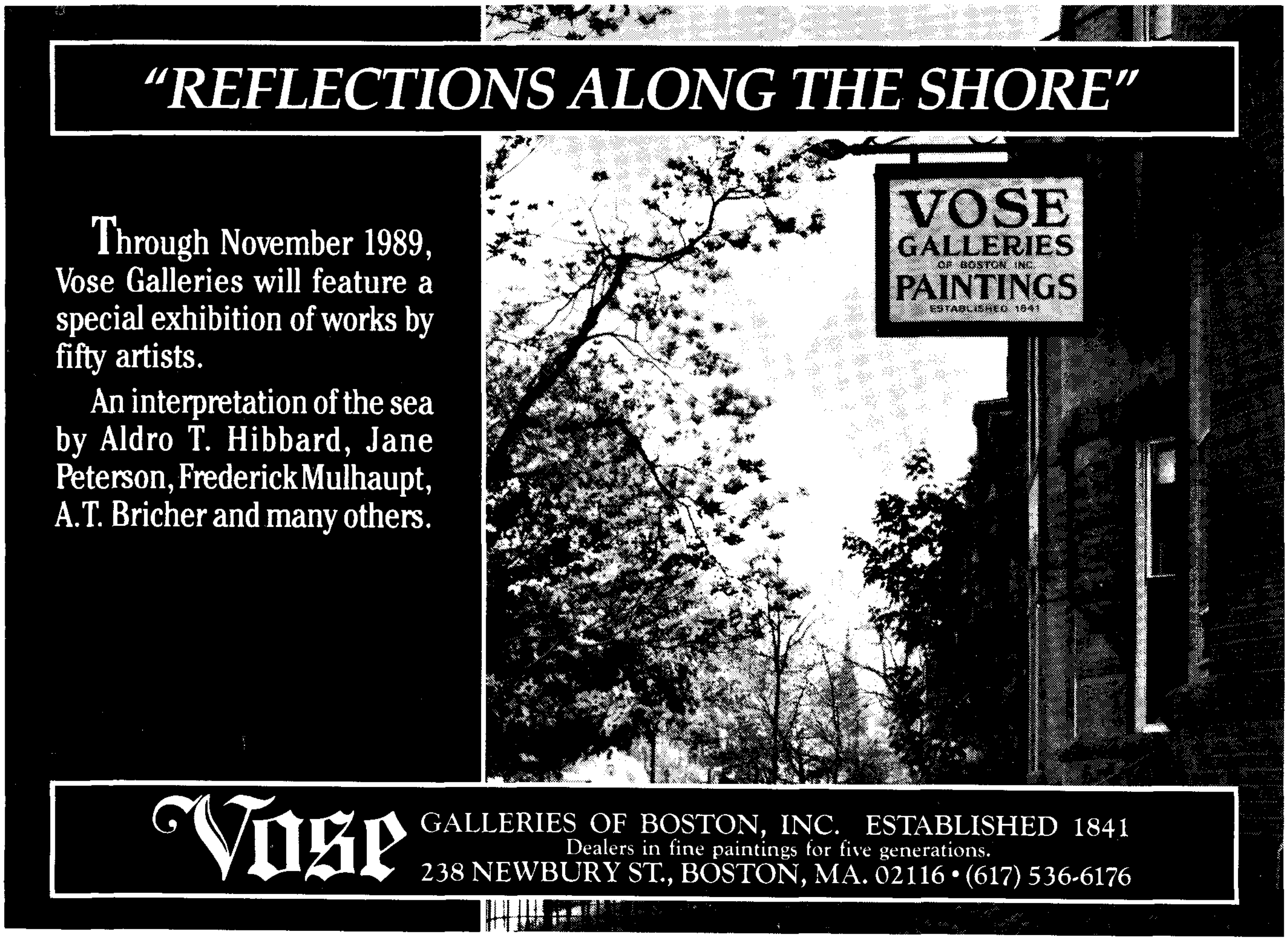
All but lost in the headlines was the import of the visit: it may have been a turning point. During a three-and-a-half-hour meeting, Gorbachev told Baker of his willingness to take steps that NATO had long been pushing for. He would liquidate the heavy Soviet advantage in tanks, artillery, and armored personnel carriers. This he would do by slashing the Warsaw Pact's inventory of such weapons to

NATO's proposed levels. In return, however, the negotiations would have to cover strike aircraft, which NATO had insisted on excluding from the talks—an exclusion that was never sustainable.

Baker's chief aides returned from their trip convinced that talks on S.N.F. were unavoidable and so, in all likelihood, was a third zero. A few of the new people were seeing their choice more clearly: either join with Gorbachev in making formal agreements to cut both conventional and nuclear forces or watch him do it unilaterally. Either way, he couldn't lose. He had to make cuts. Making them unilaterally would push NATO to take similar steps, but Gorbachev would collect most of the credit, being seen, correctly, as having forced the proceedings. His stock would then have no place to go but further up—in America, which also has a powerful incentive to save some money, as well as in Europe. Richard Nixon had been telling people recently that in January Gorbachev had a sixty-five-per-cent approval rating in, of all places, Orange County, California. Briefly, with Baker's return, status quo plus went on the shelf, and hardheaded preparations were hastily launched for the NATO summit that lay just two weeks ahead.

On the weekend of Baker's return, I began a three-week tour of Western and Eastern Europe, in the hope of acquiring a better feel for how governments there were thinking about the larger questions: about West Germany's evolving role on either side of Europe's great divide; about the prospects of survival for Gorbachev and for *perestroika*, and whether they are the same question; about his "common European home" and what the Soviets and both East and West Europeans think it means; about whether many of these questions really turn on the E.C. and what becomes of it; about whether the two superpowers will soon become less relevant to Europe's changing direction. Europe seemed to be the place to be during NATO's fortieth-anniversary summit meeting, especially if it should become a disaster.

IN London, my first stop, Margaret Thatcher was showing serious signs of what the French call *usure du pouvoir* and some in Fleet Street had referred to as "metal fatigue in the Iron Lady." Her problems at home—inflation, strikes, high interest rates, and a less muddled opposition—were being mightily complicated by her efforts to fight Thatcheresque battles on several external fronts simultaneously. Besides the S.N.F. brawl, she was waging a lonely campaign against the E.C.'s plan for monetary union, and was also tilting against most of the rest of what the Eurocrats in Brussels were proposing. On the S.N.F. issue, she was stirring up a far greater row with the Germans than Bush's people ever had. They had wearied of being constantly importuned by her on the issue, in fact, and also of having her seem on occasion to be speaking for America as well as for Britain. Some Thatcher watchers felt that in pressing so hard she was atoning for her role in the second zero. Others surmised that, with Reagan gone and a new lot of Americans on the scene, she saw herself as the chief custodian of Western security and the person best equipped to keep the Germans on the true path. "We are exaggerating the S.N.F. is-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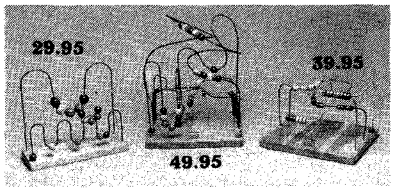

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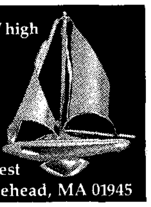


sue," I was told by Peter Carrington, her first Foreign Secretary, who had recently resigned as Secretary General of NATO to become chairman of Christie's, the London-based auction house. "What really matters is holding together the alliance."

"Mrs. Thatcher is severely out of touch with what is going on," an experienced and widely respected Foreign Office official said. "She is fighting her corner on the purely narrow point. She may be punching shadows as Washington and Bonn put a compromise together." The comment was prophetic. Within two weeks, Washington and Bonn settled the S.N.F. issue, on terms that Mrs. Thatcher had to accept, if grudgingly. "Because she got so far out on a limb, she made it easy for Bush to find the middle way—to end by brokering differences between her and the Germans," an American diplomat said. "It's hard to see why she did that."

There was a lot else to ask about in London: Mrs. Thatcher's April meeting with Gorbachev, with whom she gets on very well; and her differences with the E.C., which have set her against members of her Cabinet, and even against the Tory Party, and may do more damage to Britain's relations with the West Germans than even the ugly S.N.F. quarrel has done.

The question about Gorbachev's survival was answered in London much the way it was answered in most, though not all, of the other capitals I visited, including Moscow. Yes, he will survive and, yes, he will fail was the gist of the answer. It meant that he would probably survive in the near and middle term, despite ethnic strife, unless something highly unlikely occurred—an eruption of six Soviet republics at the same time, say. His opposition within the Communist Party is divided and off balance, and by keeping one jump ahead of his enemies he has managed to gain control of the Party structures. He is wholly committed to basic reform, and whenever he is challenged he will simply speed up the process and announce still other reforms. But most British and other European officials feel that Gorbachev's survival in the long run will depend on whether and, if so, how he refashions the Soviet system and breathes life into a ruined economy.

The British are likely to find their so-called *special relationship* with America, to which there is sometimes less than meets the eye, threatened by an expanding German role. West Germany's robust economy, along with its geography and its potentially great influence in Eastern Europe, points to a pivotal role: either it will be the E.C.'s main interlocutor with both Washington and Moscow or it will share such a role with France. Unlike the British and the French, the Germans don't have nuclear weapons, but they feel, rightly or wrongly, that the political utility of these weapons will decline.

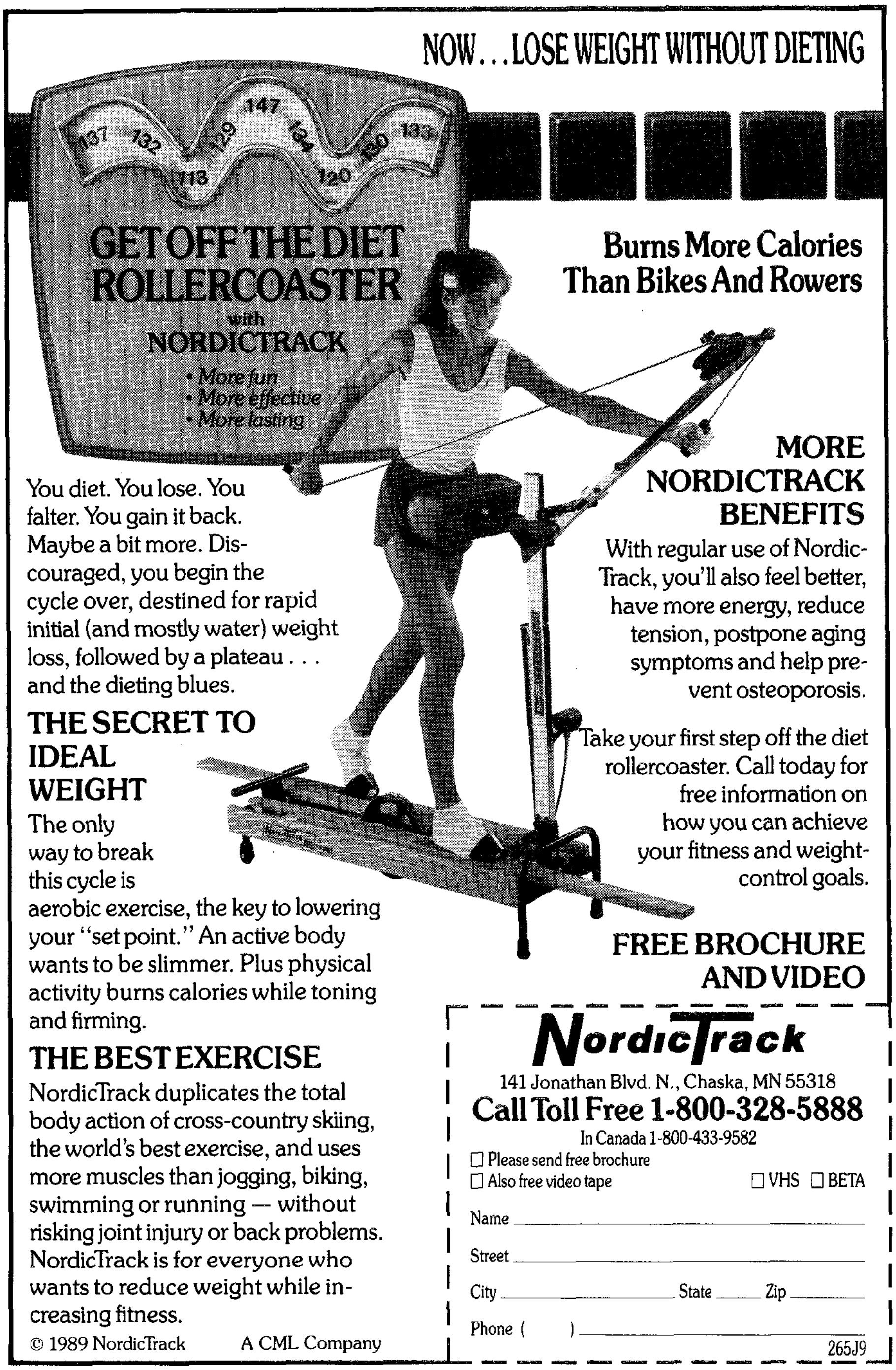
Mrs. Thatcher is known to reckon that the special Anglo-American relationship and the tie she has forged with Gorbachev put her in the privileged role of go-between and interlocutor; and in the Reagan years she did play that role, not just with Gorbachev but with the Saudis, among others. But she doesn't understand that her interest to the superpowers will decline as long as Britain seems to be half in and half out of the E.C. Only with Britain playing its E.C. role to the hilt—becoming Europe's balance wheel, as in the distant past, and influencing what happens in Eastern Europe—will the bigger players have an interest in holding Britain's place at what former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan used to call the top table.

The E.C. is at last beginning to vindicate its prophets, for it is moving from strength to strength. Talk about moving toward a United States of Europe is only talk, but economic and monetary union in some advanced form is a serious goal, likely to be reached. The process is sequential: each step that is taken makes possible the next. The next step now—a huge one—is the move toward monetary union. In April, a three-stage plan to that end was submitted by Jacques Delors, a French Socialist who has served as President François Mitterrand's Finance Minister and is now the president of the E.C.'s executive arm, which is called the Commission; it was Delors who extricated France's economy from Mitterrand's early fling with socialism, and he is the Pan-European notable. The idea of the plan is to achieve a common currency and a central banking system, in three stages. Most members see the German

Bundesbank as already functioning, in effect, as a central bank, with their individual currencies dutifully following the Deutsche mark. But Mrs. Thatcher sees Delors's plan as nonsense—as proposing an intolerable infringement upon British sovereignty if anything should come of it. One of its paragraphs is especially offensive to her and her partisans. It provides that members must sign on to all three stages at the outset, so that there can be no turning back. In for a penny, in for a pound is the game. Just imagine, say British opponents of the game, asking the House of Commons to agree to taking control of monetary policy away from the Treasury and the Bank of England and turning it over to some as yet nonexistent institution in Brussels at some unspecified date: it won't happen. Others argue that sovereignty in economic affairs is more apparent than real—that the interweaving of the economies and the currencies of E.C. members limits their independence. "Talking about national sovereignty in monetary policy is almost sheer nonsense," says Norbert Walter, the senior economist of the Deutsche Bank AG, in Frankfurt.

Mrs. Thatcher's critics argue that she is harming her own interests, not to mention Britain's, by her refusal to take part in an E.C. device known as E.R.M. (for "exchange-rate mechanism"), which is an arrangement between central banks to coördinate the exchange rates of the various currencies. Actually, Germany's Bundesbank dominates the process, and it has worked very well: members of the E.R.M. had an average inflation rate of just 3.5 per cent from May of 1988 to May of 1989 whereas Britain's was over eight per cent—higher than that of any other large Western country. The distinction was important politically, partly because Britain's economy was turning sour, while interest rates were rising, and partly because Mrs. Thatcher's unflinching insularity on even so arcane a topic as monetary policy was worrying people. Among the E.C.'s twelve members, only Greece and Portugal are, like Britain, outside the E.R.M.; Spain came in last June.

While I was in London, the monetary issue was creating a well-publicized split between Mrs. Thatcher and Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "He wants to do all the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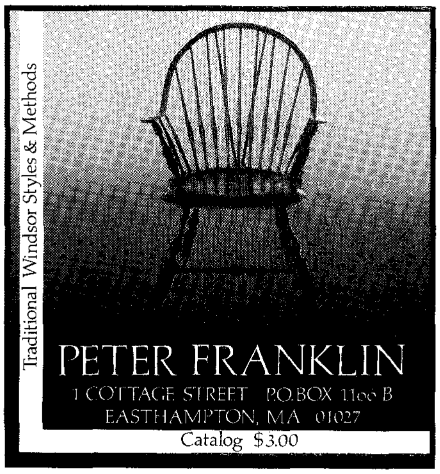
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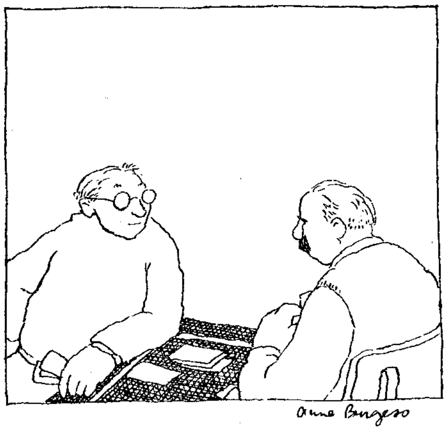
things she doesn't want to do," a British official said. That the City—London's financial district—and the Tory Party were among the worriers was clear. "The split in the Conservative Party over the future of the European Community may turn out to be its most significant rupture since Sir Robert Peel repealed the Corn Laws," *The Economist* for May 20th intoned. "Already, Europe looks the rock on which—one day—Mrs. Margaret Thatcher's premiership will founder." Whether by good luck or artful timing, Mrs. Thatcher's greatest rival within the Party, Michael Heseltine, produced a book at that moment which called for just the kind of expansive British commitment to the E.C. that she was rejecting.

A month later, in the latter part of June, elections for the European Parliament—the E.C.'s legislative arm—were held in the member states. In Britain, the Labour Party stunned Conservatives by beating them in a nationwide election for the first time on Mrs. Thatcher's watch. Rightly or wrongly, many Tories saw what seemed her "Little Englander" approach to Europe as being partly to blame for the outcome. Just afterward, on June 26th and 27th, the heads of the E.C. governments gathered in Madrid. Not for years had one of these European summits, which are held every six months, aroused anything like the interest that this one did. Approval of the Delors plan was the main agenda item, and the possibility of an eleven-to-one split guaranteed page-one coverage. But the split didn't occur. Mrs. Thatcher was more restrained than she usually is when she is upholding principle; there was no handbag-waving at others. After battling the tide for a bit and extracting a few modest concessions, she joined the consensus in agreeing to push ahead with the first steps envisioned by the plan. This, incidentally, meant committing Britain to membership in the E.R.M. by some unspecified time in the future. She also acquiesced in preparations for a conference on the next two phases. The conference will work up an amendment to the Rome Treaty that is expected to mandate monetary union. The infamous attempt by the authors of the Delors report to bind members to all three stages from the outset was finessed in Madrid—a concession to Mrs. Thatcher, but probably a meaningless one. In her report to the House of Commons she said, "We have ensured that there is nothing automatic about the move to subsequent stages." Strictly speaking, she was right. But in a year or so, as an article in the *Financial Times* points out, "Mrs. Thatcher will be sitting down at a conference she does not want to discuss a goal she does not want." In Madrid, the die was cast, and her situation seemed clear: Either accept what that conference recommends or be rolled over by the others, at which point Britain could be well and truly isolated. "If we march with our friends, we will further our cause and theirs," Heseltine wrote in his new book. "If we dawdle or drop out they may spare us no more than a regretful shrug."

JACQUES DELORS had much to do with the plan that bears his name, but so did other people, including Robin Leigh-Pemberton, the governor of the Bank of England, who signed it even though the bank is an instrument of the British government. What seems more important in the monetary affair is the role of the French government. It, too, worries about the recent tendency in Bonn to speak with a voice that echoes German strength. According to diplomats, French leaders are pushing hard, if discreetly, for monetary union, seeing it as a means of binding the Germans more securely to the European edifice. "The European Community has reached a moment of decision," Roland Dumas, the Foreign Minister, told me. "The touchstone will be the monetary structure—the need for a single currency and a central banking system."

The tie between France and West Germany is among the closest international ties in the West, and probably the most important. It began with a kind of European High Mass, as Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer, those magisterial statesmen, formally interred the turbulent past in a Franco-German treaty in 1963. France, it was tacitly agreed, would be the leader of a renewed Western Europe built upon the French-German reconciliation. As de Gaulle saw matters, French nuclear weapons would define an eternal difference between the two old enemies, and would also offset Germany's greater economic strength.



Each of the parties worries about keeping their special tie in good repair. But now, with East-West affairs in a softer focus and money and commerce edging aside security concerns, subtle changes in the relationship are being felt in both Paris and Bonn. The French are anxious, and even confused. Their influence in Bonn, which they see as an essential restraint, is probably declining. They understand what has happened, and seem reconciled to it, if gloomily. "The problem concerns their"—the Germans'—"dignity and sovereignty," Dumas says. But he and others talk as if France had a broad political field of maneuver that the Germans do not have. The Germans sense this attitude, and they now reject it. A senior French diplomat describes the German mood as "adolescent and Freudian." He says, "They are without direction and unsure of their strengths. Their political system is messy—one of almost endless elections. But the German soul is swelling today. Genscher is the most powerful politician in Europe, even if he is weak at home"—a reference to Genscher's party. "Kohl has lost control. He will do anything to avoid losing an election. He is selling out to Genscher."

Back in the nineteen-sixties, France, in the person of de Gaulle, was blocking the path to European unity. Britain was then trying to gain admission to the E.C. but was blackballed by him. Now, ironically, Mrs. Thatcher is playing the role of blocker, or trying to, and France has become the stoutest advocate of European unity, partly to retain some influence over what the Germans do. I asked a few diplomats why France is now such a good "European"—on the monetary issue, for example. The answer to this question, as to so many others, leads back to the French-German link. Each country is far and away the other's largest trading partner. France has benefitted from having the franc follow the Deutsche mark; by accepting the discipline of the German Bundesbank, which is concerned mainly with holding down German inflation, French inflation has fallen almost as low as West Germany's. Still, for France to subject its monetary policy to the discipline of another country's central bank is a bit embarrassing, while accepting a similar discipline from a Brussels-based institution that represented all members of the E.C. would obscure—or, at least, neutralize—the awkwardness of the reality.

On July 1st, Mitterrand became the president of the E.C. The job is rotated among the heads of state of the twelve member countries for six-month terms, and he will therefore not be eligible for it again in the time remaining to him as President of France. "He sees this moment as the highlight of his career —certainly the highlight of his second *septennat*," a senior French diplomat says, referring to the seven-year Presidential term. "He is angry at Kohl, but he won't yield to temptation and hammer him, because he needs the Germans for the E.C. summit in Strasbourg in December." In short, Mitterrand intends to accomplish as much as possible on the European front during what remains of this year, but if he is to make a *bella figura* Kohl must help. So, whatever the Germans may do, France will turn the other cheek—for now, at least.

IN Brussels, which I visited a week before the NATO summit began, diplomats were preoccupied with the split within the E.C. on monetary policy and with Washington's lack of understanding of the nature and depth of the changes in Europe. Washington seemed to be worrying about the wrong things: Gorbymania and its intoxicating effect; the durability of Gorbachev and his policies. But there was no sign that Washington had considered the possibility of having to deal with a wholly new and enormous problem: a politically unstable nuclear superpower. If Gorbachev does survive and does fail, the Soviet Union is likely to become unstable, and, in that event, so will some or most of Eastern Europe. "The West has subverted the world order by being so successful," one ambassador in Brussels said. "And we will now have to deal with the consequences of all the instability that will follow." ("Stability" is the buzzword one hears almost everywhere, and in Moscow endlessly.)

The crisis that could have upstaged NATO's fortieth anniversary and loosened its joints was, of course, headed off. There had been some concern that Bush's people, having been beaten on Lance modernization, would suffer their second major loss in the space of a few weeks—this time on S.N.F. negotiations—and then might overreact. But during the weekend before the summit the Bush package was partly spooned out to the press in various allied capitals, and thus came as no huge surprise in Brussels. Some of the background music helped. Before leaving, Bush had given the fourth of his foreign-policy speeches—this one at the Coast Guard Academy, in New London, Connecticut—and had said, "Our policy is to seize every—and I mean every—opportunity to build a better, more stable relationship with the Soviet Union." Scowcroft explained afterward that "the President felt he appeared too negative before, so he's trying to appear more positive now."

Bush's package was built around the idea—one close to Bonn's heart—of "locking in" what Gorbachev was offering, or seeming to offer. If you worry about his survival, the Germans argue, why not achieve as much irreversible progress as possible before he leaves the scene? At Kennebunkport, however, it wasn't Baker, Scowcroft, or Cheney who pushed the "locking in" line but, rather, Admiral Crowe, of the Joint Chiefs.

What was being locked in was Gorbachev's apparent willingness, as it had been revealed to Baker nine weeks earlier, to sign an agreement in Vienna that would remove his side's big advantage in tanks and other heavy equipment by placing equal ceilings on such weapons. On the manpower side, Bush's plan locked in Moscow's apparent acceptance of the idea of equal ceilings on Soviet and American troops. That would mean cutting American Army and Air Force personnel in Europe by about twenty per cent—to two hundred and seventy-five thousand—while in order to reach the same level the Soviet Union would have to demobilize three hundred and fifty thousand, or about fifty-seven per cent, of its troops. In return, the American side agreed to equal ceilings on

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combat aircraft and helicopters. And both sides agreed to speed up the Vienna talks so that agreement would be possible within six months or a year. As for talks on S.N.F., it was agreed in Brussels that they could be held, but not until a deal along the lines of the Bush plan had been made and the cuts had begun.

Aside from No. 10 Downing Street, Europe warmly applauded the plan. Its scope was dazzling but also intimidating: reaching agreement on what would surely be the most complicated arms-control negotiation ever undertaken struck diplomats and others as just not possible; it was “mind-bendingly ambitious,” one NATO ambassador said. And Kohl, some thought, would require a sign of movement toward S.N.F. talks before his general election in December of next year. So might Genscher, whose Free Democratic Party was hovering in the polls at just above the fateful five per cent. But the Americans took a bullish line: the Soviets want a fast track in Vienna; so do we; anything is possible. Stay tuned, the skeptics say.

The over-all mood in Brussels, it seemed to me, was set not so much by the NATO meeting and its outcome as by all that has been going on within the E.C. The single market being created will be larger, though not richer, than America’s, and, in theory, just as unconstrained. It will stand for four freedoms, partisans say: free movements of goods, of services, of capital, and of people. (Actually, Britain, Ireland, and Greece haven’t yet agreed to open up their borders to people. In London, for example, there is a lot of talk about rabid dogs and some about terrorists, few of whom are ever apprehended by customs agents. “We are levelling the playing field,” a British expert says. “Member states will be denied the right to discourage transactions within their frontiers.”) There is a growing sense of self-confidence in Brussels, to which others are responding. Japanese and American companies are arriving in strength to establish beachheads. By one account, two thousand American lobbyists representing three thousand companies and trade associations are now in Brussels.

Smaller members, like the Benelux countries, don’t object to Eurocrats’ managing their economies, since these are dominated by the larger members anyway. What befalls the E.C. depends mainly on Britain, France, and Germany. Mrs. Thatcher’s Britain and also post-Thatcher Britain are uncertainties. France is committed to a European vocation, *faute de mieux*. And so, according to many diplomats, is the next German chancellor, whoever he may be. “It isn’t important where a government stands but what its leadership will say and do,” one of them says. “Take Kohl. He will say yes to monetary union and remain ‘European’ as long as he is still alive politically. He has to make it clear that Germans are committed to the E.C.”

KOHL made that clear, or tried to, the day after the Madrid meeting, when he pronounced the process of European integration irreversible, and pointed with pride to the model for the monetary union being planned: the Bundesbank. But, according to skeptics in Bonn, it may not be possible to reproduce a “European” copy of that model. First, the model itself may object: the Bundesbank is already somewhat dubious about monetary union, because it wants to remain independent, and in West Germany that is its legal right. In France and Britain, conversely, the central banks are controlled by their governments, and the Bundesbank is concerned about the tendency of political leaders there and elsewhere to manipulate monetary policy for political ends, usually just before elections. Also, it doubts whether a common institution would do as good a job in keeping inflation down.

The Bundesbank holds a strong hand; precisely because it has kept inflation down, it is the most widely respected of German institutions. Within the bank, there is said to be sharp disagreement on monetary union. Its president, Karl Otto Pöhl, sounded more negative than positive in a newspaper interview in July; he said that if the German population understood what monetary union “is about—namely that it centers on their money, and that decisions on it would be taken not by the Bundesbank but by a new institution—then I would imagine that considerable resistance might arise.” In the end, however, the Bundesbank isn’t expected to stand against both a push from Bonn and the strong European tide.

Large numbers of Germans were stirred up by the assaults on Bonn last spring from both London and Washington. *Der Spiegel*, the weekly news magazine, thoughtfully catalogued most of what the German bashers of America's Op-Ed pages had to say; reader reaction ranged from astonished to appalled. Genscher, of course, was cast by Washington as first heavy, and some American diplomats actually bypassed him and his Foreign Ministry, dealing instead with Kohl's staff. (Mrs. Thatcher is said to have declined to see him when he visited London in May.) This attitude strikes other diplomats, not to mention Germans, as idiotic. Genscher may, after all, be Foreign Minister in the next German government, whoever wins the election, and if he is he will dominate policy. Indeed, provided that his health, which isn't good, holds up, he could become Europe's pivotal political figure, if he isn't already.

Some American officials and diplomats complain that Germans talk about wanting to consult on East European policy but actually expect their allies to endorse whatever they do east of their own borders. The Germans, without demurring, suggest that they are treating Washington just as it has treated Bonn over the years. Genscher reflects what a prominent German said to me about how, after four decades, he and others are tired of having their decisions made for them in another place. "The American Ambassador tells you about it if you are lucky," he said. "Otherwise, you read about it in the press." The complaints one hears in Bonn are delivered mildly, but they clearly run deep. An example is the annual NATO exercise called Wintex: this year, Germans complained because, according to one diplomat, it involved striking several targets in East Germany with nuclear weapons and striking none in the Soviet Union.

The only politician in Bonn who is more popular than Genscher is Richard von Weizsäcker, Germany's President and Europe's most widely admired political figure. He has lately become an informal ally of Genscher's. During a press conference that von Weizsäcker held in Copenhagen in April, he was asked whether his country was isolated on the S.N.F. issue, as Mrs. Thatcher was reported to have said. He called the report a "fairy tale," and noted that other Continental members of NATO shared German sentiments on the issue. The reference to "Continentals" caused some officials in Washington

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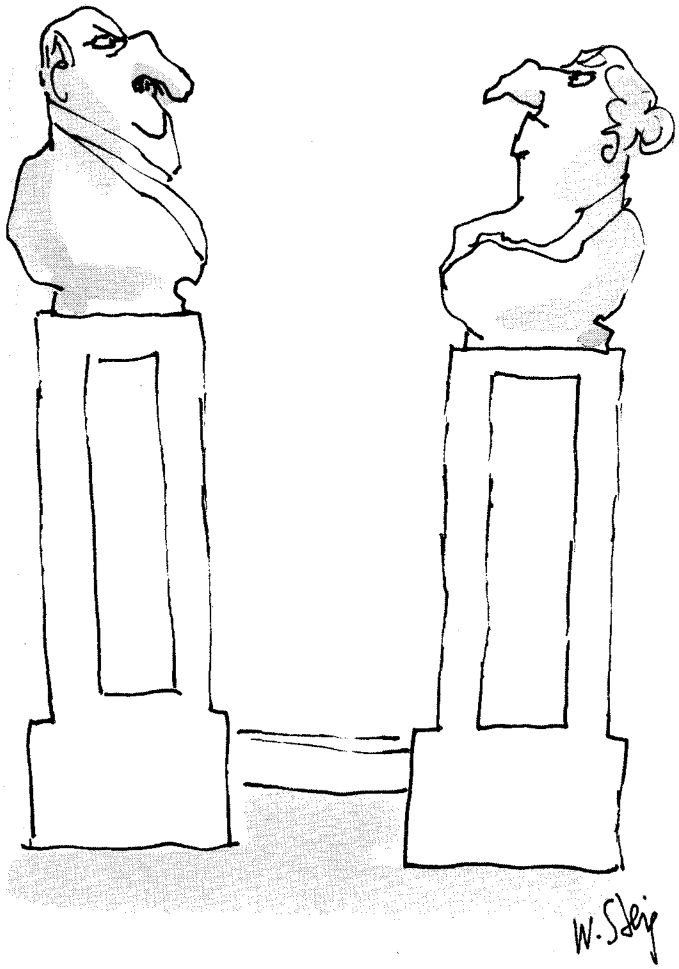
and London to wonder whether key Germans, like de Gaulle before them, might be starting to distinguish "Europeans" from a so-called Anglo-Saxon bloc. In making his statement in another country, von Weizsäcker charmed German diplomats by breaking one of their trade's solemn rules: Never comment on another country except when you're on your home turf or in that country (Britain, in this case).

In a speech a month or so later marking his country's fortieth anniversary, von Weizsäcker went a bit further. "We are not a great power, but we are also not the ball for the others to play with," he said. He didn't mention the S.N.F. controversy, but he didn't have to; his meaning was clear to most German newspaper readers, and they are keenly aware that Germany is the second-largest contributor to the alliance. Von Weizsäcker had recently described his office as "above party politics, but . . . not neutral or without opinion." German diplomats see him as perhaps beginning to fill the vacuum created by their inconstant, directionless Chancellor. They hope that because von Weizsäcker's devotion to the Atlantic alliance and the E.C. isn't in doubt anywhere he can help worried Germans see that a lively Eastern policy won't weaken the ties that matter most. But it falls to Genscher, not von Weizsäcker, to persuade suspicious American officials that those ties won't be compromised by his agenda.

Worrying about German intentions comes naturally to governments on both sides of the divide. Making sure that the German nation remains split into two states has been a central, if tacit, feature of everybody's policy. During much or most of the postwar era, many Germans worried, too—and for similar reasons. Some of them could, like Adenauer, refer to their Eastern compatriots in the third person—as "they," not "we." And they agreed with many foreigners that if you scratched an average German of whatever generation you would find a nationalist and aspirant reunifier.

The reality is that Germans do not seek a choice between ties, and will confront one only if they are pushed that way by events, perhaps like those now unfolding in East Germany; if the exodus of people there should continue, West Germany's leadership may be unable to head off a disaster in the form of union by spasm.

Rather like seismologists listening for tremors, diplomats in Bonn monitor attitudes toward reunification. The question is a hard one for West Germans to deal with, mainly because they aren't sure what reunification means. By and large, they seem neither to want nor to envision a single German state. They tend to equate the division of the nation with the division of Europe. Reunify Europe, they say, and the two Germanys will be reunified, or else reconciled while remaining separate political entities. What Germans do know and understand with certainty is that their society in its present form has flourished, thanks in great part to the historic ties it forged with France and the rest of the E.C., where about sixty per cent of its trade is carried on. Why, they ask, would we put at risk so much of what has been accomplished in order to chase a will-o'-the-wisp? Such Germans either scoff at or, in some cases, resent the notion of a secret agenda—of wanting to fuse the divided nation into one authentic heavyweight situated in the middle of Europe. As they well know, their neighbors to the West and to the East, not to mention the two superpowers, would oppose any such move. In June, von Weizsäcker said in an interview, "One result of the twentieth century and all its wars is that there remains no superpower or great power in Europe west of the Soviet Union. Certainly the Federal Republic of Germany is not one. Never again. To believe that it is possible to go back to Bismarck's time and expect a new European condominium consisting of an imperial Gorbachevian Russia and a reunified Germany is to ignore the lessons of history. We can and will remain a part of the West."



The internal German debate does have an endless dreamlike quality, which invites suspicion elsewhere. Utopian formulas and large concepts come easily to them. And now, with the loathing of Germans subsiding in Eastern Europe (thanks partly to forty years of Soviet presence), old visions reawaken and beckon. Germans know, as does every capital in Europe, that they can effortlessly outperform any other Western nation in promoting commerce with Eastern Europe and, in the bargain, help societies there help themselves, especially the private sectors. Moscow's position is worth pausing over. The Soviets, seeking stability above all in Eastern Europe—hotbed of instability and European wars—and not themselves being in a position to help out, are raising no objection to German free-lancing in what cannot any longer be called Moscow's empire.

The concern that Gorbachev the peacemaker might take a softer view of reunification than other Soviet leaders is misplaced;

his 1987 book "Perestroika," in which he cites a conversation with von Weizsäcker, makes that clear. And during his meetings with Kohl and Genscher in Bonn last June he noted that Soviet thinking hadn't changed. "The problem isn't that reunification lies around the corner," a senior German diplomat says. "It doesn't. But we get the jitters when others say it does."

Reunification of the worrisome kind does have its partisans, notably among alienated blue-collar and petit-bourgeois neo-rightists, who, partly because they are less well off and bitterly resent Turkish immigrants, are nationalistic in the extreme and opposed to the E.C. Along with the Greens, off to their left, these people horrify mainstream Germans and the society's political élites.

The political system is being shaken up. Diplomats are hard-pressed to explain why a society with so little inflation—with a quality of life in its cities that exceeds that of all or most other countries, not to mention plenty of leisure time for one and all—should be so out of sorts and so hostile to most of what Bonn represents. Immigration aside, nuclear weapons—the major source of trouble with Washington—are expected to pose the only serious issue in the next general election. The S.P.D. may lay claim to being the big party that favors ridding the country of them completely. If so, the C.D.U. may feel obliged to move a lot further in that direction, and never mind the heartburn in Washington. All this, according to political reporters in Bonn, points to Genscher's being the election's key personality. Former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, of the S.P.D., a man whose views are still taken seriously, is aligning himself with Genscher. And many diplomats and reporters in Bonn see a Red-Green coalition as less likely than either of two alternatives, the first being more of the same—the alliance of the C.D.U. and Genscher's F.D.P. (never underestimate Kohl's political resourcefulness, aficionados warn)—and the second a government of the S.P.D., the Greens, and the F.D.P.: an amber, as distinct from a Red-Green, coalition. But the next leader, whether he is Kohl or some S.P.D. chieftain, isn't likely to be strong enough to do without Genscher, whose support might even determine

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who does form the new government.

In May, when I was in Bonn, many surmised that Kohl's lot would be decided over the next month. The leaders of both superpowers would be visiting him within two weeks of each other; Bush was there on May 31st, right after the NATO summit, and Gorbachev would be arriving on June 12th. A few days after Gorbachev left, there would be the elections to the European Parliament. Unless the visits went well and the Euro-elections less badly than seemed likely, Kohl, it appeared, would be dumped as his party's leader.

But for his success in Brussels, Bush would have been awkwardly placed for a visit to Bonn. And even though the crisis in Brussels had been avoided and the breach with Bonn more or less repaired, a Bush visit still bore a heavy risk of being markedly less successful than Gorbachev's. Boiled down, what Germans had been hearing from Genscher and like-minded figures was that the problem wasn't Gorbachev but, rather, Bush's reaction to him.

As it happened, Bush did both himself and Kohl a lot of good, mainly with his speech, one phrase of which helped him perhaps more than even the success at Brussels. After the ritual bow to the two countries' being "firm friends and allies," Bush declared, "Today we share an added role—partners in leadership." The phrase reverberated in every European capital, and gave a frisson of concern, if not alarm, to London. Thanks, ironically, to the row set off by Genscher, Kohl was now Washington's special partner—or so it seemed. Moreover, at his behest Bush had given the speech in Mainz, an old wine port on the Rhine and the capital of Kohl's state, the Rhineland-Palatinate, where local elections were to be held on June 18th.

"With Gorbachev due to arrive, that speech may have saved the day," a well-connected Republican told me later. It was written on the way to the NATO summit, he said, and the celebrated phrase was apparently folded in at a late hour. "It was a distillation of earlier speeches," a senior official said laconically. "We worked awfully hard on it—on saying enough but not too much." German diplomats were pleased. "Before, he was very reserved and cautious," one of them commented. "At Mainz, he was a different man." This diplomat and other Germans saw the speech as having adopted all or most of their line on Eastern Europe. They also observed that it redeemed an otherwise muted welcome and would allow the Bush visit to survive Gorbachev's, however triumphant an event that might be.

Triumphant it was—considerably more so than any state visits since those of John F. Kennedy and General de Gaulle in 1963. The public welcome was ecstatic, almost alarmingly so, and had what one reporter called "the antic feeling of 'Beatlemania.'" And, whereas de Gaulle and Kennedy had been seen as stalwarts who embodied the Western resolve to protect West Germans from the threat to the East, Gorbachev was hailed as one who had lifted the threat and would put an end to Europe's division. "Suddenly, the Germans feel free of the terrible burden of the Cold War," the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* said in an editorial.

Of more lasting importance, Gorbachev and Bush caused Germans to feel as if their country just might be the one that mattered most to both superpowers. Bush uttered a few magic words, and Gorbachev made it clear that West Germany was the capitalist partner he was looking to for help in his attempt to inject market mechanisms into a planned economy. "BONN IS BECOMING IMPORTANT," said the headline of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine's* editorial. During Gorbachev's visit, Kohl, with an eye to the Euro-elections the following Sunday, exulted in a television interview that both superpower chiefs had told Germans, "You play an important role in the leadership of Europe."

German diplomats were pleased most by the things Gorbachev said, the things he joined with them in saying, and the things he didn't say. His answer to the press on German reunification was reassuringly vague. "Time itself must determine this," he said. "The current situation in Europe was created at a specific time by specific realities, and we are bound by this situation. But we hope that time will resolve this." His willingness to sign a joint statement that placed the United States and Europe in the common European home sent a reassuring glow through Bonn. And in the same news conference Gorbachev went even further. "I cannot imagine a realistic policy by the Soviet leadership that had the aim of pushing the United States out [of Europe] or hampering the position of the United States," he said. The gist of his private message, as German diplomats reported it, was: Reunification isn't on; the Wall will come down someday, but not soon; and we don't want to see the Federal Republic leave NATO.

Bonn hadn't worried about Gorbachev's using his visit to exploit its differences with Washington on the S.N.F. issue, or to upstage Bush's visit with some major new and perhaps theatrical ploy. It had seemed highly unlikely that he would try to make matters between Bonn and Washington awkward just after Bush smoothed them over. Gorbachev needs both Bonn and Washington, and he had come to Bonn for serious reasons. Indeed, all the European diplomats and officials I spoke with had expected Gorbachev to behave in Bonn pretty much as he did behave. The Americans, however, *had* worried. A senior Administration official told me he had been "surprised" that Gorbachev avoided temptation. "I thought there was a fifty-fifty chance that he would do something bothersome. It would be the nuclear issue, or even reunification," he said. He indicated that pushing West Germany toward neutralism would have been the motive. He left me feeling that the Administration continues to misread Gorbachev's position.

Kohl lost fairly heavily in the Euro-elections, but the visits held his losses within tolerable bounds. And he drew an invitation from Gorbachev to visit Moscow next year, obviously before the German election in December, at which time he'll be able to say, "I'm the man who can deal with both great powers."

All sides profited from the two visits. The West Germans sensed a major boost in their prestige at a time when their priorities had been under attack in Washington and London. Bush's visit was the lesser event, but if the words he uttered at Mainz are borne out it could outlive anything that Gorbachev accomplished, in part because Bush came with a lot more to prove. And Gorbachev left West Germany aware that the polls hadn't lied—Gorbymania there is real—and that the special aura he had created could only have been

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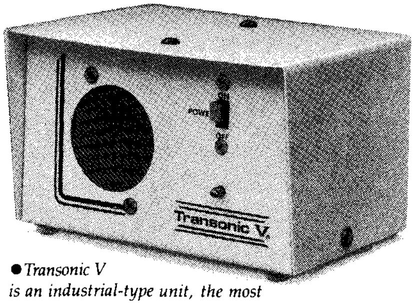

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enlarged. Still, there was little he could point to in the visit that might help with his surpassing problem—the Soviet economy. The German bankers and industrialists whom he busily chatted up generally felt that they needed to see more of *perestroika* before committing themselves to joint ventures and other deals of the kind that the economy desperately needs.

IN Moscow, everyone I spoke with about foreign policy—Soviet diplomats, Western diplomats, and *institutniki* (members of think tanks, who have a direct role in shaping foreign policy)—said much the same thing. Over the past year, there was a debate on foreign policy, and Gorbachev won it. Yegor Ligachev, his political rival and the leader of the Party's right wing, argued that foreign policy, too, must be based on the class struggle. Gorbachev and Eduard Shevardnadze, his Foreign Minister and chief ally, took a strictly revisionist line, arguing that peace was the first requirement. The philosophical underpinning was provided by Georgi Shakhnazarov, Gorbachev's speechwriter, who reasons, in effect, that Lenin couldn't have foreseen problems such as a nuclear holocaust and environmental threats, which can be dealt with only globally. A senior Foreign Ministry official puts it more bluntly. "It was tragic to think we could find answers in Marx," he said. "The outcome of the class struggle should not be applied to foreign affairs. The mistake in the past was to look at all countries through a Moscow looking glass. We must de-idealize foreign policy. We must overcome stereotypes and develop a new look. The relations between states, not their armed forces, must balance their interests. We are pioneering now."

I asked him and the others about the common European home and what it meant.

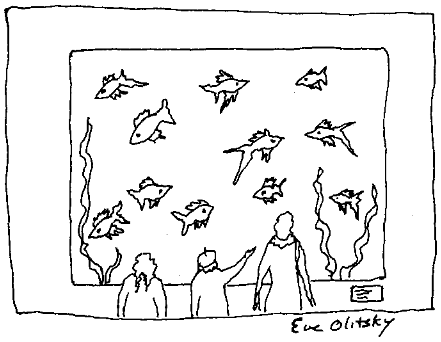
"It accepts Europe as it is," he said. "In the light of existing realities, including the presence of the United States and Canada."

"It isn't a slogan or a gimmick," a Western diplomat says. "They want a non-hostile Europe, where attitudes toward investment and credit are generous, and where Russians are regarded with respect and feel they are part of this European civilization." The Soviets worry about Western perceptions of Stalin's Asian hordes and about a widespread view that if you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar.

Vitaly Zhurkin, the director of Moscow's European Institute and an influential figure, echoed what many Soviet officials and diplomats said about the common European home: that it would lead to the dismantling of both blocs militarily. "That used to be propaganda," he said. "Not now. But stability must be maintained." This last was shorthand for a need to make sure that the pace of peaceful change doesn't create upheaval. The words "stability" and "instability" are heard more often than any others, because upheaval in Soviet republics and in Eastern Europe constitutes the most direct threat to what the reformers are trying to accomplish.

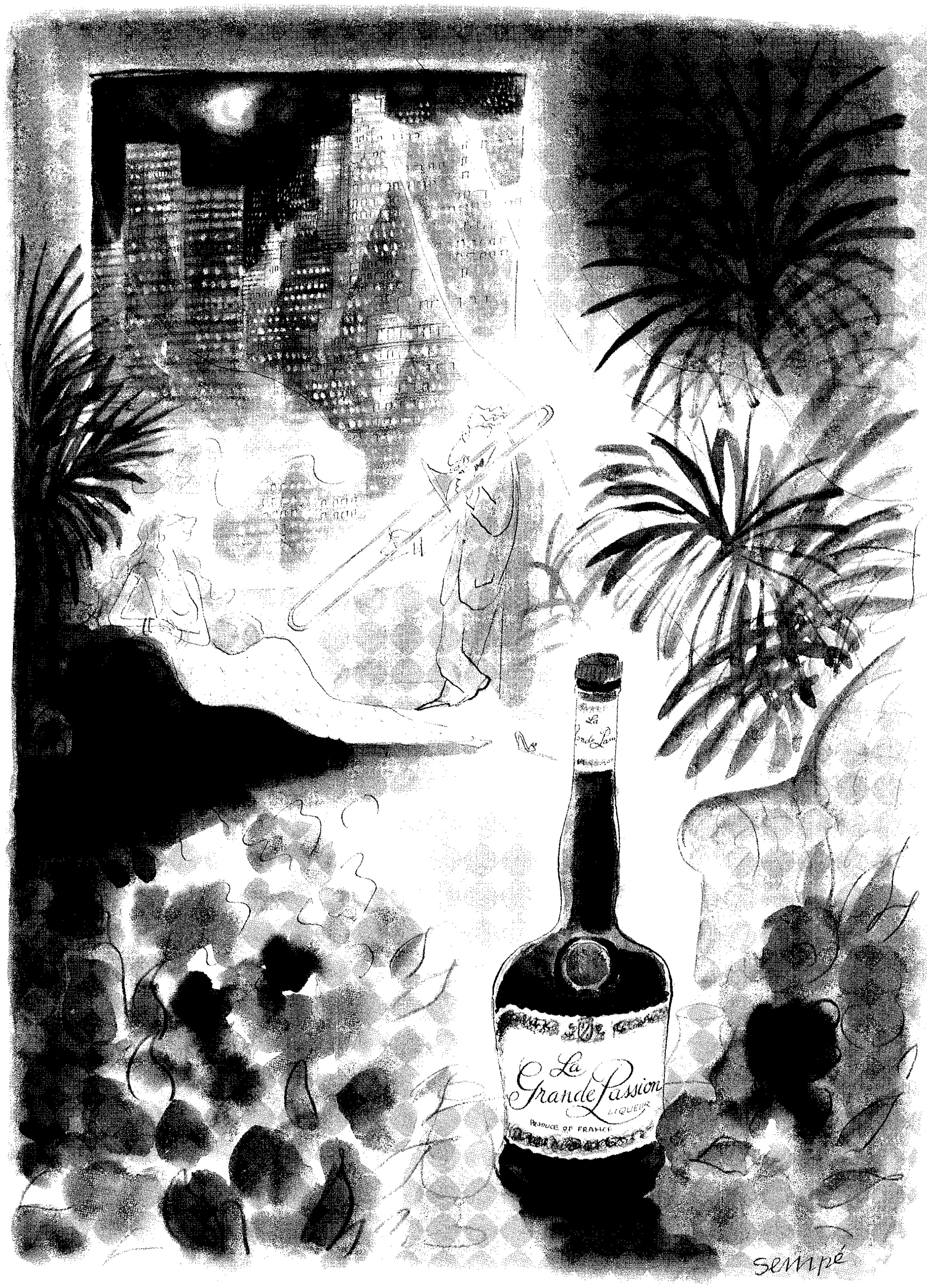
Western Europe's growing attraction for Eastern Europe is the other concern. Moscow doesn't want to be left out of whatever arrangements—commercial and other—East Europeans work out. "Make the best deals you can, but don't fall in love" was the Soviet admonition to them back in the late nineteen-sixties, when Moscow decided to open the safety valve a bit. Then came the Prague Spring, in 1968. Now Gorbachev seems to be saying that he wouldn't intervene militarily. In a recent speech to the Council of Europe, he said, "Change is the exclusive affair of the people of that country and is their choice. Any interference in domestic affairs and any attempts to restrict the sovereignty of states—friends, allies or any others—are inadmissible."

During Secretary Baker's visit to Moscow in May, Shevardnadze told him that the Soviets had erred in seizing political control of Eastern Europe after the war. It must not have seemed so then. The Soviets were obeying an instinct that dates at least from the time of Alexander I and the post-Napoleonic era, when they thought they required a buffer zone between themselves and Western Europe. But the pursuit of Soviet ends as they are normally defined hasn't worked very well, and, in any case, those ends have been buried under the oppressive weight of economic priorities. Gorbachev has warned the Hungarians, as he has doubtless also warned the Poles, not to expect Moscow to bail them out if they get into trouble; he meant internal trouble—democratic forces chiselling away at the ruling Communist Party's base. However, when one asks around about the limits, if any, on what Poles, Hungarians, and any who emulate them are free to do, the consensus answer is: They can do as they like as long as they don't bolt from the Warsaw Pact. Moscow feels strongly that the Warsaw Pact and NATO must both remain intact politically, so as to discourage instability. "They don't want to split the United States from Europe, only to put some pressure on us," a senior American diplomat said.



"Moscow is now the most exciting capital in Europe," one well-travelled ambassadorial figure said. And the Congress of People's Deputies, which had convened on May 25th, two days before I arrived, carried the excitement to an exalted level. A society without a political culture was making one up overnight. A system whose politics had been managed and scripted to the fine details was adopting parliamentary procedures. It began with elections to the Congress in March, which produced a widespread rejection of Party leaders, many of whom were opposed on the ballot and some of whom were not but were nonetheless disowned gratuitously by voters. Of the twenty-two hundred and fifty delegates who assembled in the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses, two-thirds were freely elected. It was probably the first time ever that Russians had done something for themselves that mattered.

Political thinkers like Alexander Herzen and revolutionaries at the beginning of the century felt that small élites would always have to rule their country, because Russians couldn't think politically and had no wish to participate politically. The difference now is the explosion of information set off by *glasnost* and a literate people to absorb it. If society used to be indiffer-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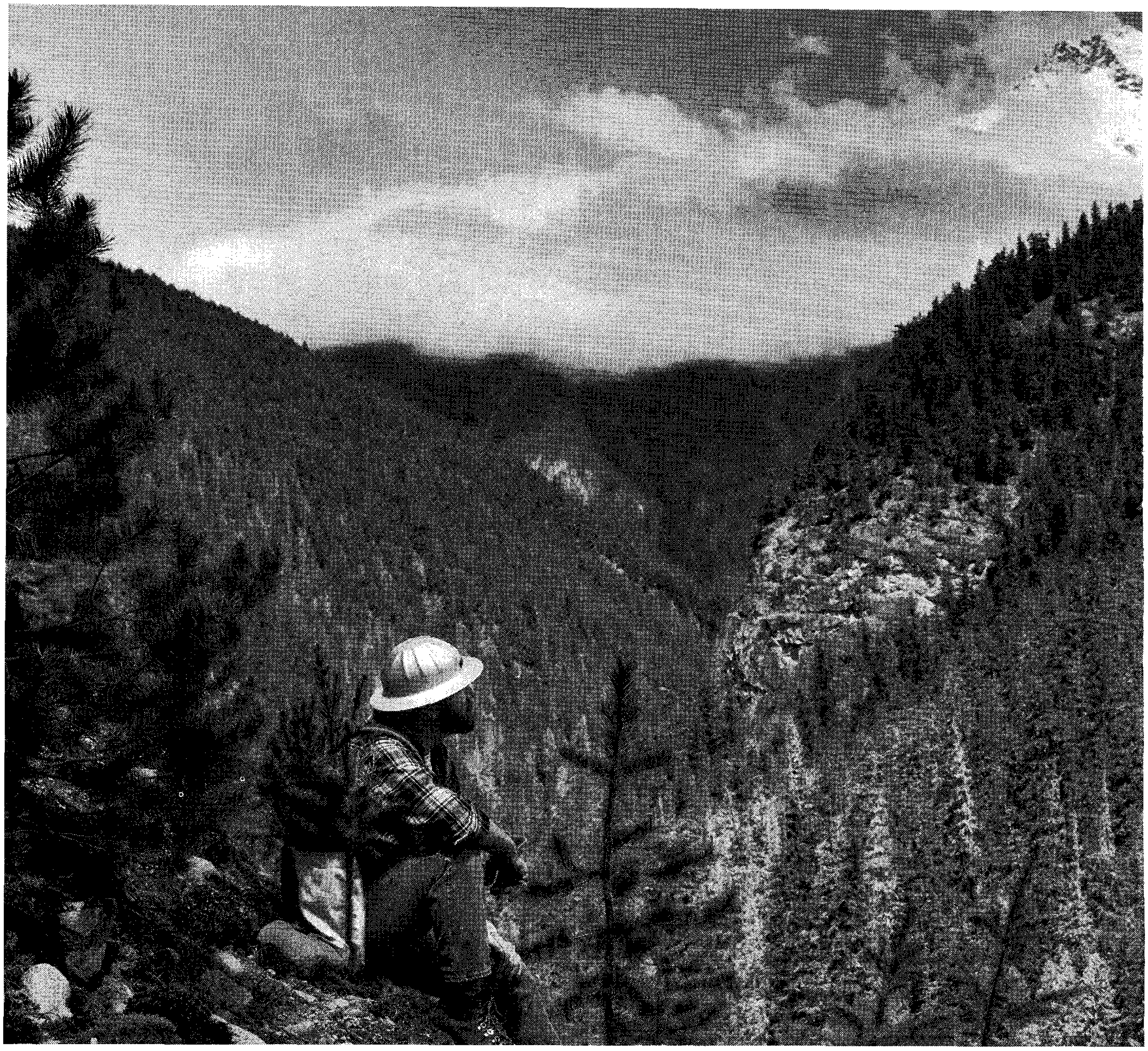

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ent to its rulers, that was largely because it was mostly illiterate as well as parochial and patriarchal. Still, from the opening session most Russians were surprised by their Congress. "All this was unthinkable two weeks ago," one *institutnik* said. "Hearing it all live—leaders being blamed, and being asked personal and direct questions and expected to answer."

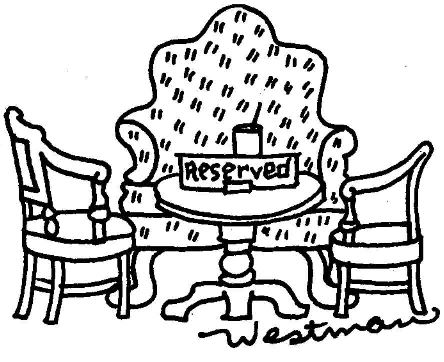
As television, the spectacle of the Congress probably had the largest and most deeply involved audience of any television event anywhere to date. In all milieus and in all eleven time zones of the Soviet Union, people watched, or listened on transistor radios. They stayed with the show all night in the far-easterly areas. In Moscow's balmy late-spring air, the Congress was everywhere, and occasionally Gorbachev's voice, by now recognizable even to foreigners, was heard. I found myself watching with strangers who were eager to translate. Not a lot of work was being done, it seemed, and one wondered how long the session would last and whether it would cause serious damage to the tottering economy.

The TV coverage fully captured the theatre, probably because the directors, many of them women, were reacting to the event just as ordinary people were—and why not? I asked about the newspaper coverage, and was told that *Izvestiya* was publishing a complete record. Divergent articles and views were being printed in various other journals—a refreshing change from earlier days, when everyone printed the version put out by Tass. The coverage in *Pravda* was described to me as "objective, without exaggerating the sharper edges."

There were many such edges, starting with criticism of Gorbachev, who presided for the larger part of the session, which lasted thirteen days. Most of the twenty-two hundred and fifty delegates voted for him as president of the body, but only after he was questioned bluntly and aggressively about woes ranging from empty shelves in stores to excesses of the K.G.B. security police. Many of the speakers took him personally to task for much of what was going wrong. He acknowledged the criticisms and said he didn't like hearing them. When there was a show of hands on one issue, up went his, and he was then reproached for trying to intimidate delegates by taking part. There were no rules of procedure, and some delegates felt that creating them was the main task, whereas their more impatient colleagues found parliamentary improvisation less fun than grappling with big issues, especially in the glare of live television.

For many delegates—as for their constituents, undoubtedly—the affair was disorienting. Deprived of a leader of the sort they were used to, they were without a compass. Most of the delegates from Central Asian republics seemed unsure and tentative; they impressed journalists as longing for some proposed new law that they could rubber-stamp unquestioningly. They were in most cases products of rigged elections, and their distaste for the city slickers from Moscow who seemed to be in charge was obvious. A woman from Kazakhstan announced to her colleagues that she wouldn't want to be left alone in a room with such people, and that it was time for women delegates to return to their families. These people had no patience with aggrieved colleagues from Georgia and Armenia, or those from the restless Baltic republics. Criticism of the Soviet system was seen as a lack of respect for the state on the part of people who should feel lucky to belong to it.

Still, the critics kept the upper hand. A board of inquiry into the massacre in Georgia was proposed and, later, approved. Colonel General Igor N. Rodionov, the commander of soldiers who killed twenty civilian demonstrators in Tbilisi, was asked by delegates to explain this "primitive action." Rodionov tried to place the blame for the violence on the martyred dead, only to be interrupted by delegates calling his performance a disgrace. This exchange followed the election of Gorbachev, who was asked, in effect, what he knew about the affair in Georgia and when he knew it. An Armenian rose and said that the repression there had been worse than the excesses of the Nazis. Other, even more shocking indictments were to come. Yuri P. Vlasov, a former Olympic weight-lifting champion, drew a standing ovation from hundreds of deputies by describing the K.G.B. as "a threat to democracy" and the agency's Lubyanka prison as a place where "the cream of our nation" had been tortured. He called for the entire government to resign, and attacked Gorbachev's claim that he didn't know what lay behind the slaughter at Tbilisi, saying, "If he doesn't, then what sort of head of state is he?"



No Russian leader, either before or since 1917, had ever faced questioning of the kind that Gorbachev seems to have invited. Yet, according to diplomats, the experience has strengthened him politically. When he intervened, they said, the delegates listened intently, not just because he was the boss but because of the force and clarity of what he was saying. The diplomats found him much more effective in this novel setting than in his formal television addresses. Some Gorbachev watchers felt that he would rue the day he began this experiment with parliamentary democracy. And he may yet do so: he is creating an alternative center of power in a country where tens of millions see themselves first as members of nationality groups and very secondarily as citizens in a nation of republics. Added to the contagion of ethnic turbulence in recent months has been the worst industrial unrest ever in the Soviet Union. And there has formed within the Congress a group of nearly three hundred deputies that openly opposes much of what Gorbachev is doing and has called for a multi-party system. The group is led by Boris Yeltsin, a populist rogue but an artful one, who is thought to see himself as the man of the left who will eventually maneuver Gorbachev from the scene, and perhaps replace him.

For three years or so, Gorbachev has been playing the *narod*—the people—against the Communist Party apparatus. He has openly encouraged what he calls a "revolution from below," but one that he can control. He intends to avoid the kind of polarization that in China led a few old men to crush the demonstrators in Tiananmen Square and thereby isolate themselves from their *narod*. Gorbachev is relying on *glasnost* and the feeling of participation that the *narod* develop in exercising their franchise and then watching their elected delegates on television. He and Shevardnadze were "traumatized," according to one diplomat who sees them, by what happened at Tbilisi. They would "welcome Dubčeks,"—a reference to Alexander Dubček, symbol of the Prague Spring—"in the Baltic republics and some other places as leaders who would act sensibly, and discourage or coöpt the fringe, far-out types." Briefly, in order to save the Soviet system Gorbachev seems to feel that he must first take it over the cliff. "The worse it gets, the faster he goes," a senior American official says. Gorbachev's task appears to require equal parts of genius and stamina.

IN Budapest, as in Moscow, one is forcibly struck by the speed at which the twin pillars of imperial Soviet power—ideology and military might—are being knocked down. But the lift to Hungary's spirits is offset by concern about whether all this change for the better may in the end lead to instability and regressive steps. Like other East Europeans, Hungarians are extremely dependent on Moscow. They can sell machinery (much of it shoddy) to the Soviets, and buy from them what they need in the way of raw materials and oil for less than the world price and with other than hard currencies. This cycle is one that East Europeans cannot break away from. What their countries have in common is central planning and impoverished economies. Getting rid of central planning means political reform. But even in Hungary, where the pace of reform is rapid, bureaucracy is entrenched and hard to budge, let alone dislodge. "Bureaucracy here kills our best proposals and best initiatives," one official says sombrely. Meanwhile, the country's export income is exceeded by the amount it needs to service its foreign debt. And the bright façade that a visitor to Budapest sees conceals a sharply declining standard of living.

Hungarians would like to think of the E.C. as their answer. Austria has just filed a formal application for membership, and the notion of being next in line has been widely discussed in Budapest. Hungarians envy East Germany, a nominal ally but really a hostile rival; its fairly solid economy is due largely, they think, to East German goods' being allowed for political reasons to move freely into West Germany, a major E.C. market. Also, thanks to some sleight of hand, those goods often find their way to other parts of the Community. And after 1992, with all the barriers down, nothing will interfere with the flow of East German goods throughout the Community.

"East Germany is half in already," a British diplomat says. "Hungary would be next if Austria got in." But Austria won't get in. The Community sees itself becoming a political union, from which neutrals would probably be excluded—certainly a neutral in Central Europe whose creation after the war included a commitment to neutrality. (Washington, I was told, encouraged Austria to apply, presumably to give Gorbachev something else to worry about, and perhaps to weaken the Community's political prospects.)

Political reform in Hungary has gone faster than most Party leaders and officials expected, and faster than some of them would have liked. Free elections have been promised, no later than next June; opposition parties have emerged—at least twelve, actually—and arrangements were agreed to last month for the country's transition to a multi-party parliamentary system. There is even the prospect of a coalition government in which the Communists, who on October 7th rechristened themselves the Hungarian Socialist Party, become a minority faction. They were split between people like Karoly Grosz, the deposed General Secretary, and reformers who want to move a good deal faster than he wants to. The leader of the impatient crowd was Imre Pozsgay, who is at best a maverick Communist. Pozsgay is the country's most popular politician, and the one whom many diplomats expect to become Hungary's President. Pozsgay calls spades shovels. He was reported to have been close to expulsion from the Politburo last winter for using the term "popular uprising" in criticizing the Soviet repression of Hungarian dissidents in 1956.

A sure sign of impending democratization is the importance of performing well on television. In late April, the Politburo was heavily revamped because many of its members did so poorly before the camera. In late June, Pozsgay, who does a star turn, and two

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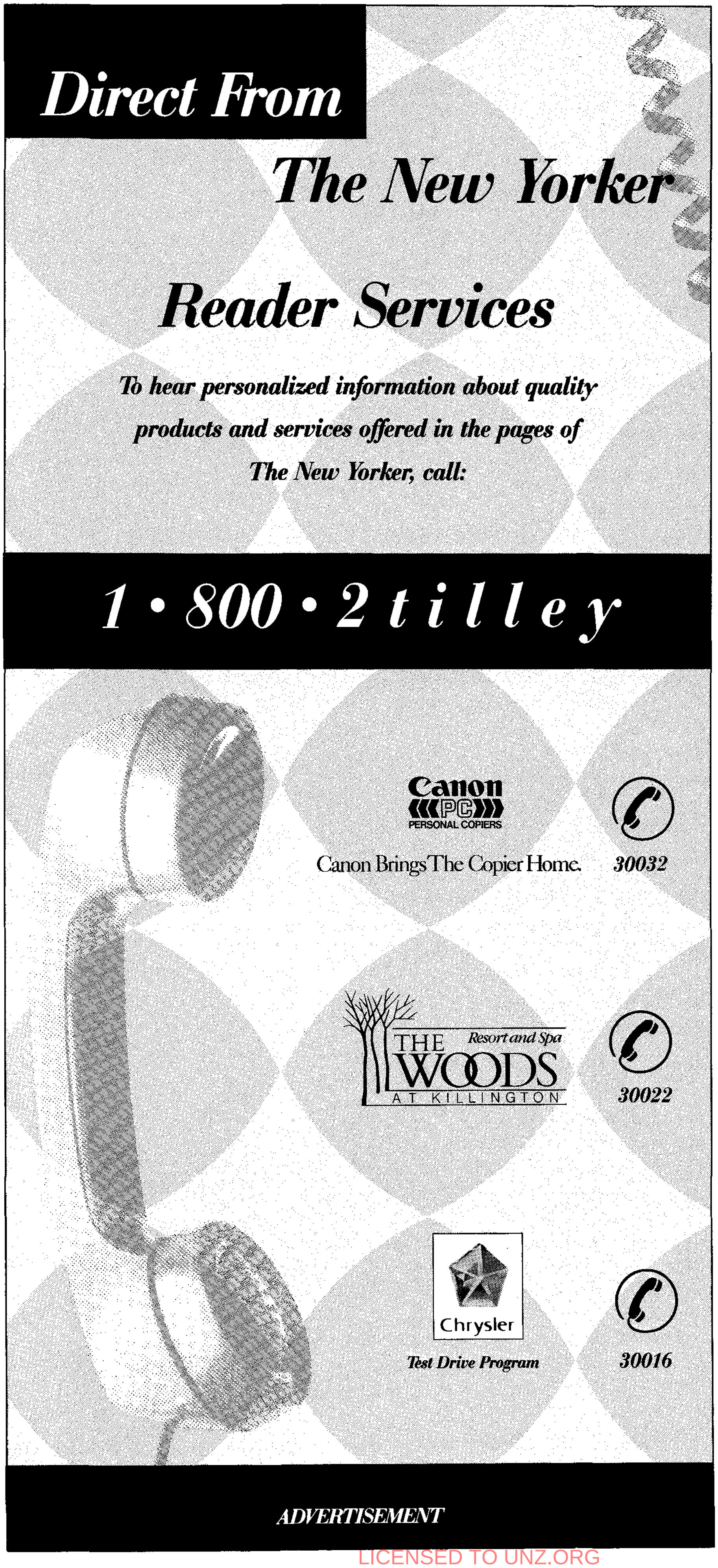
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of the other reformers became a threesome in a gang of four chosen by the Central Committee to run the country until the Party Congress earlier this month, in which the members voted overwhelmingly to scrap the Communist label and all that it stood for, and regroup as a social-democratic party in the Western European pattern. Communist principles, said Pozsgay, "led to a dead end in Eastern Europe."

"Internal stability is our No. 1 priority," a Party official told me. "Intra-Party problems are the first concern. The second is the Soviet Union. We are basing our future on Gorbachev." Nearly twenty months ago, I recalled, he had told me the same thing, in almost the same words. Like Poles, Hungarians, because they have more at stake, do not by any means take Gorbachev's survival for granted, as Western Europe more or less seems to. They rely on him for a shared grand design: reconciliation with Western Europe; economic and political reform; demilitarization of the Warsaw Pact, which means a withdrawal of Soviet military forces—although some Hungarians, including a few reformers, feel that perhaps not all the Soviet troops should leave. The presence of even a small cadre would offer reassurance that the Warsaw Pact remained intact politically, and that the Soviet Union, while no longer an occupying power, was there to guarantee the security and sanctity of borders.

Their borders invite concern, because Eastern Europe is recovering its past. In repealing four decades of experience, Gorbachev has reawakened ethnic and nationality groups (including some in his own country) whose quarrels and passions set Europe on its self-destructive course early in the century. To put it differently, the Soviet yoke imposed peace on peoples who for centuries had often been at each other's throats. The past lies nearer the surface in Eastern Europe than elsewhere. Progress there must always be measured against some golden age, however brief it may have been. To one degree or another, all of Eastern Europe is menaced now by shadows of the past.

"Our big problem lies in the Eastern bloc—Bucharest, Prague, and East Germany," a Hungarian official says. In May, the Czechs and the East Germans were outraged when Hungary removed the barbed wire and the

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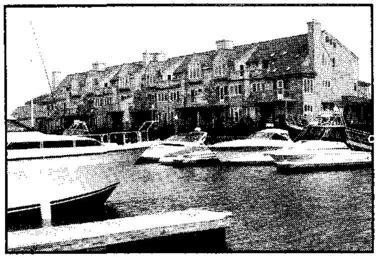

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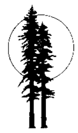

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minefields from its frontier with Austria. And Hungary's decision last month to allow thousands of East German tourists to migrate westward—the largest such exodus since 1961—tore away any lingering pretense of solidarity within a large part of the so-called socialist camp. Only Poland applauded the move; the other Warsaw Pact members were either critical or stonily silent. Moreover, the Hungarian beau geste was cleared with Moscow, and seemed at least partly intended to build up relations with West Germany, whatever the risk of a permanent break with East Germany.

As before, however, Hungary's visceral anxiety, not to mention hostility, is centered on Rumania, the old enemy, for it persecutes Magyars (ethnic Hungarians) in Transylvania, the territory that Hungary lost to Rumania after the First World War. There are twice as many Hungarians living involuntarily under Rumanian rule as there are Palestinian refugees under Israeli rule. And Hungarians, partly because they have real grievances, put Rumania's intentions in the kind of worst-case light that America and Russia reserved for each other in the darkest days of the Cold War. For example, diplomats in Budapest were told earlier this year that Rumanians were stockpiling chemical weapons near the border; there is very little, if any, evidence for that. Rumania was also said to be planning an armed provocation of some kind on June 16th, when a solemn funeral and reburial in Budapest's Heroes' Square was to be held for Imre Nagy, who was hanged by the Soviets for leading the uprising in October of 1956. There was no such provocation, but the Rumanians did lash out at the service as "anti-socialist, anti-Rumanian, nationalist-chauvinistic." The Czechoslovak Communist Party deplored the resurgence of "counter-revolutionary forces" in Hungary.

For Poland, as for Hungary, internal stability heads a long list of anxieties. Although the elections there in June returned a landslide for Solidarity, its leaders were inclined at first to preserve the Communist Party's dominant role in running the country, partly because they were loath to accept the blame for failing to solve worsening problems that they hadn't created. Also, these are people who emerged from an illegal, conspiratorial underground, and they rightly felt them-

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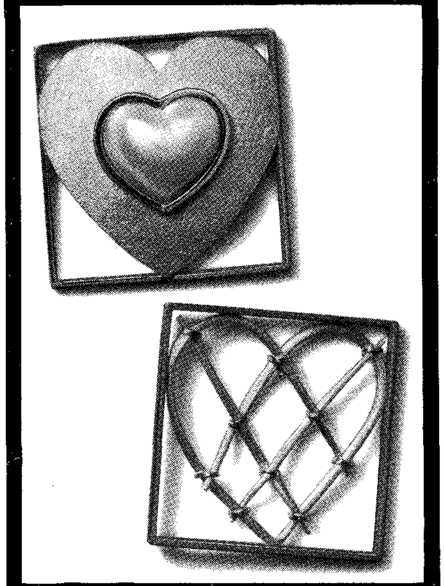

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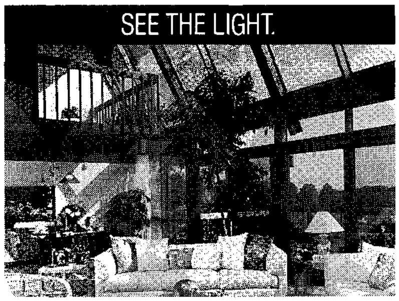

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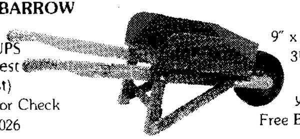

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selves ill prepared for the task of standing the existing system on its head and taking on a typically idle but entrenched Communist bureaucracy.

Some diplomats see a kind of two-tier Warsaw Pact emerging. The more or less like-minded reformers in Moscow, Warsaw, and Budapest, they say, become increasingly cohesive. Perhaps. What does seem probable is that another European war, if there is one, need not involve West Europeans. Instead, it would begin where wars used to begin—in the Balkans—and be fought out within Eastern Europe.

"THE United States is stumbling and isn't being taken seriously," a wise and experienced American diplomat told me in late May. "There are ways of stumbling along that are acceptable, and ways that are not," he added. "If you are tough when you should be flexible, and flexible when you should be firm, it is a disaster." This conversation occurred on the eve of the NATO summit and President Bush's visit to Bonn. In mid-May, some Republican senators were reported to have visited Bush and warned him that his hardnosed approach to East-West affairs was hurting him. What isn't clear to diplomats is whether the Administration adopted a different line in order to avoid a disaster in Brussels and Bonn or because it was actually catching up intellectually. The answer is still unclear, although the consensus view is skeptical. Bush's people are more comfortable now in discussions about a changing environment. They know the buzzwords, and can talk a pretty good game. But if the consensus view is right the small group at the top doesn't feel the change or understand its scope or accept the notion that it has staying power. None of the senior people like the idea of high-level talks with Moscow on European security—on asking Gorbachev how many troops he feels obliged to leave in Eastern Europe for political reasons, for example. But if Washington, with its special responsibilities, doesn't have such a conversation Bonn will certainly undertake to have it. And that would alarm Washington and Paris; they deplore any prospect of separate arrangements between Bonn and Moscow.

Many West Europeans—the Germans first and foremost—now see the Soviet threat as nonexistent, and the

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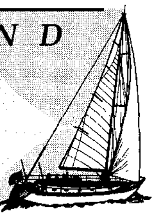

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alliance once again as mainly a political instrument. At Mainz, Bush nodded briefly toward the German view. "NATO's first mission is now nearly complete," he said. But he didn't elaborate, and that was in May; neither he nor anyone around him has said anything similar since. If anything, the official line is regressive. On September 15th, Bush told some reporters that while he welcomed the changes occurring in the Soviet Union, "I'm like the guy from Missouri—'Show me,' and take your time and do it right." Two days earlier, Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence S. Eagleburger went public with the Administration's apprehension about the "uncharted waters" we are entering, comparing them with the Cold War era, which he said "for all its risks and uncertainties . . . was characterized by a remarkably stable and predictable set of relations among the great powers." He also warned Europeans to "avoid bankrolling merely cosmetic Soviet reforms or reaching arms-control agreements which undermine NATO's ability to deter aggression."

In the ensuing fuss, various critics, including the Senate Majority Leader, Senator George J. Mitchell, of Maine, reproached the Administration for seeming "almost nostalgic" about the Cold War. Baker then answered Mitchell in his first news conference as Secretary of State: "When the President . . . is rocking along with a seventy-per-cent approval rating on his handling of foreign policy, if I were the leader of the opposition party, I might have something similar to say." Yet just afterward the Administration made a sharp course correction very like the one it had made on the eve of the NATO summit last May; Baker orchestrated a good meeting in Wyoming with Shevardnadze, and Bush's speech to the United Nations General Assembly contained a lot of what his critics here and in Europe wanted to hear. But whether what they saw and heard does point to an actual shift away from the ultra-cautious—status-quo-plus—bias that comes naturally to the Bush entourage or is just another short-run tactical move is wholly unclear.

In dealing with the German problem, officials are finding that hypocrisy has stopped being an affordable luxury; Bush, for example, called for pulling down the Berlin Wall in his Mainz speech—an action that would mightily complicate life for him and the leaders of Europe, both West and East. In order to stay ahead of events in Germany, diplomats feel, Bush and Baker should be talking with Gorbachev and Shevardnadze and to the key West Germans—Genscher, Kohl, von Weizsäcker, and the S.P.D. chiefs—about preventing, or at least managing, the crisis that will erupt if East Germany does founder politically. Washington, Bonn, and Moscow should be working from the same script. They have an equal stake in discouraging any East German bonding to West Germany—a step that could disfigure, and perhaps dismember, the institutions that give Europe its stability: the E.C., NATO, and the Warsaw Pact. Last month, Genscher himself issued a warning against a "de-Europeanization" of Bonn's foreign and German policies. Depending on what happens next, that line could be hard to sustain as West Germany slides into a cycle of feverish political campaigns.

If a group of experienced, better-than-average diplomats—American and European—were put in a room somewhere and asked to cover the key bases in an unsigned consensus view, it might sound like this: In the time ahead, both superpowers will play lesser roles in their spheres of influence but will remain no less essential to countries there. The Soviets understand this better than Washington, partly because their problems oblige them to accept a reduced role; neither politically nor financially can they any longer maintain faith with the myths of the past. And the unhappy likelihood of serious instability in the Soviet Union and elsewhere in Eastern Europe would be reason enough for a continued, if reduced, American role.

If the diplomatic consensus were asked to rank the events of lasting importance so far this year, it would probably cite the East German hemorrhage as first; second would be Gorbachev's flirtation with parliamentary democracy, an experiment that, although it is extraordinary and wholly consistent with his plan to demolish and pave over the system, bears the clear risk of bringing on chaos. Third might be the E.C.'s Madrid

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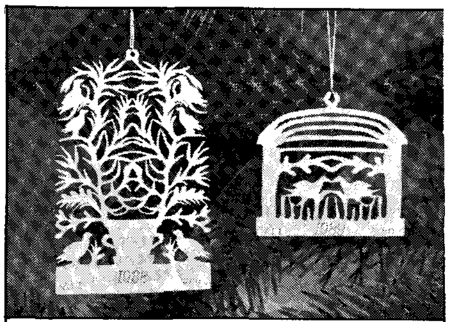
meeting; the direction in which it pointed members—toward monetary union—could prove difficult to reverse. A less visible event, also Community-related, could be ranked just behind the arrival of a non-Communist government in Poland: in July, at the annual summit meeting of the Group of Seven (the major industrialized countries), the E.C. was unexpectedly chosen to organize and coördinate the group's aid to Poland and also Hungary. For the first time, the Community will operate beyond its borders, its officials speaking in the names not just of member states but also of the United States, Japan, and Canada. This move—concurred in by Washington (which shunned a lead role)—dramatized the E.C.'s growing political importance.

Last but hardly least would be the agreement reached at the other summit meeting—NATO's—on Bush's sweeping but realistic proposal for the Vienna talks on reducing conventional arms. All sides want an agreement, and Gorbachev and the Germans seem, for political reasons, to need one. Although many diplomats see the negotiations as lasting years, not months, a way will probably be found to have some sort of agreement or understanding in time for Kohl's election late next year (and, of course, the off-year congressional elections here).

My Euro-American consensus would argue one point very forcefully: America's standing in the world isn't threatened by the discredited host of Marx and Lenin, or by any other lurking isms. Nor are vital American interests threatened by anyone—not the Soviet Union, Nicaragua, Cuba, or even Iran. The threat to America, as it is seen by trained observers, lies within: it consists of an economy beset by unforgivably bloated deficits, an unstable dollar, and a deplorable public-education plant, the last reflected in a large and growing underclass of alienated, underemployed, and unemployable people. Western European countries and Japan have their problems, too, but on a lesser scale than the ones America has created for itself. And it is against those countries' quality of life and their ability to compete that America will be tested in the years ahead. Most political leaders think in terms of goals or targets. Diplomats are saying that America doesn't need targets but, rather, a sense of direction.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE



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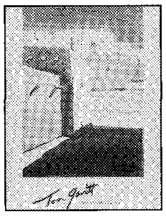

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THE THEATRE

The Doubletalkers

THE Iran-Contra maneuvers, as revealed in the congressional hearings, were so monstrous and evil, and at the same time so ludicrous, that as a target for satire they would defeat even Aristophanes. The whole episode satirized itself. But satire is one thing; comedy is something else. "Mastergate," an import from the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, now playing at the Criterion Center, can be described as a comedy with satiric intentions. The script, by Larry Gelbart, who wrote the screenplay for "Tootsie" and was the co-author (with Burt Shevelove) of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and one of the creators of the TV series "M*A*S*H," is liberally sprinkled with jokes of all kinds—a number of them very good, a number of them, such as the punning title, only so-so. There is, on the whole, more fun in the throwaway lines than in the gags.

The action takes place in Washington. On the floor in front of the stage is the newsroom of Total Network News, with dummies as well as actors seated at tables. On the stage above is the Sherman Adams Room, with a table for the witnesses and their lawyers; the members of the Permanent Select Joint Committee sit at two small tables halfway back in the auditorium. All the action appears on six television monitors—two that flank the stage and four farther back in the house—and the action is the interrogations themselves. The real-life counterparts of some of the committee members and the witnesses will probably be obvious to those more knowledgeable than I am, but I recognized enough of them to enjoy the resemblance. The twin gifts of impersonation and acting are required of the members of the company, which has been assembled and directed by Michael Engler.

The object of the questioning, or one object, is to find out whether the President knew anything about the sinister deeds under discussion and, if so, what. The first witness, one Steward Butler, too edgy to murmur any reply without consulting his lawyer, drops the first brick by naming the head of the C.I.A. Each of the succeeding witnesses makes a contribution—if not of information, then of humor. "The truth will have to wait," says the Secretary of State. One Major Manley Battle, assuming Oliver North's ramrod posture and slightly out-of-focus patriotic stare, informs us that "publicity is a small price to pay for secrecy," then touches on the Tet offensive, and finally, using a large map, points to San Elvador and its neighbor the Republic of Ambigua as he reads the names in a strong, daunting Spanish accent. His wife—all witnesses are accompanied by wives, and all the wives are silently played by funny Ann McDonough—knits a small American flag with demented concentration. The Vice-President, a laid-back Down Easter, is much given to butter-fingered Yankeeisms like "no expert worth his dose of salts." His wife rushes in: broad smile and white wig, and—presto!—Barbara Bush. Mr. Gelbart is a clever fellow, able time after time to provoke laughter—but not often to provoke writhing, or even wincing. Iran-Contra, for all the evasiveness and dazzling doubletalk of the government men, was always more horrifying than funny. Here the sins against language seem greater than those against the state.

Every one of the performances is exactly right, with many of the actors doubling and tripling. Daniel von Bargen as Major Battle, Jerome Kilty as the creamy chairman of the investigating committee, Joseph Daly as the Vice-President, and Zach Grenier as all the lawyers for the witnesses were especially good. Melinda Mullins, chipper, bossy, and smart in color-television red, was fine as Merry Chase, the TNN anchorwoman. The impressive setting was designed by Philipp Jung and lighted by Stephen Strawbridge; the costumes were designed by Candice Donnelly.

—EDITH OLIVER

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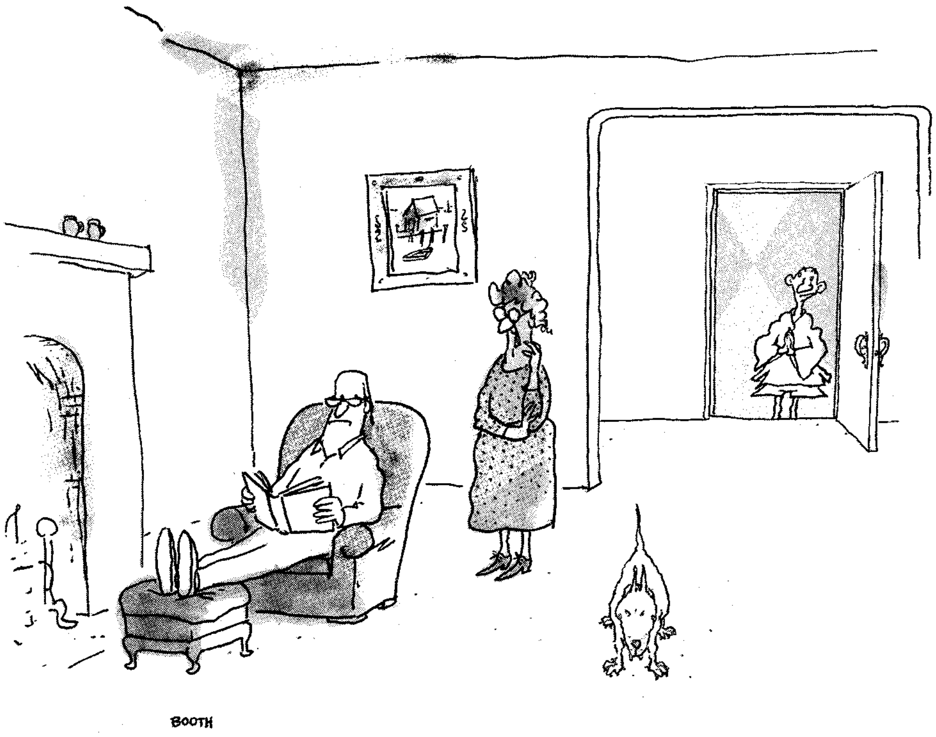
THE ART WORLD

A Leap in the Dark

IN the spring of 1907, Georges Braque went to call on Pablo Picasso at his studio in Montmartre and, finding him out, left a card. On it he wrote, with an uncharacteristic openness of feeling, "Anticipated Memories." For much of the next seven years—until Braque was called up to the French Army, in August of 1914—the two men rushed over to each other's studio at night to show what had been painted that day, took photographs of each other in Braque's military uniform, cooked together, woke each other up by playing pop songs on the phonograph, and often went out onto the streets of northern Paris in an identical costume of mechanics' blue overalls. (Braque liked to add yellow boots and a gray bowler.) Unlike other great partnerships of the heroic period of modernism—that of Schoenberg and Webern, say, or Pound and Eliot—the partnership of Picasso and Braque seems touched by an ardor and an ingenuousness almost like courtship, and resembles less a relationship of brothers-in-arms, or of teacher and student, than one of lovers: an uneasy, self-conscious attraction of opposites. In 1907, Picasso, twenty-six and comically unskilled in French, was wound up, magnetic, a draftsman of almost ridiculous virtuosity, who had already established a pattern of maintaining an avant-garde position while making a lot of money. (Even then, he was pretty well off, from sales of a public line of wan, bathetic paintings; his vanguard reputation came from a startling private exploration of scabrous, monumental pornography.) Braque, twenty-five and only a few years out of art school, was a slightly ham-handed painter with a small gift for color; he was athletic, humorless, patient, reticent, patriotically French, and absolutely alight with the piety of modern painting. (After Cézanne's death, in October of 1906, Braque immediately set off for Provence to honor the old man's memory by painting in his sacred places.) Like many curiously matched couples, Picasso and Braque managed to stay together—for a little while, anyway—by making a touchingly elaborate cult out of a handful of stray devotions they shared: a love for the paintings of Cézanne, for the inventions of the Wright brothers, and for the adventures of Buffalo Bill.



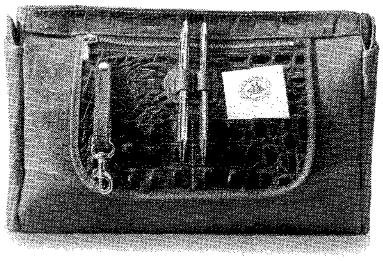
"There is a man at the door who needs seventeen dollars to buy some sweet grass to burn as a spiritual cleansing agent during his prayer ceremonies."

This private cult brought into being the fundamental styles of modern painting, architecture, and design, and the taste that goes with them, and how that happened is the subject of an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art called "Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism." The show is a love triangle of a kind, for if it memorializes a long-past relationship it also represents the liaison of a great historian with a charmed moment. The exhibition is the climax of the career of the art historian William Rubin, the former director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at MOMA, whose passionate attempt to understand Cubism and its oddly matched makers has been for the past quarter century the terror and delight of his students (myself, once or twice, among them). For some people, Rubin's microscopic examination (the exhibition catalogue includes a chronology, prepared by Judith Cousins, that tracks the two painters' weekly movements and actions for the seven years) will probably have about it some of the irrelevant obsessiveness of the Bob and Ray character whose hobby was retabulating nineteenth-century congressional elections: whatever minor anomalies and surprises may remain to be found, this looks like a case where all the returns are in.

Yet one comes away from the exhibition with a feeling of never having seen Cubism before, and therefore—considering the effect of Cubism on all of twentieth-century culture—with one's sense of the meaning of modernism reformed. Until very recently, Cubism was seen as a quasi-scientific system that set out to replace the Renaissance tradition of perspective and modelling with a vision more in harmony with the discoveries of modern physics. Instead of providing an illusion of space, a Cubist painting was supposed to be the log of a journey, showing in a single image the world seen from all sides. By combining multiple views in one picture, Picasso and Braque, or so the story went, silted up the deep space of painting, and replaced perspective recession with an upright "grid"—an implied network of straight lines and right angles on the surface of a picture. In doing so, they changed the nature of painting from an artifact of sight to an artifact of thought: a picture was no longer a make-believe snapshot but a bulletin board for the psyche.

Cubism seen whole, however, turns out to be completely unsystematic. Picasso and Braque's vision seems less a dutiful bookkeeping of fronts and backs than a response to the radiance of ordinary things and an evocation of the give and take that shapes perception. Cubism emerges, in its original moment, less as the conceptual grid on which the recognizable world was analyzed than as a net stretched taut between the world and sight, catching eventually the whole heraldry of modern life: city lights, summer vacations, pop songs, news of distant wars, and department-store sales. In fact, the Cubism on display at MOMA looks hardly "modernist" at all in any of the conventional, ideological senses—exclusive, evangelical, rhetorical, or inward-turning and crusading in search of a lost purity. Instead, it gives an impression of a joy at once secret and exclamatory, poetic and offhand.

BEFORE it became a duet, Cubism began as a set of paired variations on a theme by Cézanne, and the first three rooms of the MOMA show are given over to the early stages of Picasso's and Braque's apprenticeships to the Master. For Picasso and Braque's generation, Cézanne had something of the special mystique that attaches to Philip Guston today, and for similar reasons: Cézanne was a "lost" painter, who had belonged to (and abandoned) a legendary group of pioneer artists—a mad old man who had found his way to a sincere, heart-wrenching awkwardness and straightforwardness that seemed an antidote to what had become the slick decorative sureness of his former colleagues. Like Guston's, Cézanne's greatness was most obvious in his figures—in his pained vision of the human body—and in his purposefully anxious touch. Braque was the first to understand that beneath the honest rusticity Cézanne was a supremely sophisticated and infinitely subtle orchestrator of space. In paraphrasing Cézanne, Braque gently turned down the pitch of Cézanne's anxiety and instead used the elements of the old man's style—the toy-block houses, the generalized foliage, the asymmetrically drawn objects, defined with an engraver's precision on one side and, on the other, left to breathe out into the



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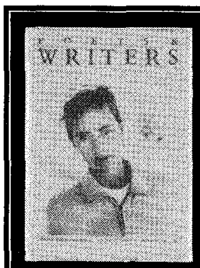

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world—to create a landscape locked together like a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle, with the air given the solidity of rock, and the rocks and houses given the mutable edges of air. These little green-and-beige pictures of Braque's are much more modest than the glowing, psychedelic Fauves that had earned him his slight reputation, and their mood is far removed from Cézanne's passionate reticence. They have some of the murky dutifulness of homework.

Picasso's pictures of the same period, though they have far more plastic intensity, also tread familiar ground. In the standard classroom accounts, one is instructed to see in Picasso's "Cézanniste" pictures, like the "Three Women," a forced march toward abstraction, moving forward from the flat figuration and sick color of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," of 1907. In reality, the beautiful "Three Women" is a renunciation of the "Demoiselles" as much as it is a continuation. Where the surface of the "Demoiselles" seems to be made of jagged stained glass, and looks as if it would cut any hand that touched it, the "Three Women" is like a bas-relief in glazed terra-cotta—tangible, perplexing, and, above all, concerned with modelling. Picasso, moving away from the optical realness of objects, was still reluctant to deny their tactile roundness—the ability of even the empty space within a painted surface to suggest the feeling of a thing held.

By the spring of 1909, Picasso and Braque had evolved a private language in a purely negative respect: these are pictures that only your best friend could love. Picasso's clunky, simian women and his palette of ochre and bright green are just ugly. Far from referring to some "ideal" platonic language of form, Braque's clots of gray-and-brown Monopoly houses piled up against a terra-cotta sky and Picasso's bowlegged, fleshless women of this period have about them a deliberate, uncharacteristic drabness.

The high moment came in the winter of 1909-10. To turn the corner at the MOMA exhibition into the room devoted to these pictures is like passing through the sound barrier, into a world without turbulence. Yet there is no sense in the work of either painter of a "pictorial problem" solved or of a plan going forward. In a picture like the "Violin and Palette," it is as though

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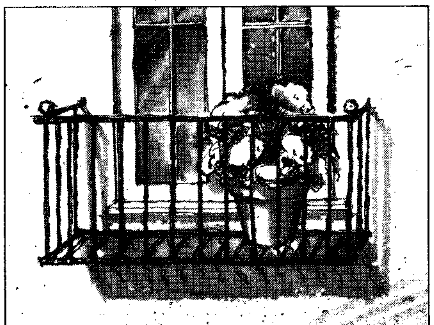

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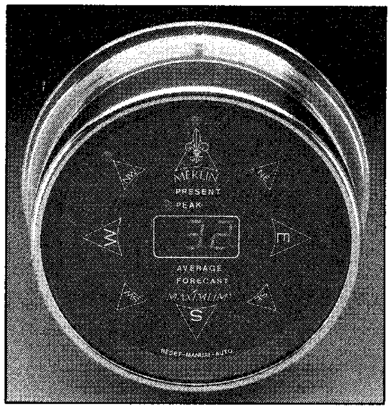

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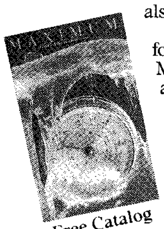

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Braque suddenly asked himself what would happen if you treated the surface of the picture not as a low relief but as a refracting glass or a kaleidoscope, breaking up the surface into symmetrical facets and vertical strips. The violin strings in that picture leap from a diagonal to a vertical across a well of empty space, and seem the consequence less of a purposeful attempt to represent something seen from many angles than of an effort to endow it with the angularity of observation itself—to evoke the stutter-step ardor of the recording eye.

For Picasso, the new question was essentially architectural: What if you treated the figures and objects in painting as if they were made of iron pipes and glass panes instead of flesh and clay and rock? In Picasso's figure drawings, the whole body now suggests an ethereal version of the Tin Woodman in the "Oz" books—a body made out of scraps of geometric metal, with a funnel head and cylindrical limbs—but what saves these figures from formulaic reduction is an irrational light, suggested by scribbling, shading, and cross-hatching. In the drawings from the end of 1909, Picasso seems to imagine form in terms of familiar geometric elements, the way a first-year art student at a Beaux-Arts academy might, and then to break up that form as he writes it down. The cylinders and cones and straight lines fracture on regular fault lines, and what should be the continuous edges of planes and solids move just a half interval out of plumb. The effect of shimmering energy and indeterminate form is the consequence of a little game rather than a big idea—a studio joke that unlocked a new dimension of energy.

THE first great Cubist paintings were made by Picasso in the summer of 1910, when he was on vacation in the Catalan town of Cadaqués. For the next few years, the rhythm of the seasons as experienced by a Parisian, of summer in a resort and winter in the city, becomes the basic rhythm of Picasso's and Braque's pictures. It used to be said that Cubist pictures banished light and replaced it with mass. Now that they can be seen all together, with the subtle changes in tone which come from each season and place, it becomes plain that no pictures have ever been so much about the way the weather was in particular places as the Cubist paint-

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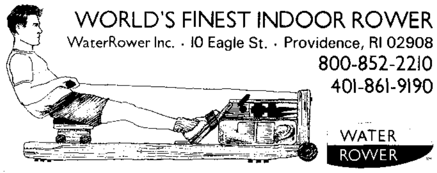

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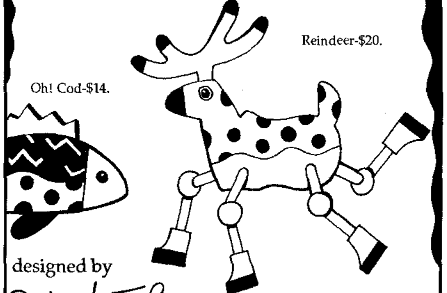
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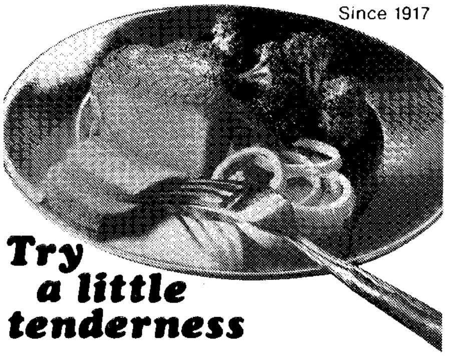

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ings of Braque and Picasso. In Cadaqués, Picasso's palette becomes straw and blond and sea green. Pictures like the "Woman with a Mandolin" and "The Rower," from that summer, have a broadly spaced adagio rhythm. Silhouettes hang across the front of the pictures, defining infinitely fine planes, as though the painter had peeled away layers of dark onionskin and then woven the figures beneath. Then these figures are inserted into the Mediterranean light—shattered by it. No pictures could be more anatomically articulate—one registers the grace of the woman, with her Utamaro-like throat and turned head, and the broad-shouldered, Bo Jackson torso of the rower—and at the same time more beautifully withdrawn and suggestive. They look like pictures that Whistler might have produced had he given up pastels for an X-ray machine.

When Picasso returned to Paris in the fall of 1910, he took the elusive Cadaqués manner with him, and then, with amazing chutzpah, put it to work as a portrait style. The most remarkable instances of Picasso's ability to conjure up a human presence from a resistant abstract language are the three portraits he executed that fall, which, as it happens, are portraits of three dealers: Wilhelm Uhde, Ambroise Vollard, and Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. In the Kahnweiler painting, the classic elements of a Renaissance portrait—clasped hands and half smile—are rendered with the authority of caricature, while the rest of the sitter is dissolved into a Baroque light. It is, in its way, a perfect likeness, but it's also an enigmatic one—a grin without a cat.

In the summer of 1911, Picasso and Braque both painted in the resort town of Céret. The light in the Cadaqués pictures seems to be made of sand and mist; the light in their Céret pictures is intense orange and amber, and at the edges of these pictures the shapes almost seem to be bleached away by dazzling sunlight. The figures are more tightly centralized than they were at Cadaqués, and, instead of looking like marionettes hanging disjointed from the top of the picture, they seem to be constructed from the bottom up, around a pyramidal core, and made out of interlocking panes of yellow glass. It's also in these pictures that Picasso and Braque begin to introduce lettering—abrupt found puns from the world—and, far from being a hesitant introduction of the real into almost abstract pictures, these little jokes seem to be a direct extension of the delight in the fragmentary and the commonplace that supplied the metaphysical spirit of the Cadaqués pictures: bits and pieces of our everyday world reassembled in a spirit of both gaiety and sobriety.

Picasso and Braque often suspend a scaffolding of recognizable features in a single shallow plane (the Kahnweiler portrait is a good example of this process), or else reduce the objects in a scene to a few simple signs or distinguishing features—the scroll of a violin, the capital of a column, the repeated pattern of a molding, the cord of a fringed tablecloth—and then fan them out across the front of the picture, like snapshots thumbtacked at casual angles to a transparent surface. Even in those Cubist pictures which in some sense include "multiple viewpoints," the views are never comprehensive or inclusive, and the small, varying facets register only tiny, fastidious changes in the artist's gaze. The old image of Braque or Picasso walking around his subject to get a picture of it from all sides, like a wary middleweight circling his opponent, is just false. There are multiple viewpoints in Cubism only in the same sense that there are multiple viewpoints in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or in any piece of poetic description: the detail and the degree of resolution depend on the dramatic configuration of the work and on the demands of its structure. These pictures don't set out heroically to anatomize a new space and a new time; they demonstrate instead the power of a small set of clichés—a tilted head that means "woman," the four repeated horizontal strokes that mean "guitar"—to conjure up a whole world.

Judith Shahn

The artistic climax of Cubist painting can be found in one of its most familiar pictures, MOMA's own "Ma Jolie (Woman with a Zither or Guitar)," of the winter of 1911-12. ("Ma Jolie" refers to the refrain of a popular song of the time, which for Picasso evoked his new girlfriend, the

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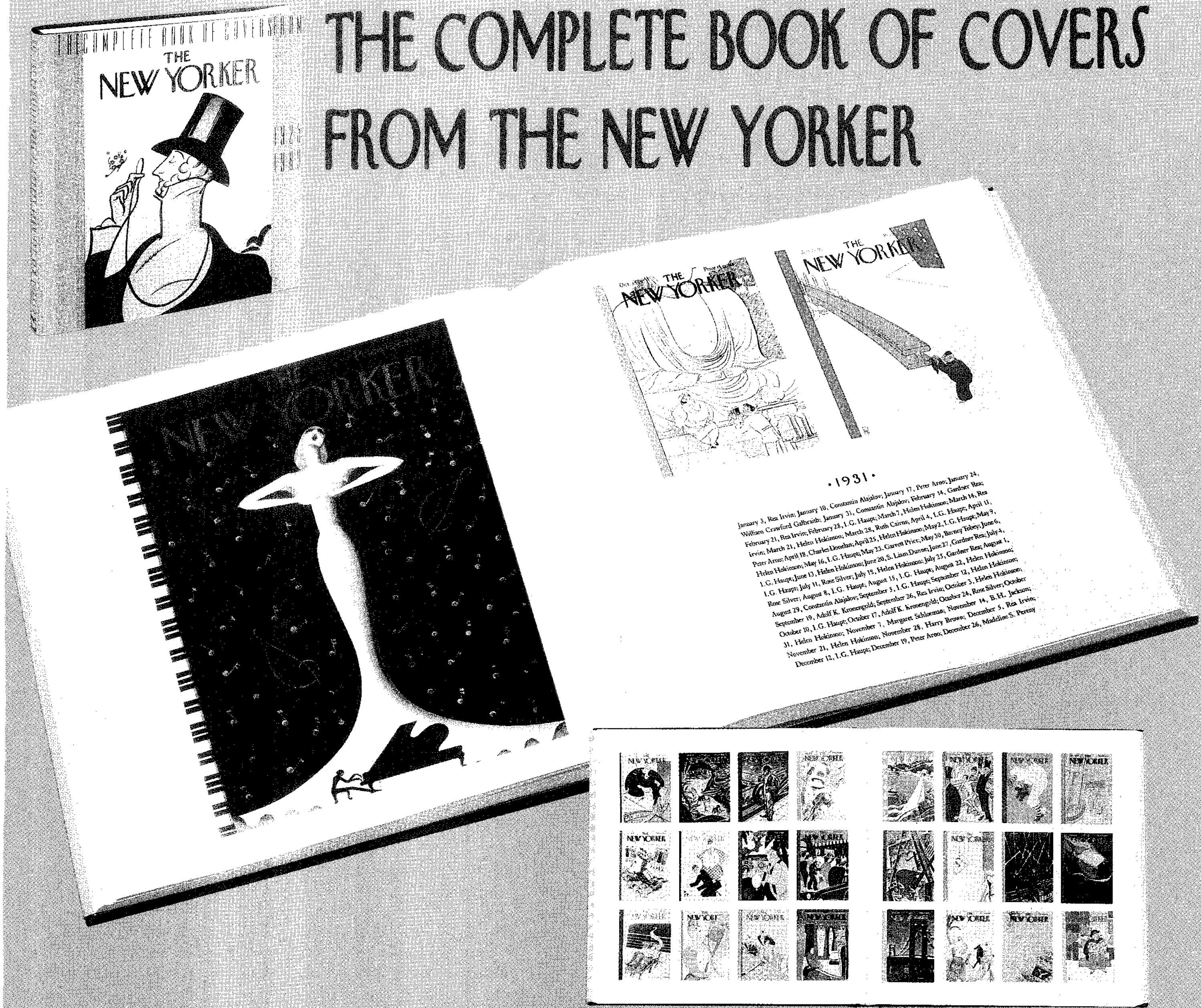

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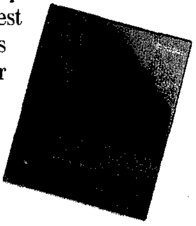

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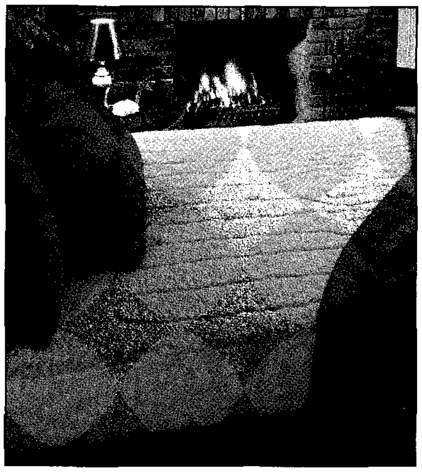

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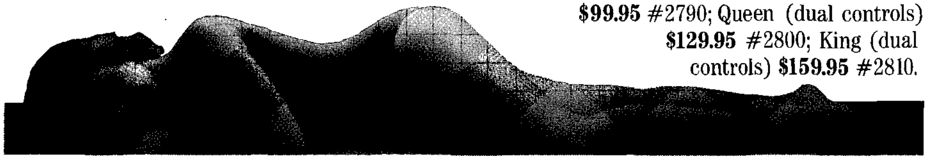

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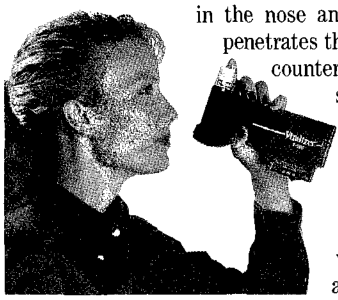

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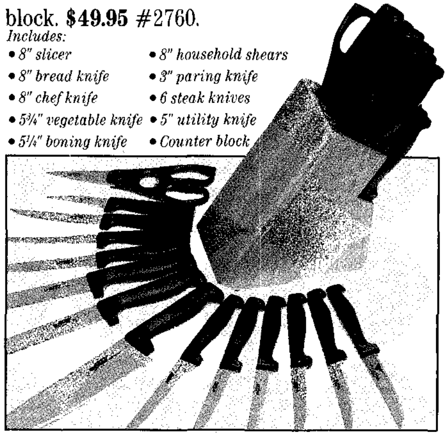

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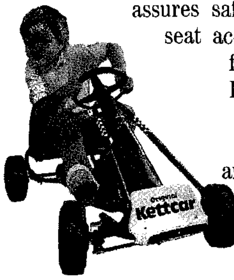

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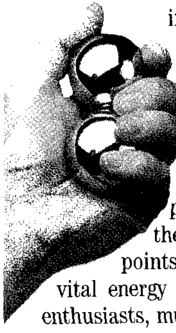

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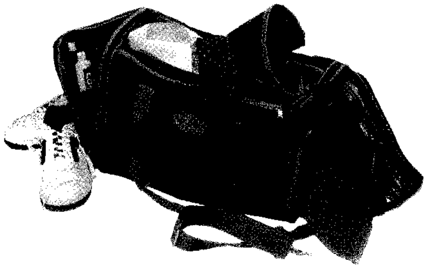

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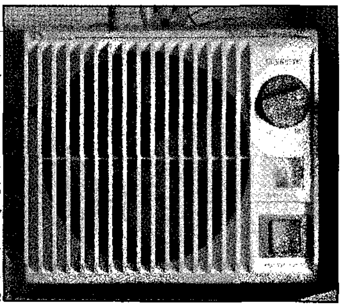

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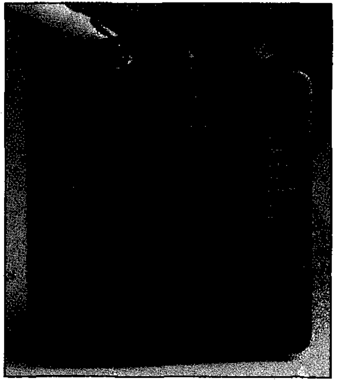

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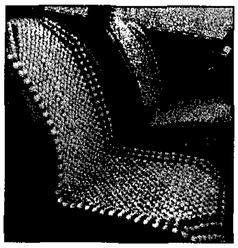

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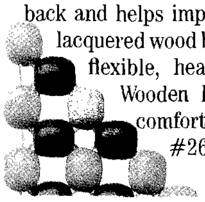

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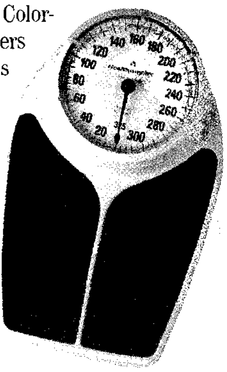

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geisha-like Eva Gouel.) The "Ma Jolie" is a dark, winter picture—its light is silver and umber, with a seasoning of white. Where the figures in the Céret paintings were tightly constructed and wound around a spiralling core, the figure of the woman in the "Ma Jolie" has been broken into a hundred small facets and shifting planes, which seem to be moving slowly away from each other; it's like a microscopic image of molecules drifting apart. The structure of Braque's equivalent masterpiece of the same period, "Le Portugais," which hangs beside the "Ma Jolie" in the MOMA show, is essentially classical and symmetrical. The "Ma Jolie" is forcefully split: its right half is loose and aerated, and floats upward to a cloud of white brushwork; the left half sinks, pulled down by the repetition of a plump oval form, which recurs like a filmstrip of a punctured blimp. As though to make up for the seeming evaporation of reference in this picture, Picasso put in two almost absurdly direct elements at the very bottom: the words, spaced with a jaunty irregularity, "Ma Jolie" and, just above and to the right of the inscription, a little treble clef. These naïve pop devices evoke the nascent freshness of a moment of joyful discovery—in this case, that a tune made for a mass audience can become part of a language of personal expression.

The "Ma Jolie" has always in the past seemed to carry a powerful element of Dada joking—a purposeful dissociation between its subject and its manner. But to an eye newly accustomed to reading the shorthand of Cubist light and form, the "Ma Jolie" begins to look like a sweetly responsible picture: the abstract design reveals a powerful empirical core—the painter's response to a scene and a person and an overheard song. The picture both moves toward the generalized, the conceptual, and the stenographic—the woman's throat expressed in a single diagonal stroke, the four-line guitar—and uses those reduced forms to reoccupy the enduring ground of painting: the peculiar experience of a particular thing. The "Ma Jolie" is at once a portrait as delicate as any Rembrandt, a work of Pop art as cheerful as a Stuart Davis, the best record we have of the misty light of a Paris winter, and a cityscape, full of the rhythm of Paris roofs and drainpipes—an atomized Atget. Picasso once said that reality in Cubism was like a perfume; looking at the "Ma Jolie," one senses in this formulation something more than a descriptive metaphor. Like a perfume, the picture has a softness, a finesse, an indirection—all of which are never found again in Picasso's work but are part of the secret inheritance of modern art.

THE revelation of the subtlety and humanity in the seemingly hermetic Cubist paintings is the real triumph of Rubin's show. The movement out into the Cubism of collage—in which Picasso and Braque began to make designs out of bits and pieces of newspaper headlines, department-store ads, wallpaper, and cigar wrappers—is, by contrast, a more familiar story, and appeals to a more familiar taste. Yet one sees now that the old tale in which painterly Cubism represented a retreat into a world of pure form, while the collages that followed represented a reëntry into reality—the turtle poking its head back out of its shell—is all wrong. The discovery by Picasso and Braque of the graphic power of bits of wallpaper suggests not a return to reality, a reassertion of the world, but another exercise in epigrammatic reference. The small found puns produced by the haphazard folds of newspaper headlines evoke the fractured pace of modern urban life. Cubism, with its evocation of the stream of borrowed consciousness through which we experience urbanity, is the language of the modern city. A style begun as a pious paraphrase of the landscape of Provence continues to provide a model for looking at Manhattan.

Cubism has long been seen as an ode to the world of the phonograph and the airplane and the electric light—an art made in response to the preternatural quickening of the pace of invention at the beginning of the twentieth century. And the Cubist legacy is somehow seen to lie in the manic mechanization of the Futurists, or in the way that the Russian Constructivists made feverish blueprints of the New Utopia that never arrived. Yet the MOMA show suggests that Cubism really belongs less to the blind embrace of technology than to another modern vein of feeling: the world of Matisse's "Red Studio"—the landscape of pleasure gone indoors. The miraculous poetic insight of Picasso and Braque was that a Symbolist fragrance could be distilled from the

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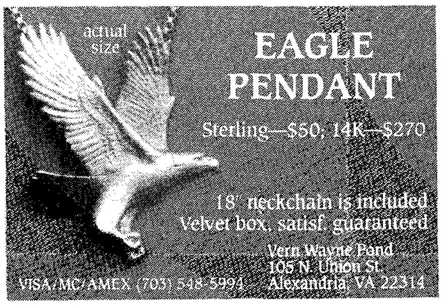

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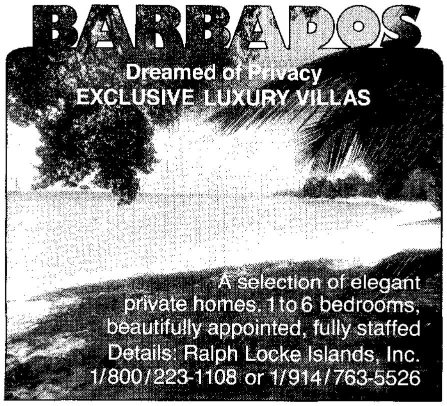
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frenetic energy of the modern street as powerfully as it could be re-created from the dying forms of the Mediterranean tradition: Cubism is the vision of Vuillard and Bonnard reimagined in the language of Eiffel and engineering.

Cubism is a leap in the dark, and what is genuinely "scientific" about it is its readiness to make new things up without a plan or program; its willingness to extend the logic of a sudden thought to an apparently absurd conclusion (which then turns out not to be absurd at all); its mistrust of reduction; its faith that the free play of the imagination can summon up a picture of the world more powerful than any patient description; its belief in the sanity of fragmentary knowledge. In all these ways Cubism recalls less the austere self-sufficiency and the ground-clearing ambitions of other early modernist art than the real spirit of early modern physics—the marriage of wild speculation with an essential empiricism that shies away from any certain or conclusive statement, and makes each theory, or each painting, seem to say "What if?" rather than "It is so."

It is William Rubin's belief, I suspect, that with Cubism "Why?" is really "How?" His exhibition displays Cubism in what is in a way a narrower and more particular context than it has ever been seen in—not as the favored and inevitable child of the new Zeitgeist but as the improvised and self-sustaining duet of two peculiarly paired men. And yet in another way Cubism looks larger now than it ever has. Rubin insists, modestly, that the painting of Picasso and Braque is a world away from the concerns of painters now, and in a strictly formal sense that's probably true. Yet one leaves this exhibition buoyed with hope. The lesson it provides is about the triumph of little jokes over big ideas. Who could ever have imagined in 1907 that something remarkable could be made from a weird mix of Cézanne, geometric drawing, Rembrandt's light, caricature, and dumb puns picked up at a newspaper kiosk on the way to work? Or that it would be achieved through the unlikely liaison of the Groucho and Zeppo of the Parisian avant-garde? The exhibition is a testament to the unpredictability of invention, and to the unforeseeably beautiful and alarming consequences of a curious affection.

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BOOKS

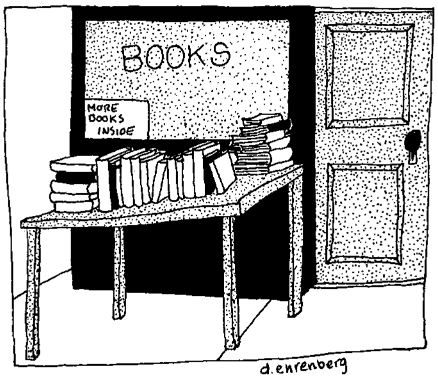
An Examined Life

MY indebtedness to Robert Maynard Hutchins is great. In 1947, with a French baccalaureate, I journeyed from New York to New Haven for freshman orientation, and found Yale as suffocating and, socially, as sultry as the end-of-summer days. What to do? (It was already September.) I had, by chance, come across a *Time* account of the wild and woolly life of the mind at the University of Chicago. I wrote to its chancellor, reporting on my disarray at Yale. Customary admissions bureaucracy was waived. Summoned to the Midway, I sat the batteries of examinations that determined what subjects and requirements a student could be exempted from. My education had been classical and ultra-literary, so I found myself sweating through superbly taught courses in physics, chemistry, and biology, with some sort of remedial mathematics mercifully added. I received my B.A., at age nineteen, a year later and could get on to the serious business of graduate school. With Allen Tate teaching one literature and Richard McKeon introducing one to Aristotle and Aquinas, the experience was bracing.

For some ill-chosen reason, I decamped to Harvard. It took me only a few weeks to realize my error. At that time, Harvard graduate schools in the humanities were inert craft guilds, academic in the worst sense of the word. Almost desperately, I wrote to the University of Chicago asking for one of its nominations for a Rhodes Scholarship. (I was fairly recently naturalized but no longer a resident of Illinois.) Quite understandably, the dragon in charge of this precious sponsorship turned me down and observed acerbically that I ought to have thought twice before leaving for sclerotic Harvard. Impertinence being the mother of invention, I turned directly to Hutchins. I wrote pointing out that Chicago had not for some time won a Rhodes. Its lofty disdain for athletics and for the qualities of campus charisma that the Rhodes selectors looked for had prevented its nominees from being chosen. My own disqualifications were all too obvious. But I thought I had an outside chance. Hutchins seems to have been amused by this shameless approach. He gave me the nomination. Some months later, a worn-out Rhodes Scholarship board, having to choose between that year's star-studded captain of the West Point corps and me, and knowing of my total nonathleticism, asked me to show in a diagram the difference between a number of backfield formations in American college football. It so happens that I had during my Chicago years become an ardent watcher, particularly of Michigan and Notre Dame. I was on my way to Oxford.

But these debts to Hutchins are personal trivia. What very probably decided my life and work was the sheer genius of intellectual exhilaration, the passionate electricity of spirit, that had made the University of Chicago under Hutchins the best there was. No one who did not experience that formidable vibrato, who did not at first hand witness the extent to which Hutchins' legendary persona, his dictates, his inebriation with excellence set ablaze every aspect of an undergraduate's day, can capture Hutchins' greatness. Harry S. Ashmore's "Unseasonable Truths" (Little, Brown; $27.50) lists many of the facts, but the spirit eludes him.

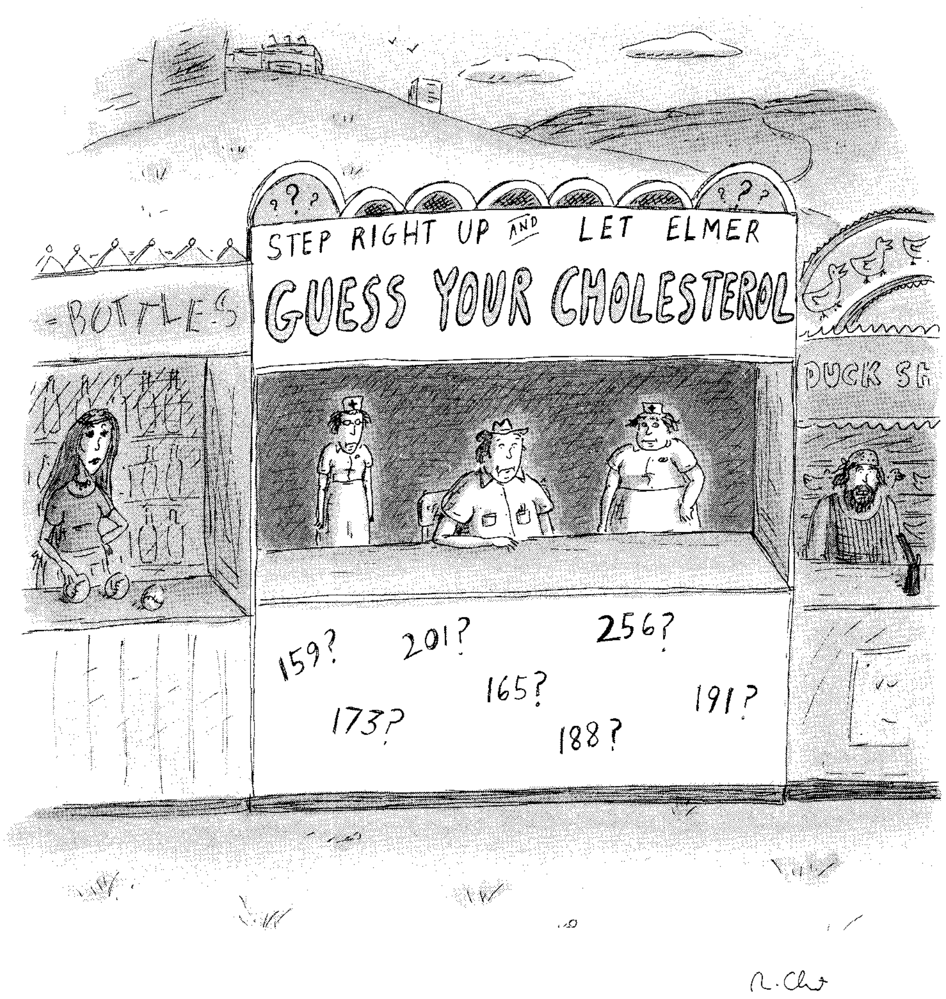
Thinking back on those exigent weeks, on the ferocity of the climate and the work load, on the unembarrassed competitiveness and intellectual ambition that the whole system fuelled, I can still feel a hammering excitement that no other university has ever stirred in me. We sat through whole nights arguing Marx or Dewey, analyzing, word for word, a paragraph out of Joyce's "Dubliners" or Tarski's logic. Enrico Fermi, who had set off the controlled chain reaction that made the atom bomb possible, and had done so in a laboratory underneath the unused university football stadium, was reshaping the teaching of physics. It was during a marathon seminar, with the wind whipsawing at some crazily low temperature, that I was induced to grasp what little I can of the true meaning of a quantum jump. It was some junior math instructor (may he in remembrance forgive my obtuseness) who wrote on the board a row of prime numbers and, below it, a row of even numbers. There are as many, he said, in the one line as in the other. And, like a champagne burst inside me, came the recognition of what might be signified by "infinity." To this distant day, I tingle at the recollection of OII—Observation, Information, and Integration, the crowning course in the college. Here an often inspired teaching staff introduced us to the attempt, from Plato to Carnap, to discover a general principle of human understanding, to find logic and meaning in both the world and the thought in which we incorporate the world. Hutchins' vision was radically historical: a mathematical theorem, a literary form, a philosophical idea, even history itself had a history. Nothing could be truly grasped out of its genetic context. The work was often exhausting, and we undoubtedly fell short. But Hutchins' sovereign ruling that it was the highest of privileges to be in an OII section—to take part, be it as the greenest of undergraduates, in the revaluation of knowledge and society—rang true. Plato's Academy, Galileo's dialogues, Hegel's Berlin lectures reborn—one felt it in one's bones. And the best jazz and Caesar salads just off campus, on 63rd Street. And the steel mills in Gary and White City flashing their lights, making their ovens redder when news came through from Newark that Tony Zale, his hand broken, beat Rocky Graziano (a quite mad occasion and hosanna I can't separate from the memory of a wretched paper I did on Mill's social theories).



Ashmore, in his biography, puts great emphasis on the famous Great Books program, the core curriculum of classic texts which Hutchins and Mortimer Adler devised for students and adults alike. Unquestionably, this list and the reading groups associated with it were vital to Hutchins. He said:

> This is more than a set of great books, and more than a liberal education. Great Books of the Western World is an act of piety. Here are the sources of our being. Here is the West. This is its meaning for mankind. Here is the faith of the West, for here before everybody willing to look at it is that dialogue by way of which Western man has believed that he can approach the truth.

In the actual life of the university, that credo was implicit rather than explicit. Courses gravitated to canonic and talismanic works. Scientists had to read the classic documents in the history of their pursuit. But what Hutchins communicated was the necessary miracle of personal dialogue with the master spirits past and present. He made of the university a house of live reading, in which voices sprang at you from the page. Indirectly, Hutchins' critique of Thomas Jefferson makes the point. Jefferson was not, Hutchins said, possessed of "what used to be called the 'intellectual love of God,' what we now call 'the pursuit of truth for its own sake.' " Jefferson's aims were social and pragmatic. But it is the disinterested, joyously obsessive pursuit of truth that is the sole authentic purpose of humane learning and the mark of man's singular, often rebuked dignity. To read, to reread passionately, to read "in dialogue" is to advance that purpose. A great university is one in which the necessary arts of reading are central. Hutchins' Chicago was exactly that. I have not found many like it since.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191?

Ashmore provides a warmly sympathetic and thoroughly researched chronicle of Robert Maynard Hutchins' dizzying ascent to national prominence. He tells of the Presbyterian background, of the school days in which the young Hutchins cultivated his oratory, his appetite for hard work, and his almost nonchalant assumption of authority. (Being strikingly handsome and six feet two and a half inches in height helped.) Hutchins spent a brief but fairly miserable time in Europe during the First World War, which made him something of a combative pacifist. He arrived at Yale in 1919, swept through three undergraduate years at characteristic speed, and began law studies before his senior year. At twenty-six, Hutchins was tutoring law and expounding the conviction that the isolation of legal studies from social psychology, from political theory, and from fundamental philosophical debate was indefensible. Colleagues and seniors bridled, but Yale's President James Rowland Angell had a weakness for Hutchins, and in 1927, aged twenty-eight, Hutchins was appointed dean of the Yale Law School. Already he was in touch with men who were to be vital to his intellectual and administrative career: Adler, William O. Douglas, Henry Luce (whose coverage of Hutchins helped make him a national figure). And already he was spelling out his proud credo:

> After all, the great thing about a university is that it can afford to experiment; and I use the word *afford* not in its financial connotation, but to remind us that a university is free to cultivate and exhibit the independence of thought, the willingness to depart from tradition, the readiness to take a chance, if you will, that may come from the possession of a life that is nearly immortal.

Plato might have spoken thus, or Francis Bacon. This was hardly the language expected of a dean, not yet thirty, addressing a coven of recalcitrant law professors.

But others were pricking up their ears. In 1929, Robert Maynard Hutchins, the "boy wonder" of American higher education, was called to the presidency (later the chancellorship) of the University of Chicago. The twenty-two years he spent there were memorable. Hutchins found a distinguished university and made it one of the very great centers of research, scholarship, and instruction in the West. Medical studies, anthropology, social and political inquiry, Oriental and Biblical scholarship, nuclear physics, astrophysics, and mathematics flourished under Hutchins' passionate goading. But at the absolute center of his manifold enterprise lay the reform of the undergraduate curriculum, the transmutation of American pragmatism, professionalism, and fitful literacy into a model of fundamental perception. Henceforth, on the Midway and in those wind-scarred mock-Gothic quads (the Gothic began to look hauntingly real) the Socratic axiom that no unexamined life was worth living became compelling.

Conservative doubts were strong,

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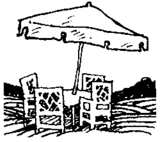
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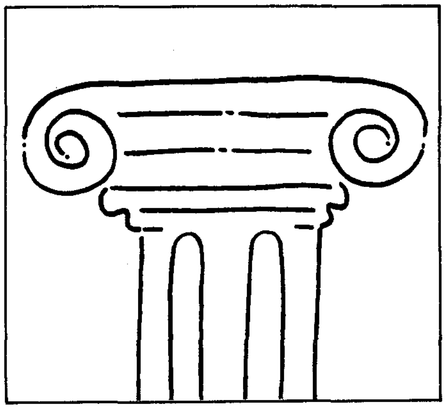
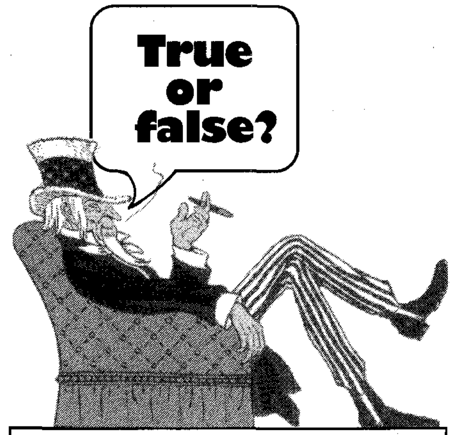


and there were attempts at sabotage. Dr. Ashmore vividly reports on the successive showdowns with senior faculties and public opinion which Hutchins had to win in order to achieve his aim. Adler's role was abrasive but, to Hutchins, somehow organic. An odd chemistry bonded the two men. The Aristotelian and Aquinist promise of a total organization, of a systematic and hierarchic summa of human knowledge, underwritten, as it were, by an incessant discipline of definition, redefinition, and discourse, had set both men alight. Mortimer Adler knew how to challenge and offend; Hutchins knew how to turn challenge and offense into administrative and pedagogic practice. Equally, moreover, they shared a passion for jurisprudence, in the full sense. As Plato had taught, law is the sinew of the city of man. If that city is to be enlightened, if it is to be a place in which men and women are the custodians of live tradition and the makers of the new, justice must prevail. Hence the pivotal presence of the Chicago Law School, its informing and philosophical proximity to the climate of the college. Hence the stimulating interplay, for any undergraduate interested enough to sit in on the relevant classes or research sessions (even if he could grasp only a mite of what was going on), of Leo Strauss's political philosophy, Edward Levi on the nature of a legal precedent, and Bruno Bettelheim on the closed world of the violent. Here, Hutchins ordained, there was to be none of that "coddling, nursing and pampering of students" characteristic of American education but "quite unknown anywhere else."

Hutchins lectured endlessly up and down the land. His dicta filled the press. Scholars and thinkers of the first rank joined the staff. The undergraduates were a brilliantly motley corps. In my dormitory bustled the star youth-organizer of the American Communist Party; one of the country's top ten poker players; a transfer from European schooling (as I was) who would soon do major work in mathematical logic; a somewhat crazed short-story writer; a future criminal lawyer with a sensibility perfectly attuned to that of his larcenous and homicidal clients; a clutch of Chinese physicists leapfrogging each other toward the Nobel; and an ex-paratrooper whose ability to jump into an upper bunk from a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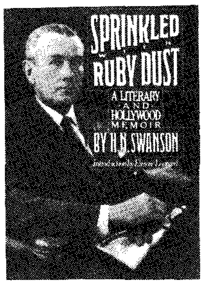

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crouching position has left me with an untarnished image of pure carnal grace and discipline.

But all this at a price. Ashmore deals tactfully with the far too public misery of Hutchins' first marriage. He tells of the successive attempts by red-baiters, both in Chicago and in Washington, to smear and to unseat a man whose commitment to liberty of thought and expression was absolute. We learn of Hutchins' major political error: his participation in the movements that strove to keep America out of Hitler's war. But even on this vexatious point Hutchins' motives were worth attending to. He felt, prophetically, that a second world war would immensely expand the authority, the predatory compass, of American government and bureaucracy and at the same time sweep under the carpet the social inequalities and the racial tension that made that democracy so infirm. But when Pearl Harbor came Hutchins unhesitatingly turned the great resources of the university toward research of national urgency. Hutchins' relations with F.D.R., who it seems at one point had considered him as a possible Vice-President, form a fascinating thread in Harry Ashmore's portrayal.

Now the man was worn out. In December, 1950, Hutchins accepted the codirectorship, with Paul Hoffman, of the Ford Foundation. We are, at this point, on page 303 of a biography of five hundred and forty-one pages. The remainder of Hutchins' career (he died in May, 1977) is, in the main, tedium and failure. So, all too faithfully, is the rest of this book. The later years involved Dr. Ashmore, who joined Hutchins in his think-tank ventures. This explains but does not justify the elaborate treatment he gives them. Names of worthies cascade. Orotund pronouncements on "the Basic Issues" of world government, American destiny, the unification of all knowledge, peace on land and sea spangle these labored pages like fading stars. We enter, irretrievably, the factitious pomp and self-delusions of the world of what Ezra Pound once called American "floundations." Hutchins' spell at Ford proved a fiasco. Then came the Fund for the Republic and the endless blueprints for a Platonic Academy in which sages of liberal persuasions would weigh and expound the American polity, the problems of a world parliament, the role of the sciences in a democracy, the laws of the sea and of space. In the fall of 1959, Hutchins installed himself and his myrmidons on a hill in Santa Barbara.

I visited there briefly during the seventies to read a paper. Two impressions have stayed with me: a cranky, aging British pundit who whispered to me that among the water jugs set around the green baize seminar table there was one containing gin, and an almost palpable aura of unreality. Hutchins the mover of mountains now inhabited a domain in which men and women believe they have achieved something when they have written a project paper, spawned a committee, peopled a conference, filled in requests for funding, and published a glossy brochure at the end of the year. This unreality and the bitchiness, gossip, and palace intrigue that filled the vacant days in the California sun give to Ashmore's twilit record an enervating sadness. There were practical spurts. Hutchins' role was considerable in the conception and preparation of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. He and his colleagues vigorously opposed the right-wing philistinism and the mindless chauvinism of what was rapidly becoming Nixon Land. But there was in the fire that, in 1964, roared through Romero Canyon and destroyed Hutchins' home more than a touch of allegory.

What is Robert Maynard Hutchins' legacy? This is not an easy question to answer. By 1953, the College of the University of Chicago had been "normalized," and a period of rancorous mediocrity ensued. Today, the Hutchins style is at work, if at all, in the visionary despotism of John Silber, at Boston University. But Chicago did recover. It is again one of the great universities, and its president, Hannah Gray, is a woman of incisive authority and of a deep commitment to eminence. Hutchins' demanding pride in the institution, if not his actual design, has prevailed. More generally, it is obvious that the debate currently being conducted on the state of the American mind, on the scandal of American secondary schooling, on the intractable but essential dilemma of the relations between democracy and excellence, between social/ethnic justice and intellectual quality (Hutchins was wholly committed to both) is a debate whose origins and many of whose formula-

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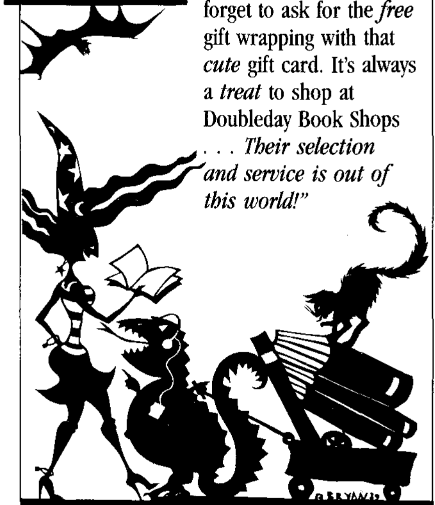

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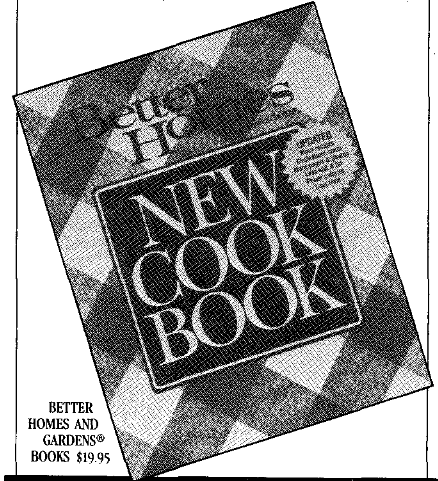

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tions go back to the heady days when Hutchins ran the Yale Law School. To end on a personal note: because of Hutchins, I have known, intellectually and in my bones, what a university can and should be. That is a formidable bounty. The history of how it felt remains to be written.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Bellarosa Connection, by Saul Bellow (Penguin; $6.95). In this volume you get at least the first three-quarters of the usual Bellow brilliant storytelling (antic, seductive), along with the usual Bellow bubbling over of ideas, so many that it's hard to say what this tiny book—a hundred and two pages, large print—is about. The story concerns Harry Fonstein, rescued from the Italian Fascists in glittering Hollywood style through an organization funded by Broadway's Billy Rose ("Bellarosa" as spoken by an Italian). When Harry, living stolidly in New Jersey with his equally stolid wife, Sorella, wants to thank Rose, he finds the showman unwilling to accept his gratitude; eventually, Sorella corners the impresario at the King David Hotel in Israel. As the narrator, a relative of the Fonsteins, explores his remembrance of things past, we wait for the ending that will tie everything together. It doesn't come. Part of what the book is about, oddly enough, is literature, from the New Jersey of Philip Roth to the Proustian subject of memory itself. (The allusion is embodied—crassly—in an antique telephone that the narrator likes to think could have belonged to Baron Charlus.) Memory here serves the theme of identity: to remember is to be Jewish; to forget, American. What the story is not about is people you can care for.

Voices in the Evening, by Natalia Ginzburg, translated from the Italian by D. M. Low (Arcade; $16.95). Walking home with her mother in their Northern Italian village, Elsa, twenty-seven and still unmarried, narrates the deadpan opening of this short novel about regret, both familial and political, which was originally published in 1961. The plaintively importunate mother at

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first seems to be the story, but Elsa's observations soon become parentheses to the novel's main matter: the wealthy De Francisci family—the Socialist owner of the village factory and his five children (together with their various neighbors, suitors, husbands, and wives)—before, during, and after Mussolini. The village is a typical village, enclosed and gossipy, slow and secretive. But Ginzburg's reportage is quick and wickedly clear-eyed, and her concern turns out to be urgent: to chart the specific effects, over time, of "the evil we do," which—as one good wife tells her husband, just before leaving him—"seems nothing, just seems foolishness, cold water, while we are doing it." It is the wife, not the author, who adds, "Otherwise people would not do it; they would be more careful." In the end, the main story runs up against an Elsa parenthesis—what we've been seeing she now experiences—and the whole is brought to a completely fitting full stop.

NOTE: "A Careless Widow and Other Stories," by V. S. Pritchett, has been published by Random House ($16.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

HOW WAR CAME: THE IMMEDIATE ORIGINS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, 1938-1939, by Donald Cameron Watt (Pantheon; $29.95). This definitive history of the period from September 30, 1938, when Chamberlain and Hitler signed a declaration of Anglo-German friendship at Munich, to September 3, 1939, when the two countries went to war with each other, does not limit itself to these nations and their quarrel but includes all of Europe, and Asia as well. Mr. Watt's book is crowded with statesmen, politicians, diplomats, journalists, spies, and assorted go-betweens whose efforts for good or evil or their own survival give this portrait of the world on the way to war richness, density, persuasiveness. The author's interpretations are persuasive, too, and often demonstrate the influence of historical interpretations on history. For example, he believes that the democracies' willingness to consider last-minute negotiations stemmed from 1939's interpretation of 1914 as a series of diplomatic failures of communication which led to a war that no one wanted. What the democracies could not quite believe in 1939 was that Hitler wanted war.

MALARIA DREAMS: AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE, by Stuart Stevens (Atlantic Monthly; $18.95). During a dinner conversation, a friend of the author's casually remarked that he'd left a new Land Rover in Bangui, the capital of the Central African Republic; would Stevens be interested in retrieving it and driving it across the Sahara to a Mediterranean port? Stevens was game, and soon thereafter he and a young woman companion were in Bangui, face to face with a mountain of difficulties, the first being that, as he was delicately informed, the Minister of Mines had "decided to like" the vehicle and had appropriated it. So begins one of the funniest tales of misadventure to come along in quite a while. Stevens and friend decided to forget about the Land Rover; they settled instead for an old and crippled Toyota Land Cruiser (acquired at an appalling price) and started out for Algiers, via the Sahara. The journey took three months, during which they became familiar with the intricacies of official corruption in a handful of African republics, with camping out at night in dubious locales (one was being traversed by an army of ants), with roadblocks manned by police and soldiers who had been furnished with guns and uniforms but were expected to get their money any way they could. Mr. Stevens has a wonderful eye for the curiosities of human behavior, Third World variety; he is witty, but not at the expense of the Africans.

NOTE: "Musical Events: A Chronicle, 1983-1986," by Andrew Porter, has been published by Summit ($29.95). All the pieces in this collection first appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . "The End of Nature," by Bill McKibben, has been published by Random House ($19.95). Some of the contents originally appeared here.

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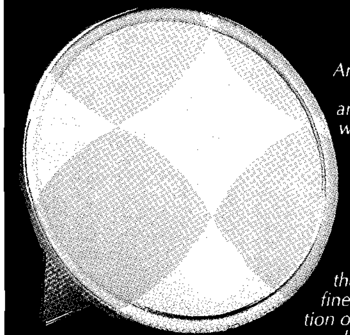

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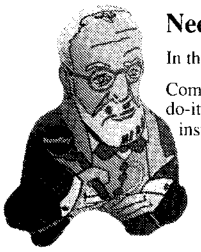

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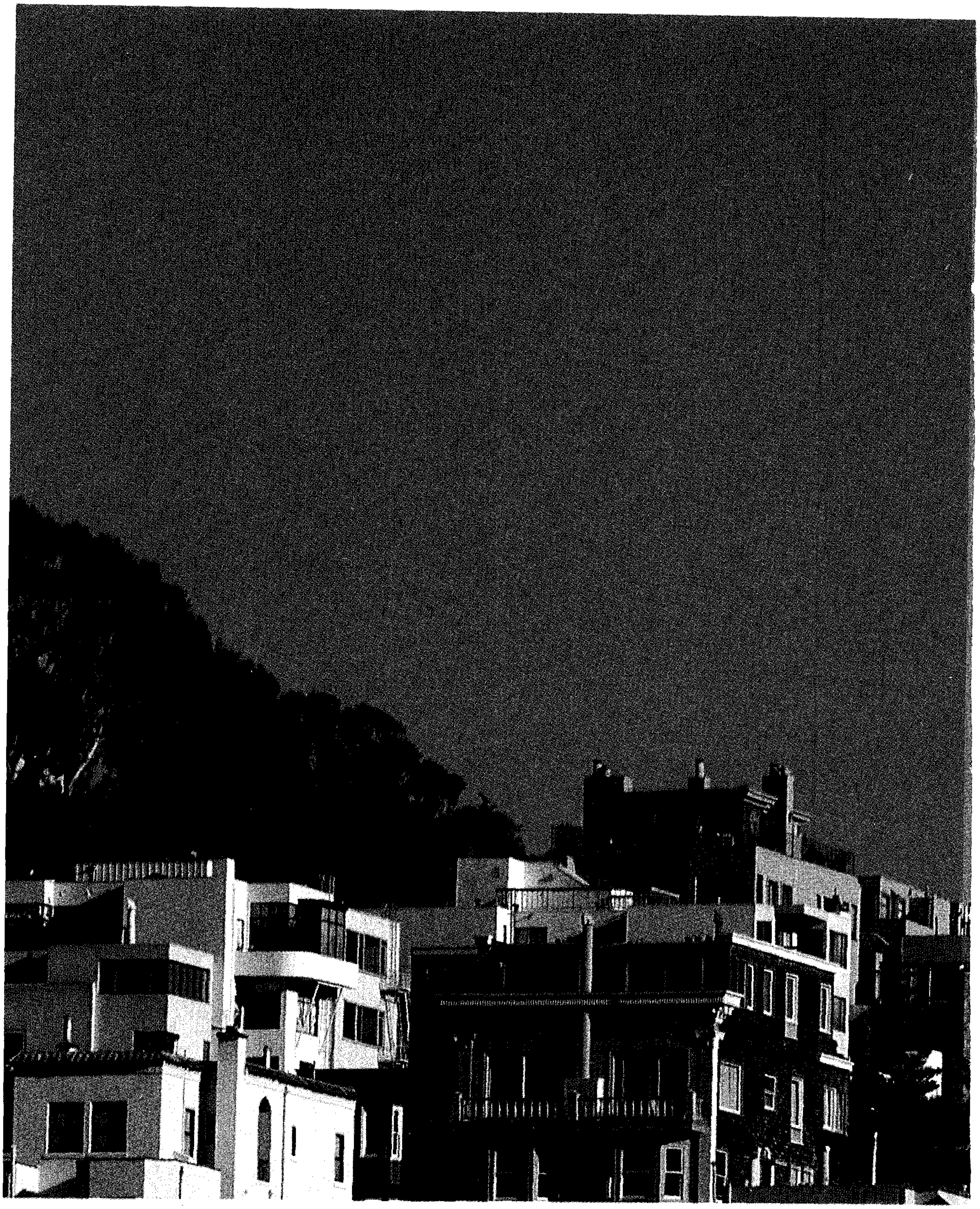

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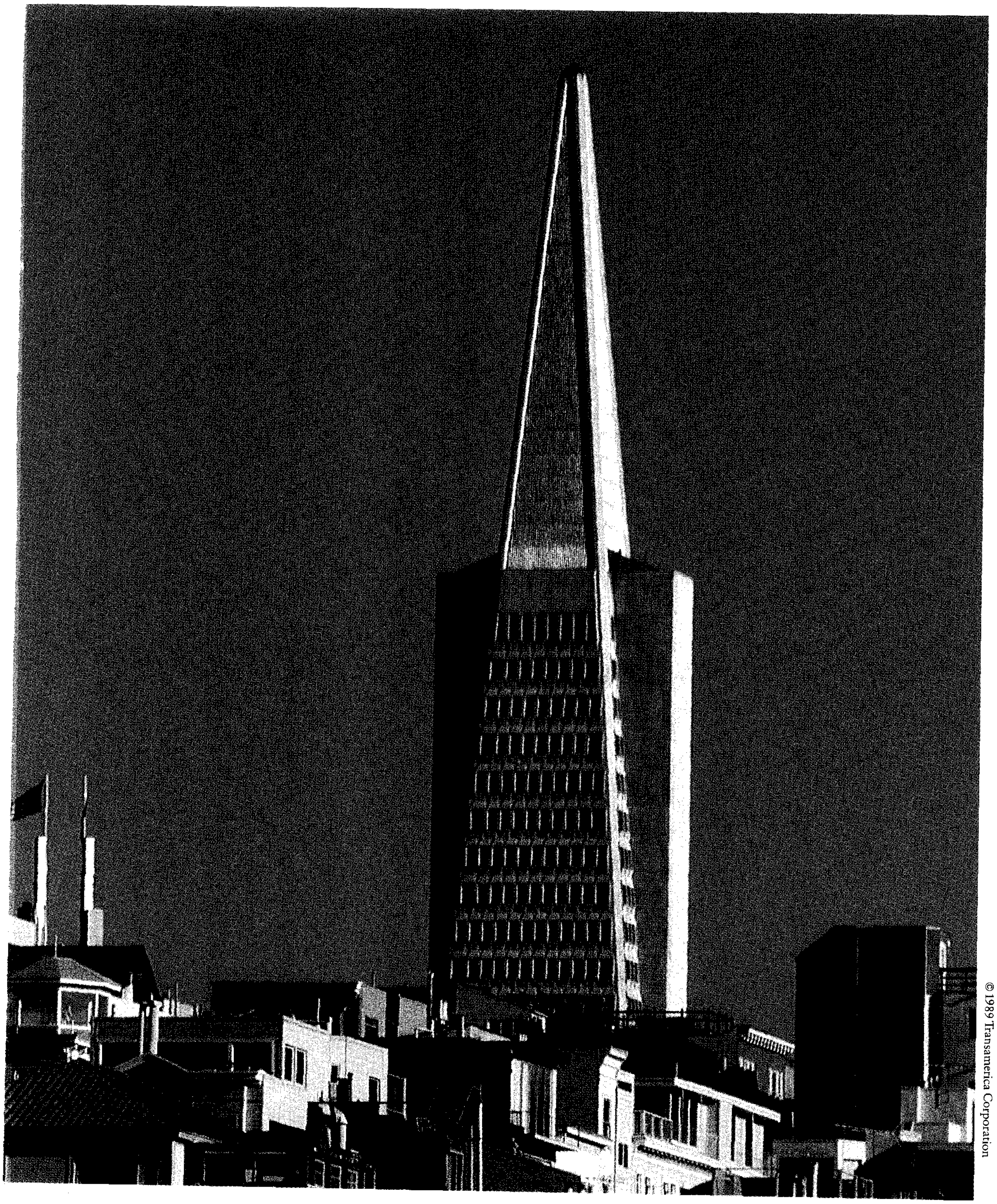

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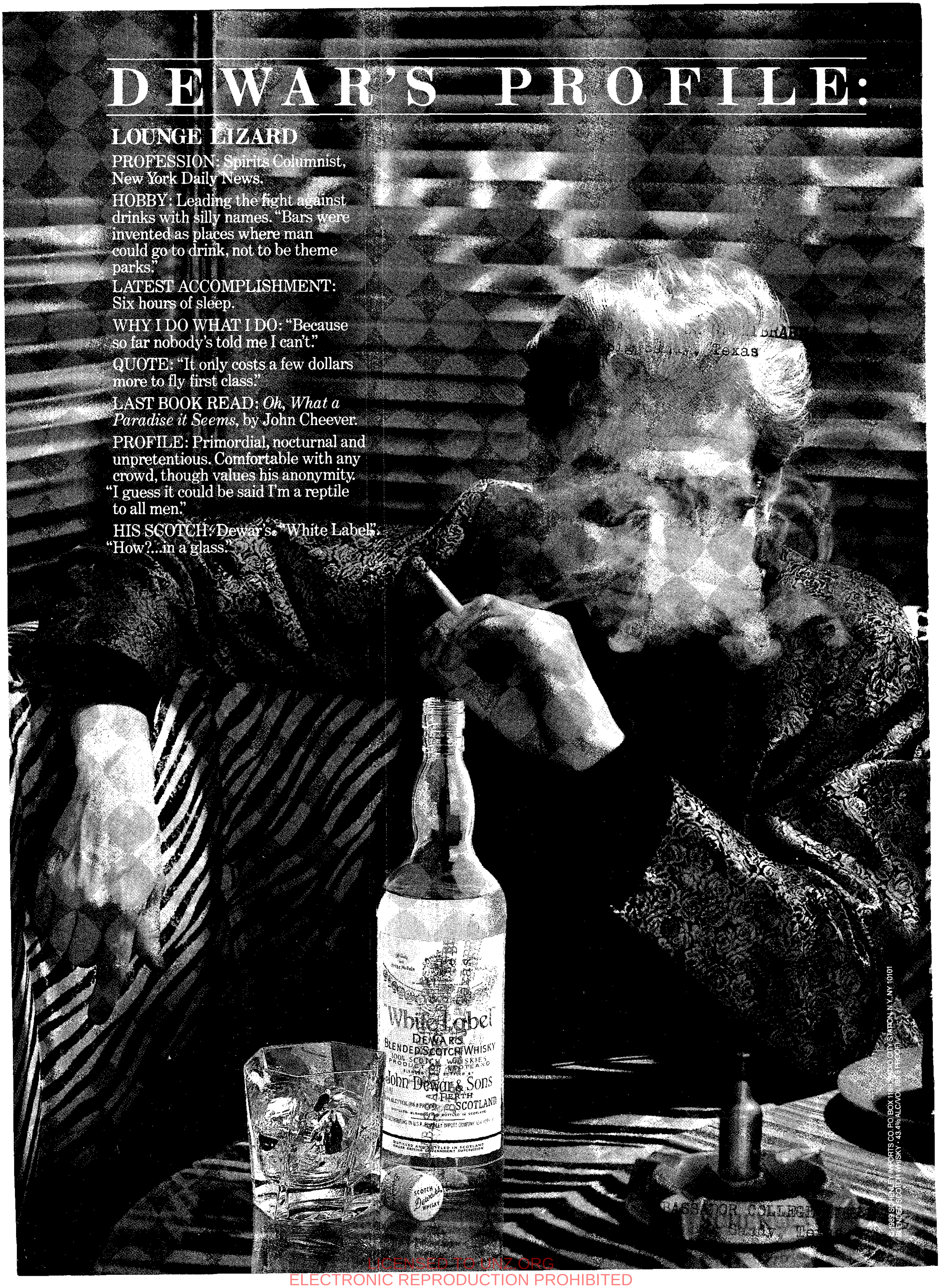
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LOUNGE LIZARD

PROFESSION: Spirits Columnist, New York Daily News.

HOBBY: Leading the fight against drinks with silly names. "Bars were invented as places where man could go to drink, not to be theme parks."

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Six hours of sleep.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Because so far nobody's told me I can't."

QUOTE: "It only costs a few dollars more to fly first class."

LAST BOOK READ: *Oh, What a Paradise it Seems*, by John Cheever.

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